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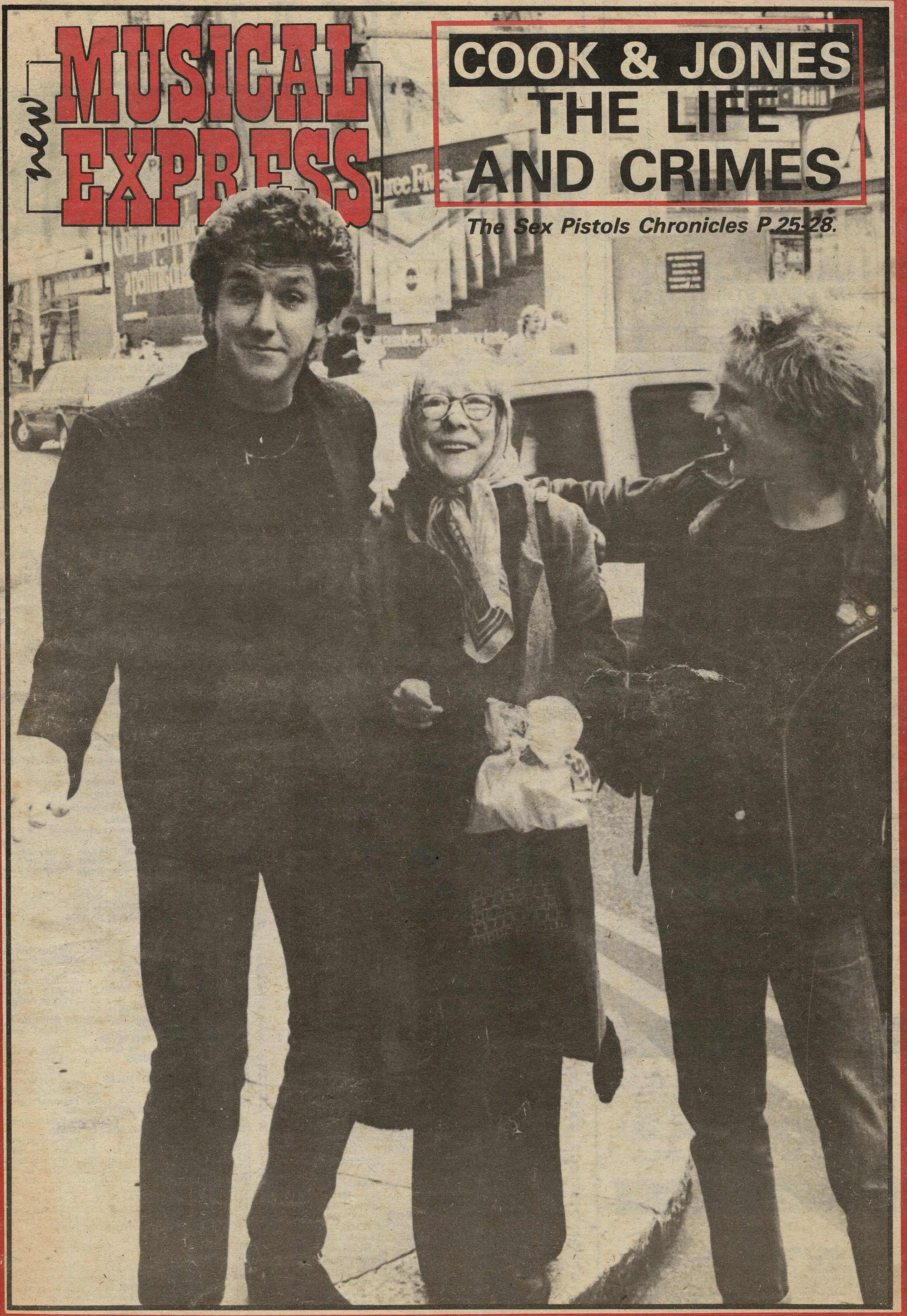

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STUDENTS!

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending August 14, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	I'M THE LEADER OF THE GANG	Gary Glitter (Bell)
4	2	YESTERDAY ONCE MORE	Carpenters (A & M)
5	3	48 CRASH	Suzi Quatro (Rak)
3	4	WELCOME HOME	Peters & Lee (Philips)
2	5	ALRIGHT ALRIGHT ALRIGHT	Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
8	6	SPANISH EYES	Al Martino (Capitol)
12	7	YOU CAN DO MAGIC	Limmie & the Family Cookin' (Avco)
6	8	GOIN' HOME	Osmonds (MGM)
9	9	BAD BAD BOY	Nazareth (Mooncrest)
10	10	TOUCH ME IN THE MORNING	Diana Ross (Tamla Motown)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending August 14, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	MONY MONY	Tommy James and the Shondells (Major Minor)
4	2	HELP YOURSELF	Tom Jones (Decca)
2	3	FIRE	Arthur Brown (Track)
7	4	THIS GUY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU	Herb Alpert (A & M)
3	5	I PRETEND	Des O'Connor (Columbia)
6	6	I CLOSE MY EYES AND COUNT TO TEN	Dusty Springfield (Philips)
10	7	SUNSHINE GIRL	Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
5	8	MRS. ROBINSON	Simon and Garfunkel (CBS)
8	9	LAST NIGHT IN SOHO	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Titch (Fontana)
11	10	DANCE TO THE MUSIC	Sly & The Family Stone (Direction)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending August 16, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	SWEETS FOR MY SWEET	Searchers (Pye)
7	2	BAD TO ME	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
2	2	I'M CONFESSIN'	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
4	4	TWIST AND SHOUT (EP)	Beatles (Parlophone)
8	5	IN SUMMER	Billy Fury (Decca)
5	6	TWIST AND SHOUT	Brian Poole and the Tremelos (Decca)
26	7	I'M TELLING YOU NOW	Freddie & the Dreamers (Columbia)
3	8	DEVIL IN DISGUISE	Elvis Presley (RCA)
12	9	LEGION'S LAST PATROL	Ken Thorne (HMV)
10	10	WIPE OUT	Surfaris (London)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending August 19, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	13	1
2	(5)	THREE TIMES A LADY	Commodores (Motown)	3	2
3	(2)	SUBSTITUTE	Clout (Carrere)	8	2
4	(3)	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE	Taste Of Honey (Capitol)	8	3
5	(7)	RIVERS OF BABYLON/BROWN GIRL IN THE RING	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	17	1
6	(4)	FOREVER AUTUMN	Justin Hayward (CBS)	6	4
7	(5)	THE KIDS ARE UNITED	Sham 69 (Polydor)	3	5
8	(23)	IT'S RAINING	Darts (Magnet)	2	8
9	(19)	NORTHERN LIGHTS	Renaissance (Warner Bros)	4	9
10	(9)	SMURF SONG	Father Abraham (Decca)	10	2
11	(10)	5-7-0-5	City Boy (Vertigo)	5	10
12	(13)	BABY STOP CRYING	Bob Dylan (CBS)	3	12
13	(14)	STAY	Jackson Browne (Asylum)	6	10
14	(8)	DANCING IN THE CITY	Marshall Hain (Harvest)	10	3
15	(18)	SUPER NATURE	Cerrone (Atlantic)	3	15
16	(—)	WALK ON BY	The Stranglers (U.A.)	1	16
17	(22)	FROM EAST TO WEST	Voyage (GTO/Hansa)	8	8
18	(11)	LIFE'S BEEN GOOD	Joe Walsh (Asylum)	5	11
19	(12)	WILD WEST HERO	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	8	7
20	(29)	THE BIGGEST BLOW	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	7	4
21	(—)	BRITISH HUSTLE	Hi Tension (Island)	1	21
22	(17)	LIKE CLOCKWORK	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	9	5
23	(21)	IDENTITY	X Ray Spex (EMI Int)	4	21
24	(27)	JILTED JOHN	Jilted John (EMI Int)	2	24
25	(20)	RUN FOR HOME	Lindisfarne (Mercury)	7	9
26	(—)	DREADLOCK HOLIDAY	10cc (Mercury)	1	26
27	(16)	A LITTLE BIT OF SOAP	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	8	7
28	(15)	COME BACK AND FINISH WHAT YOU STARTED	Gladys Knight & The Pips (Buddah)	3	15
29	(—)	FORGET ABOUT YOU	Motors (Virgin)	1	29
30	(25)	WHO ARE YOU	The Who (Polydor)	2	25

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

TOP OF THE POPS — Rezillos (Sire); AN EVERLASTING LOVE — Andy Gibb (RSO); SHA LA LA LA LEE — Plastic Bertrand (Vertigo); GALAXY OF LOVE — Crown Heights Affair (Mercury).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending August 19, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	THREE TIMES A LADY	Commodores
2	(2)	GREASE	Franki Valli
3	(3)	MISS YOU	Rolling Stones
4	(7)	HOT BLOODED	Foreigner
5	(5)	LOVE WILL FIND A WAY	Pablo Cruise
6	(6)	LIFE'S BEEN GOOD	Joe Walsh
7	(4)	LAST DANCE	Donna Summer
8	(14)	HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU	Olivia Newton John
9	(12)	MAGNET AND STEEL	Walter Egan
10	(10)	COPACABANA (AT THE COPA)	Barry Manilow
11	(11)	MY ANGEL BABY	Toby Beau
12	(13)	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE	Taste Of Honey
13	(15)	SHAME	Evelyn "Champagne" King
14	(17)	AN EVERLASTING LOVE	Andy Gibb
15	(8)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
16	(16)	I'M NOT GONNA LET IT BOTHER ME TONIGHT	Atlanta Rhythm Section
17	(20)	FOOL (IF YOU THINK IT'S OVER)	Chris Rea
18	(9)	BAKER STREET	Gerry Rafferty
19	(23)	KISS YOU ALL OVER	Exile
20	(24)	YOU	Rita Coolidge
21	(18)	KING TUT	Steve Martin
22	(26)	STUFF LIKE THAT	Quincy Jones
23	(29)	GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE	Earth, Wind and Fire
24	(27)	TWO TICKETS TO PARADISE	Eddie Money
25	(30)	HOT CHILD IN THE CITY	Nick Gilder
26	(37)	SUMMER NIGHTS	John Travolta
27	(28)	MR BLUE SKY	Electric Light Orchestra
28	(34)	CLOSE THE DOOR	Teddy Pendergrass
29	(32)	MACHO MAN	Village People
30	(35)	YOU AND I	Rick James

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

Week ending August 19, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)	17	1
2	(8)	20 GIANT HITS	Nolan Sisters (WEA)	4	2
3	(2)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Hollies (EMI)	6	2
4	(3)	STREET LEGAL	Bob Dylan (CBS)	9	2
5	(4)	NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	5	4
6	(5)	GREASE	Original Soundtrack (RSO)	6	5
7	(11)	WAR OF THE WORLDS	Various (World Records)	17	7
8	(6)	LIVE & DANGEROUS	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	11	2
9	(14)	TONIC FOR THE TROOPS	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	14	7
10	(9)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	35	3
11	(10)	KICK INSIDE	Kate Bush (EMI)	24	1
11	(—)	STAR PARTY	Various Artists (K-Tel)	1	11
13	(17)	HANDSWORTH REVOLUTION	Steel Pulse (Island)	3	13
14	(7)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones (EMI)	10	3
14	(12)	OCTAVE	Moody Blues (Threshold)	10	4
16	(13)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores (Motown)	5	13
17	(15)	"BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS . . ."	Joe Walsh (Asylum)	5	12
18	(26)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)	22	6
19	(22)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	76	1
20	(23)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba (Epic)	30	1
21	(24)	IMAGES	Don Williams (K-Tel)	3	21
22	(16)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury (Stiff)	29	5
23	(29)	CLASSIC ROCK	London Symphony Orchestra (K-Tel)	2	29
24	(28)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE	Genesis (Charisma)	20	2
25	(19)	CAN'T STAND THE REZILLOS	The Rezillos (Sire)	2	19
26	(—)	BLAM	Brothers Johnson (A & M)	1	26
27	(27)	BLACK & WHITE	Stranglers (United Artists)	12	1
28	(—)	LOVE ME AGAIN	Rita Coolidge (A & M)	1	28
29	(20)	ROCK RULES OK	Various (K-Tel)	6	16
30	(17)	THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY	Soundtrack (Casablanca)	4	17

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

SOUNDS. . .AND STUFF LIKE THAT — Quincy Jones (A&M); WHEN I DREAM — Crystal Gayle (U.A.); SHADOW DANCING — Andy Gibb (RSO); ITCHY FEET — Johnny Cash (CBS).

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending August 19, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	GREASE	Various Artists
2	(2)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones
3	(3)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner
4	(4)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores
5	(9)	SGT PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND	Various Artists
6	(6)	STRANGER IN TOWN	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
7	(7)	WORLDS AWAY	Pablo Cruise
8	(5)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees and Various Artists
9	(8)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
10	(11)	STREET LEGAL	Bob Dylan
11	(12)	"BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS . . ."	Joe Walsh
12	(10)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty
13	(14)	PYRAMID	Alan Parsons Project
14	(15)	LIFE IS A SONG WORTH SINGING	Teddy Pendergrass
15	(13)	DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN	Bruce Springsteen
16	(16)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
17	(17)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
18	(18)	OCTAVE	Moody Blues
19	(20)	TOGETHERNESS	L.T.D.
20	(21)	COME GET IT	Rick James
21	(25)	A TASTE OF HONEY	Taste of Honey
22	(23)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf
23	(24)	NIGHTWATCH	Kenny Loggins
24	(19)	SOUNDS . . . AND STUFF LIKE THAT	Quincy Jones
25	(32)	BLAM	The Brothers Johnson
26	(26)	AJA	Steely Dan
27	(28)	LOVESHINE	Confunkshun
28	(22)	SONGBIRD	Barbra Streisand
29	(30)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
30	(31)	SMOOTH TALK	Evelyn "Champagne" King

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS Edited: TONY STEWART DESK

GLASGOW IN THE DARK AGES

City left without a major rock gig

GLASGOW MOVED further into a rock and roll dark age last week when the District Council refused to grant a new rock venue a music licence.

Since the Apollo Centre closed a month ago, the city has been without a major rock gig — a situation one leading concert promoter describes as "disgraceful".

Now the only hope is that Capital City Entertainments are successful in their bid to buy the Apollo and once again start presenting concerts.

But Glasgow remains a rock ghost town because the Council's licensing committee rejected Rank's application to present concerts at the Eglinton Toll Odeon, about a mile from the city centre.

"We're very disappointed," said their press officer, Chris Moore. "Unfortunately the real losers are Glasgow."

A council spokesman said the licence was refused because the venue, at present a cinema, was close to a hospital, a corporation bus station, and a church and Masonic halls. Regular concerts would have created noise and additional traffic congestion which the committee wanted to avoid.

Rank had spent a considerable amount of money surveying the Odeon, and drawing-up conversion plans. They were led to believe a rock venue "would be a welcome amenity in Glasgow", said Moore.

But they would not appeal against the decision.

"We are not prepared to go further," he explained, "if Glasgow is being hostile on it. We're not prepared to go to war."

Shows by Blondie and the Tom Robinson Band had been pencilled in for the Eglinton Toll Odeon. Blondie will now play Edinburgh instead, and TRB are yet to find an alternative venue.

However, Mike Finch of Capital City Entertainments claims he will re-open the Apollo on September 2 with a show by Sham 69.

A company called Unicorn had operated the Apollo since '73, but last month they did not renew their lease with the owners, George Green Ltd., and the building was put on sale.

Mecca, who were granted a bingo licence for the venue, have apparently been outbid by Capital City. Finch claims their offer to buy the Apollo "in principle is basically accepted".

But he says the cost of renovating the building may be as much as £500,000. To raise this money he has appealed to major bands to play benefit gigs there once he has finalised the purchase.

"If the Apollo dies," Finch said, "then everything dies with it in Scotland."

However, there is still hope for Glasgow — renowned for its volatile audiences and regarded as the second most important rock 'n' roll city after London.

Although the District Council is divided on whether major rock concerts should be held there, public support is strong.

When the Apollo was first threatened with closure earlier this year, the Glasgow *Sunday Mail* received nearly 100,000 signatures for their Save The Apollo petition.

And the London rock business is indignant Glasgow should be deprived of top rock acts.

Harvey Goldsmith, who brought Dylan to Britain, said "It's an important entertainment area, and I think it's disgraceful there's nothing up there.

"There should be a lot more effort made in finding a place to present rock."

For now, Glasgow's future depends on Capital City Entertainments and the bands who are prepared to pledge their support.

Stranglers negotiate for tour venue

THE STRANGLERS hope to play their first official London concert in over a year next month at London's Battersea Park.

If it comes off, it will be one of the early dates on a major UK tour.

During this year The Stranglers have been unable to stage a major show in the capital, and promoter Harvey Goldsmith has unsuccessfully explored the possibilities of presenting them at Queen Park Rangers' football ground, Wembley and Hyde Park.

Because of the difficulties in getting a GLC licence, last January the group resorted to playing a small Barnet pub, The Duke Of Lancaster, billed as Johnny Sox.

Now Goldsmith, according to the GLC, is talking to the council's Parks Department about presenting The Stranglers at Battersea Park on September 9 or 16 in an afternoon show running from 2pm to 6pm. Public notice has been given, and it is believed that local residents strongly object to the event.

If these objections are raised with the GLC by August 25 then there will be a public hearing before a licence can be considered.

"We've got no idea what the reaction will be," said a GLC spokesman. "We may not get many objections, or we may get thousands."

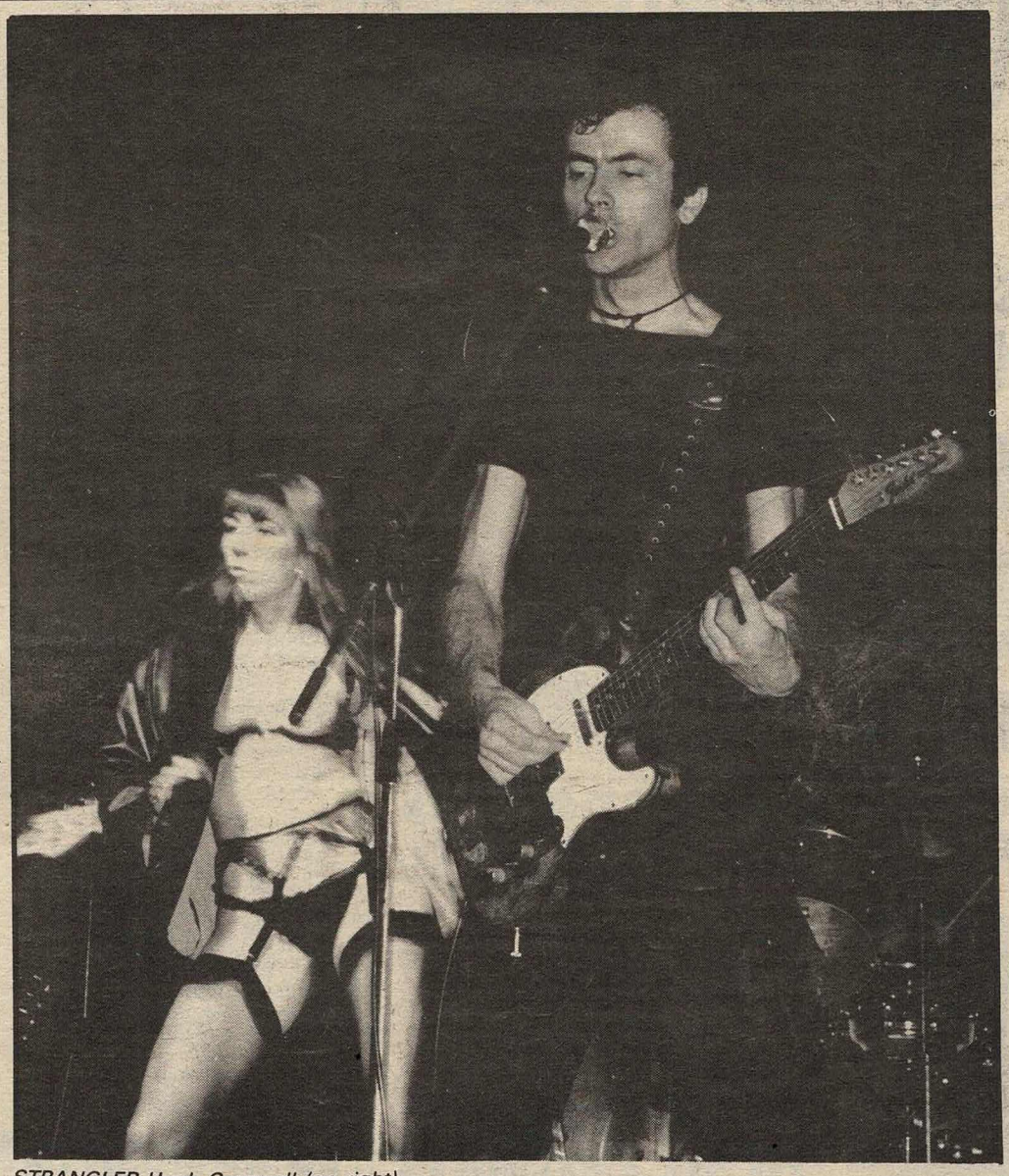
Goldsmith refused to say whether he intended to present The Stranglers at Battersea.

"I can't comment at all about that at this moment. But there is a plan to put a show on at Battersea, but I don't know about The Stranglers.

"We are trying to find the right venue for the group and overcome any opposition. We have looked at every venue that's around, and we want the best vehicle where they can play a show their own way and not cause problems with anybody else."

Although it is well known The Stranglers want to play London, the announcement of a major British tour is a surprise. They had previously indicated they wanted to take a year off the road.

But they are confirmed to play Dunfermline Kinema on September 12, and will tour extensively before closing in Sunderland Locarno (30). They plan to play in 20 cities, and hopefully visit Belfast early next month.



STRANGLER Hugh Cornwell (on right).

ROXY — TOGETHER AGAIN

BRYAN FERRY

ROXY MUSIC are together again.

Four original members of the group, including Bryan Ferry, are rehearsing in Ferry's country house. But there are no definite plans to go on tour or record an album yet.

Simon Puxley, their publicist said: "They are together, but with a view towards what I don't really know."

Ferry, Phil Manzanera, Andy Mackay and Paul Thompson are writing new material and recording rough tapes for the first time in three years. There is one other musician involved, and Ferry is singing and playing bass.

Puxley claims two more musicians may join them. He refused to name the others, and it is believed these people are auditioning for the group. This is probably why no definite announcement has been made.

Roxy Music released their last album, "Siren", in Autumn '75, and shortly afterwards a "trial separation" was announced. Ferry claimed this was so that members — including Eddie Jobson who replaced Brian Eno in '73 — could pursue solo projects.

It was also known that personality clashes led to the 'disbandment'.

Although Manzanera has always welcomed playing with Roxy again, earlier this year Ferry was adamant he would not.

He has now changed his mind, and as none of the four has future solo commitments a Roxy Music reunion as a working bands seems certain.

"The music is very different to what they did before," said Puxley. "It's not really the same kind of band."

Meanwhile Ferry releases his new solo album, "The Bride Stripped Bare", in three weeks. Mackay's next album, "Resolving Contradictions", comes out in October.

And Manzanera, who was injured in a recent car crash, has his own LP finished.

Darts lose Hegarty, Howell

VOCAL BASSMAN Den Hegarty and pianist Hammy Howell have left Darts, and the group are having difficulty finding a new singer.

A statement by the band's publicist says the changes are amicable. Howell is going to music college, and Hegarty wants to spend less time touring so he can be with family and friends.

"The pop world is exciting but very exhausting and I feel the need to get back to basics again."

But a friend of the band revealed that Hegarty, a founder member renowned for his onstage eccentricity, was considering leaving Darts several months ago.

An epileptic, he was finding constant touring a strain. Also his gooning during shows reportedly created bad feeling between him and the other members.

This was denied by Darts' Bob Fish.

"I personally didn't want him to leave at all," he said. "But anybody who leaves the group proves they are not a 100 per cent into it. I can't tolerate that."

When contacted Hegarty declined to comment.

But it is clear the group, who specialise in dowop and 50s-style rock'n'roll, now want to be regarded as serious musicians.

"We could afford to be slicker," said Fish ". . . and we can't do that with somebody looning about."

But having auditioned vocalists over the last week they have been unable to find a suitable replacement for Hegarty. They may eventually look in the States for the right person, Fish explained.

Among pianists who have been auditioned is Mark Ambler, formerly of the Tom Robinson Band.

Budapest Rats

THE BOOMTOWN Rats will play behind the Iron Curtain during their two-month Euro-tour, with shows in Budapest on August 27 and Prague (30). They interrupt the tour to appear at Knebworth 11 on September 9.

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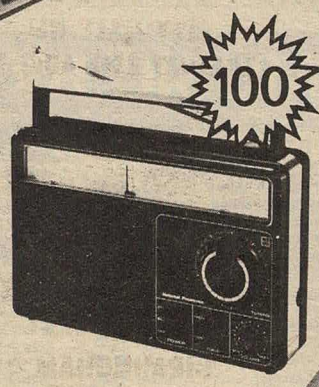

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RECORD NEWS

A first for the Doctor

● **Dr Alimantado's** first album, "Best Dressed Chicken" is released by Greensleeves Records in early September. A single, "Still Alive" is out now.

● Manic Artistes, the agency run by Rob Hallett and Vic Keary which has brought prominent Jamaican acts into this country (including Culture), has formed its own label — Manic Records. The first signing on a three year deal is JA vocalist Erroll Dunkley, and on August 25 they release his 12 inch disco-mix "Runaway Child".

● Arista have signed a world wide marketing and distribution deal with the Edinburgh independent label Zoom. Claiming to be "the label that put the 'pop' back into the grooves", the company was formed last September and sold records by **The Valves, PVC2 (Slik)** and **The Zones** through Bruce's Record Shop in Edinburgh. The deal is launched by three single releases this Friday (18): "Sold On Your Love" by **Mike Heron,** "Some Other Guy" by **The Questions** and **Nightshift's** "Love Is Blind".

● Chalky Records now have the rights to the King-Federal-Starday catalogue which comprises early material by **Otis Redding, Albert King** and **Memphis Slim,** and they intend to launch a 15-album series "Kings Of Rhythm & Blues" in January. The albums will be compiled by *NME's* Cliff White.

Charly also launch a new singles series, "Double-Headed Monsters", on August 25, with four back-to-back releases: **Hank Mizell** "Jungle Rock"/**Warren Smith** "Red Cadillac & A Black Moustache"; **Shangrilas** "Leader Of The Pack"/ **The Ad-Libs** "The Boy From New York City"; **Jerry Lee Lewis** "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On"/**Warren Smith** "The Golden Rocket"; **Curtis Lee** "Pretty Little Angel Eyes"/**Roy Orbison** "Ooby Dooby". Priced at 80p, each sleeve features a David Oxtoby painting of the artist.

FEELGOODS HIT THE ROAD WITH NEW ALBUM

DR. FEELGOOD next month begin their first major British and Irish tour in a year with 37 shows that conclude with two nights at London's Hammersmith Odeon on October 28 and 29.

And on September 15 they release a new album, "Private Practice". Produced by New Yorker Richard Gottherer, who has worked with Blondie and The McCoys in the past, it features ten new songs.

The Feelgoods Irish shows begin at Belfast Ulster Hall (13), moving on to Portrush Arcadia (14), Cork Arcadia (15) and Dublin Top Hat (16).

Then come the UK dates at Plymouth Top Rank (22), Torquay Town Hall (23), Taunton Odeon (24), Malvern Winter Gardens (25), Derby Assembly Rooms (26), Norwich St. Andrew's Hall (27), Chelmsford Odeon (28), Cambridge Corn Exchange (29), Coventry Theatre (30), Leicester De Montfort Hall (October 1), Manchester Free Trade Hall (3), Aberdeen Capitol Theatre (5), Dundee Caird Hall (6), Edinburgh Odeon (7), Newcastle City Hall (8), Liverpool Empire (9), Sheffield City Hall (10), Bradford St. George's Hall (11), Brighton Top Rank (13), Hastings Pier Pavilion (14), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (15), Reading Top Rank (16), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (18), Portsmouth Guildhall (19), Canterbury Odeon (20), Birmingham Odeon (21), Bristol Colston Hall (22), Cardiff Top Rank (24), Swansea Top Rank (25), Oxford New Theatre (26), Ilford Odeon (27), Hammersmith Odeon (28/29).

Tickets are now on sale, priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50, except Plymouth, Torquay, Malvern, Norwich, Cambridge, Brighton, Hastings, Hemel Hempstead, Reading, Cardiff and Swansea where they are priced £2.

Pic: CHRIS GABRIN

RENAISSANCE DATES

RENAISSANCE play a five-date British tour next month following their chart success with the single, "Northern Lights".

With special guest Ian Matthews, who releases the new album "Stealin' House" this week, they appear at Portsmouth Guildhall (Sept 4), Bristol Colston Hall (5), Birmingham Hippodrome (7), Manchester Apollo (8) and Hammersmith Odeon (10).

Tickets are now on sale, priced £3.25, £2.75 and £2.25 for London, and £2.80, £2.20 and £1.75 elsewhere.

NEWS IN BRIEF

STEVE WINWOOD, who recently appeared onstage with Georgie Fame, guests with the Keith Christmas Band at the Rough Hill Festival near Cirencester this Saturday. The event runs from noon until midnight.

PACIFIC EARDRUM, the multi-national group comprising session musicians, release their second LP, "Beyond Panic", on Charisma this Friday (18) and play four London gigs before appearing at the Reading Rock Festival. They are at Dingwall's (18), Putney Half Moon (20), and two nights at Canning Town Bridge House (22/23).

LEGENDARY country bluesman **Louisiana Red** has cancelled his British visit this month because of illness. But Chicago guitarist-singer **Jimmy Rogers,** who played with Muddy Waters in the 40s and 50s, makes his UK debut in Red's place.

A distinguished solo artist who has recorded for Chess, Rogers appears at Manchester's Band On The Wall (24) and London 100 Club (27).

STEVE WINWOOD

THE BOWLES BROTHERS will play for two weeks during the Edinburgh Festival — from August 21 at the Transport Hall.

CURRENTLY in the Top Ten with the single "5-7-0-5", **City Boy** hope to play a short series of British dates at the end of this month. Now touring Europe, the band only have two free weeks before starting a 14-week American tour with **Halls And Oates** on September 14. If unsuccessful in arranging summer UK concerts, possibly in Manchester and Wolverhampton, they will be unable to play here before December.

SHEFFIELD's independent radio station, Radio Hallam, is promoting and broadcasting a live show for local bands at the University Union this Saturday (19). **Push** and **Double Life** are among groups playing.

FM, the film which includes on its soundtrack the recent hit singles by **Joe Walsh, Foreigner** and **Steely Dan,** now opens in London on August 24 at the Plaza 4, ABC Fulham Road and the Classic, Oxford Street.

RACING CARS release their third Chrysalis album, "Bring On The Night", on September 8. Recorded both in Britain and America, it was produced by Jim Mason who has also worked with The Kate Brothers. The Cars appear at the Nashville on Friday and Saturday (18/19), London's Music Machine (September 2), Mansfield Civic (11), and at colleges throughout next month and October.

THE VIBRATORS, Misty, Pitch Black and **The Ruts** will play the Brent Carnival Against Racism at the Stonebridge Creation Ground on Sunday (20).

TRB, with new man Ian Parker second from right.

BUZZCOCKS, TRB TOUR 'ON THE CHEAP'

THE TOM ROBINSON BAND and The Buzzcocks, two of Britain's most successful new rock groups, finally come of age with their most extensive major UK tours which begin next month.

For TRB it means they now move into the country's traditional concert halls, and — as with The Buzzcocks — their London show will be staged at the Hammersmith Odeon.

But both groups have always maintained a close relationship with their hardcore followings, and to continue this they are keeping ticket prices to a minimum. On both tours the highest charge is £2.50, and only £2 on 14 Buzzcocks dates.

Called "Out Of The Darkness," this is TRB's first British tour since keyboard player Mark Amber quit last April. He is replaced by 23-year-old Ian Parker, who studied at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music for three years and previously worked on sessions.

Recently back from their American concert debut, TRB have just played a series of unadvertised London pub gigs rehearsing new material for their second album, now being recorded at Rockfield in Wales. It will not be released until early '79, following more shows in America, Europe and Japan.

Last week EMI released the single "Too Good To Be True," taken from the band's debut album, "Power In The Darkness."

Comprising 32 shows, the "Beating Hearts" tour is The Buzzcocks second this year.

Their debut album, "Another Music In A Different Kitchen," has now sold over 50,000, and they have just completed their second, provisionally called "Love Bites" and set for release by UA on September 29.

The group were recently filmed by Granada TV for an hour special, reportedly the history of The Buzzcocks and also featuring Howard Devoto. A transmission date has not yet been set.

Both bands visit Dublin and Belfast on their tours.

Supported by Jamaican reggae band Third World, who release their third Island album "Journey To Addis" on September 8, "Out Of The Darkness" opens at Bournemouth Village Bowl on September 21.

It then moves to Bristol Colston Hall (22), Oxford New Theatre (23), Cardiff Top Rank (24), Birmingham Odeon (25), Leicester De Montford Hall (26), Newcastle City Hall (27), Edinburgh Odeon (28), Bradford St. George's Hall (30), Middlesbrough Town Hall (October 1), Stoke Victoria Hall (3), Sheffield City Hall (4), Manchester Apollo (5), Liverpool Empire (6), Hammersmith Odeon (8), Reading University (10), Colchester Essex University (14), Aylesbury Friars (12), Aberystwyth Univesity (13), Dublin University (14), Belfast University (15), Coleraine University (16), Warwick University (18), Exeter University (19 , Brighton Top Rank (20) and Canterbury Kent University (21).

"Beating Hearts" opens at the Dublin State Cinema on September 27, followed by Belfast Ulster Hall (28), Oxford New Theatre (October 1), Leicester De Montfort Hall (2), Norwich St. Andrews Hall (3), Chelmsford Odeon (4), Middleton Civic Hall (6), Liverpool Empire (7), Birming-ham Odeon (8), Swansea Top Rank (9), Cardiff Top Rank (10), Taunton Odeon (11), Plymouth Top Rank (13), Torquay Town Hall (14), Sheffield Top Rank (15), Hanley Victoria Hall (16), Malvern Winter Gardens (19), Blackpool Tiffanys (20), Aberdeen Capitol (22), Edinburgh Odeon (23), Newcastle City Hall (24), Bradford St. George's Hall (26), Manchester Apollo (27), Derby Kings Hall (28), Coventry Theatre (29), Bristol Colston Hall (30), Canterbury Odeon (November 3), Hammersmith Odeon (4), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (6), Brighton Top Rank (8), Guildford Civic Hall (9).

Tickets are available now, priced £2.50, £2.00 and £1.50, except at Norwich, Middleton, Swansea, Cardiff, Plymouth, Torquay, Sheffield, Hanley, Malvern, Blackpool, Derby, Hemel Hempstead, Brighton and Guildford where they are £2.

Ramones 1st visit minus Tommy

THE RAMONES next month play their first British tour since Tommy quit the group earlier this year.

Replaced by former Voidoid Marc Bell, Tommy Erdelyi, as he now prefers to be known, stayed on to produce their fourth Sire album, "Road To Ruin." Released on September 15, the first 30,000 will be pressed on yellow vinyl.

The Ramones, who last played the UK over Christmas and the New Year, open at the Belfast Ulster Hall on September 23, followed by:

Dublin State Cinema (24), Bristol Locarno (26), Newcastle City Hall (28), Manchester Free Trade Hall (29), Birmingham Odeon (30), London Hammersmith Odeon (October 2), Cardiff University (3), Warwick University (5), Edinburgh University (6) and Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (7).

London tickets go on sale in three weeks, priced £2.50, £2.00 and £1.50.

Melvin Franklin shot

MELVIN FRANKLIN, the longest serving member with The Temptations, was shot and wounded when mugged in Los Angeles recently.

He will not be with the group when they start their Euro-tour this month, but it's hoped he will be fit enough to join them on their British dates, beginning at Manchester Golden Garter on August 28.

Second climax in a year . . .

IN OCTOBER Climax Blues Band undertake their second major British tour this year, concentrating mainly on university concerts.

They play Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (2), Hull University, staged at Tiffany's (3), Bradford University (4), Durham University (5), Newcastle Mayfair (6), Strathclyde University (7), Stafford Top Of The World (9), Warwick University (12), Salford University (13) and Liverpool University (14).

Abrahams comeback

BILLED AS "a public rehearsal with Mick Abrahams", the former Jethro Tull guitarist plays his first gig in two years at Manchester's Band On The Wall next Monday (21).

Hudson debut

JA SINGING star Keith Hudson makes his British debut heading the bill at London's Rainbow on Bank Holiday Monday (28). Also featuring Matumbi, Erroll Dunkley, Barry Ford (formerly of Merger) with sounds by Sir Coxone, it's a special show to follow the Finsbury Park Carnival

DEE DEE RAMONE
Pic: WALT DAVIDSON

GABRIEL 'SECRET DATES'

PETER GABRIEL is playing three British dates this month as a prelude to his Euro-tour and co-headlining appearance at Knebworth 11.

None of the dates were announced to the press as they were intended to be unpublicised "warm-ups", following a fairly long period of concert inactivity.

But he and his band appear at Oxford new Theatre on August 23, Derby Assembly Hall (24) and Lancaster University (25).

Harris concert

EMMYLOU HARRIS and The Hot Band, whose concerts supporting Roy Orbison at the London Palladium were recently cancelled because of contractual difficulties, play the Hammersmith Odeon on September 18.

Promoted by Asgard and Straight Music, it is Harris' first British show since she played the Albert Hall last February.

The Hot Band now features John Ware (drums), Hank Divito (pedal steel) and Ricky Scaggs (guitar, fiddle, mandolin), as well as three new members: Frank Rekard (lead guitar), Tony Brown (piano) and Mike Bodin (bass).

BE-BOP SPLIT: NELSON FORMS NEW GROUP

BE BOP DELUXE have disbanded. But already their guitarist and creative force, Bill Nelson, has formed a new group called Red Noise.

They are now rehearsing, and during the next few weeks will record their debut single and album. Be Bop's seventh and final album, recorded before their decision to split, will be released shortly.

In a statement by publicist Tony Brainsby, Nelson says there were no personal disputes involved in killing Be Bop Deluxe. He was bored with "the limitations of a rigid group structure".

The press release states: "After six albums together he now feels they were in danger of becoming institutionalised".

Nelson founded the band in 1974, and in '76 they were voted "Most Promising UK New Name" in the *NME* Readers' Poll.

Nelson decided to form Red Noise while working on a solo project earlier this year. Comprising unknown musicians, the group line-up and touring schedule will be announced soon.

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BETWEEN INNOCENCE & FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE . . .

Pic: KEVIN CUMMINS

. . . COMES THE FALL

Uh huh . . . well, it sounds dramatic enough anyway. And there has been a lot of interest shown in The Fall these past few weeks. Like they're low on charisma, direction, ability 'n' everything — y'know, a lotta good points. ***IAN PENMAN*** *checks it out.*

REEL-TO-REEL life: patt-ur stagg-urs *on* . . . In bu-tween the s-o-n-g-s . . .

The lax Lucozade-oozing-rock pumps out in the form of The Godz, Sad Cafe, The Shirts. It pours out of the broadcast booth beside our senses. It is on one side, behind the glass. We are on the other, crawling up the walls.

We have all been given . . . one can of beer. We are grateful. 'We' are Manchester band The Fall, their manager Kay Carroll, and me.

The Fall are here at BBC Radio Manchester to be interviewed for a Saturday-night-in-the-modern-music-world programme called *Saturday Rock*.

I am present to interview The Fall. I have seen them perform on Friday night at Eric's club, Liverpool. I have talked to the band's leader-singer-songwriter, Mark E. Smith (21). (He has moaned a lot about record companies, rock music 'personalities' and musicians, and the media, unfolded the band's history, and explained a few of his songs.)

Now I confront The Fall as The Fall in the incubator 'interview studio' of BBC Radio Manchester. I interview:

Do you think some people might find you humourless? As much has been suggested in the rock press . . .

"We're not a comedy act. We're not The Barron Knights. How many people laughed at The Sex Pistols?"

Malcolm McLaren (I keep this reply to myself). The Fall person who had posed the question apropros the spirit (presumably, as it was in the past tense) of The Sex Pistols was Martin Bramah (20, guitar). In Fall interview situations he contributes slightly less than Mark, who contributes practically everything.

Mark is relaxed, urbane, garrulous. Martin (who wishes he was Richard Hell) is tense, concise, wittier than Smith. There are three other young people in The Fall and between them they contribute practically nothing to interview situations. They are:

Karl burns (19, drums, cheap comment), Yvonne Paulette (19, keyboards), and Marc Bailey (16, bass). These are ordinary young people.

Karl is the best, the only 'musician' in The Fall — drumming since he was 13 in a succession of "cabaret and Heavy Metal bands".

Yvonne has been to art school, left, plays minimal keyboards, says a minimal amount in interviews, but talks lengthily about Nico, Nico, Nico, and Jim Morrison — who she thinks is alive, well, and (I think) playing guitar solos for Talking Heads. Marc says and does even less than Yvonne.

At times it seems as though The Fall forget themselves. There is a group, but nothing behind it — like a billboard. This is perhaps hardly surprising: since their inception in late 1976 they have worked through three bass players and one keyboard player, Una Baines — who left the band to, uh, consider herself or something.

These constant line-up changes have, obviously, been a bugger for concerts, media portrayals, and records. The Fall appear on the recently released Virgin "Short Circuit — Live At The Electric Circus" 10-inch bloovineul artifact, for instance, but The Fall featured includes Una Baines on keyboards and Tony Friel (co-founder) on bass. (Their two tracks — "Stepping Out", "Last Orders" — are the only vaguely listenable things on the whole album.)

The same disorientating aspect crops up again on their debut EP — "Bingo Masters Breakout" — released by Step Forward on August 11 but recorded last autumn (ie before Yvonne or Marc had joined).

It doesn't seem to bother the band themselves. Are they po-faced? Zen-wise? Or do they give a shit?

Mark: "We're serious about it . . . but people misinterpret seriousness for humourlessness."

Mark is the sole writer in The Fall since the departure of Una Baines. Is anyone else thinking about contributing lyrics?

Mark: "We gotta learn them to spell yet . . ." Laughter.

There seems to be a Velvet Underground influence at large . . .

Martin: "It's coming through less than it did, coming through in a different way . . ."

Do you think that perhaps you're moving away from your rough experimental beginnings — the wrong way — rather like Buzzcocks seem to be?

Marc: "Buzzcocks knew what they were doing when they went for that market. They're not stupid."

What market?

Marc: "All this *Daily Mirror* Pop Club stuff . . . they're not daft, they want to make money out of it."

Don't you want to?

Marc: "Oh aye, I'd like a bit of money."

Martin (jokingly?): "You're gonna get stuck if you don't shut up."

Marc (jokingly?): "I am already . . ."

MIND YOU . . . Buzzcocks, they sound more and more like The Tremoloes or Herman's Hermits to this critic. But what of The Fall's EP? Three tracks, very rough, plain — "Psycho Mafia", "Bingo Masters Breakout", and "Repetition". Live favourites, I believe. "Psycho Mafia" particularly seems to have been promoted to something approaching 'anthem' status:

"Spittin' on the streets/Shot heads and teeth/Our eyes are red/Our brains are dead/'Cos we know about drugs/And the psycho mafia."

Mark: "It's about . . . y'know . . . the *psycho mafia*, which is a chemical mafia — the way mental hospitals are run, that whole thing . . ."

Oh. Mark, as is often the case, says a lot, quickly, but fails to convey much or convince much. I suppose that's left up to the songs themselves.

Which unfortunately . . . healthy cough . . . rely too often on current speed-oblique-is-justification-enough-said methods of communication.

FRIDAY, ERIC'S, performance: and on stage, as in conversation, Mark dominates. He wears, indeed, the same clothes for conversation and performance (which is no 'performance' at all). All the band do. They are shabby, ordinary, have no 'image' but unlike certain other image-less people do not osmose any kind of urban commando tout-suite street chic.

In other words they do not *exploit* their background. They don't exploit anything, in fact, which is just their trouble. They, and their music, are ordinary; not 'uncompromising', just unadventurous, undynamic, monotonous.

This may be what you have been waiting for (from the New Wave), but I haven't. It does nothing for me.

The Fall do a song about repetition called "Repetition" which is repetitive (don't deny it Mark, you think this is clever): the immobility of motion.

It's a drag. It's negative.

Other, more recent songs — "Industrial Estate", "Rebellious Jukebox", "Mother Sister", "(Envy Of) The Music Scene", "Mess Of My", "It's The New Thing" — all deal with numb frustration, anger, disillusionment, hostility toward environment:

"Leave a mark on the city/Oh smash your doors down/Become a demolition worker/A mental construction worker/Spat spat spat on the coat/Cut-hair-or-miss-boat"
—"[Envy Of] The Music Scene").

But they never really transcend the emotions being presented. Nothing in the song, nothing in live performance is done which might cause people to stop and think.

There is a lack of tension. I suspect this may have something to do with the departure of the more 'radical' members Baines and Brown: no more conflict.

(At one point in the interview I address myself to Yvonne, Marc, and Karl, and ask if they — individually or collectively — are content with policies As They Stand in The Fall: there is A PAUSE to end all pauses.)

On stage Mark stands still quite a lot. If he moves, he swivels round a little. He screws his face up a lot: he doesn't like The World As It Is.

But his eyes don't light up *a la* Joe Strummer or David Thomas (Pere Ubu) or other people who despise most of the world most of the time (you know what I mean). Like that other great manic-obessive, El Costello, Mark screams *his* state of mind and nothing more.

It's a drag. It's a negative.

Martin has been playing guitar for about a year and a half. (He started The Fall with Mark and Tony Friel — the original motivating force behind it all, apparently.) Onstage he doesn't look *part* of his instrument; this is something he should learn from his hero, Hell. He is left-handed, and plays in a series of rapid guillotine scraping scratching movements.

Marc doesn't do much. You can tell he is 16. Yvonne wishes she was Nico

■ *Continues over page*

THE FALL

■ From previous page

and as far as playing goes, gets there: plinkplink plonk plinkplink. In fact the only element of the band's sound which really makes itself felt (and how) is Karl's drumming.

They lack a sense of purpose (but also lack primitive naivety). Mark knows what his lyrics are about but apparently not what he's using them for. Occasionally he'll give a mild scream, or make swallow-the-mike noises. The rest of the band comply with his commentaries: no conflict; repetition; no contact established.

Mark: "People come up now and say, 'Oh, you're not as spontaneous as you used to be' . . . but that's crap. The feeling's still there, but now everybody knows what they're doing. I mean, I can't pretend that I'm not a better singer than I used to be. . ."

Martin: "We don't want to go anywhere, we're not planning to *go* somewhere . . . the music just progresses."

What do you see in the future — will you continue just to do sporadic gigs as you have in the past?

Mark: "No, we want some records, even if they're just as documents. And we have to make some money . . ."

Which certain bands have been given and squandered, no?

Mark: "The new wave is a sell-out. I mean compared to the old wave it's all so tame, what they actually *do* . . . you think of what other people have tried out."

By 'other people' he means such as Can, Beefheart, (here I leave) The Velvet Underground, Dylan. The only new bands he feels have succeeded in any valid way are A.T.V., The Prefects, and The Worst (a recently deceased Manchester band who didn't get onto vinyl).

"If we sign to Polydor for two grand or something weak like that, or something like Decca, then it'll all have been a waste, we might as well have done it six months ago . . ."

"Spend hours over clever art/And funny advertising quotes/Make you bite and raise your hopes/IT'S THE NEW LEATHER THING/SMASH CRASH SMASH RING" **("It's The New Thing")**

Well yes, in their favour The Fall have held out against the organised trendy-treats industry of this thing called rock. But it seems to be a quality through default. Hearts - in - the - right - place, but an unmemorable unstriking progress, a protest which is just the exchange of one set of limitations (and libellations) for another.

No new leather thing, but what *is* there?

SYMBOLIC SHIFT to discussion of The Fall as a 'political' band Mark: "I was very involved in politics before the band, when I was working" (he has never been near university or art school) "but I was disillusioned very quickly. I always equated left-wing politics with revolution — which is not what it's about at all . . .

"The way certain organisations — you know which ones I'm talking about — use the system . . . I mean we did a lot of gigs for Rock Against Racism, and what happens is before you go on they say 'Will you hold this poster up?' — and it's a picture of Belsen, 'DON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN' . . .

"And I would say — we're a political *band*, that's what we *sing* about. But they want you to make announcements between songs; they see you as an entertainment — you might as well be singing Country and Western . . .

"SWP workers walking around with leather fists — that's the *alternative?*"

How *did* The Fall get their 'Henry Cow of the New Wave' image?

Mark: "RAR were the only people giving us gigs and we didn't have an agent; I was still working at the time. . .

"Una (Baines) *was* very into feminism. Tony (Friel) sort of flirted with Communism. It was just our stance, I suppose. We didn't wear the gear" — still don't — "and there was the song 'Hey Fascist' . . ."

"Car coat on/Steel boots on your feet/Write your letters to the Evening News . . ." **("Hey Fascist")**

"We were always portrayed as the humourless idealists. We still find it hard to get gigs in our own right in Manchester."

Pic: KEVIN CUMMINS

Ideals persist. The EP, for instance:

Mark: "It was just bloody-mindedness; in the music wasn't important, it just became a matter of principle to get this EP out . . ."

SOFTLY SOFTLY, FAll. . . Things begin to blur suspiciously here. For instance, manager Kay on the advantage of Miles Copeland over the other record company execs:

"He's gonna take your money but he tells you — it's dead honest, that."

Oh, I'm afraid that logic escapes me. It seems less the result of deliberation (the kind of band I'd been led to believe they were) than of idealistic self-imprisonment.

Just more anti-heroes thrashing through the night. I wish that they were even *nasty,* or ideologically repulsive, but they're not. They are not 'humourless'. They are not 'political'. Three of them can make quite a tidy thrashing noise. One can write words which oppose but never propose. Martin would be on the dole.

I suspect that The Fall will never be the band they once were, even though they haven't 'sold out' or anything. They are, presently, monochromatic: record labels, TV shows, industrial estates — it all exists, it won't go away, it bores me stiff *per se*. No subtlety, no craziness, no frailty, nothing but a mirror (I got plenty).

They do not reach heights of confrontation; states of mind, single individuals at special moments. They do not integrate sound and silence; highs and lows; good and bad; heavy and light. Music is not co-operative with performance.

I can't modern-dance to it (I think they'll be successful).

For in the folded wake of the original spirit of The Six Epistles (well, four), The People — lolling and eyebrow-pencil sharp — have plumped for: Penetration, who are innocence itself, whose wholeheartedness (provincial hearts) may yet be implosive, and — Siouxsie and The Banshees, who represent we shall say, forbidden knowledge. And.

BETWEEN INNOCENCE AND FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE COMES THE FALL.

Patrick Juvet

His Disco Smash

'Got A Feeling'

CAN 127

Simon Bates 'Record of the Week'

PYE RECORDS GROUP

Casablanca Records and Filmworks

Teri De Sario

Her Disco Smash

'Ain't Nothing Gonna Keep Me From You'

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Written & Produced by BARRY GIBB

A Tony Blackburn 'Record of the Week'

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THRILLS

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO 'REVOLVER'

JOHN LYDON and the Beach Boys — "Hey, John, you're supposed to be on 'Revolver', not 'Seaside Special'. . ."

IF YOU WONDER why Rich Kids are on this Saturday's edition of *Revoler* so soon after their last appearance on the show, the answer is simple — they're playing sub-sti-tute for John Lydon's new band, Public Image Limited.

Pop Svangali-turned-TV producer Mickie Most, who recently expressed admiration for Lydon in one of his inumerable interviews, isn't feeling so well intentioned towards the ex-Pistol now. In fact, after Public Image Ltd had failed to show for the *Revolver* sessions, the *New Faeces* panellist was said to be "absolutely bloody furious".

Nor was Most the only person seething with anger. Various employees of Virgin Records were also feeling a trifle vexed and put upon, not to mention outrageously uptight, at the non-appearance of Rotten's new band — or rather three quarters of it, since guitarist Keith Levine *was* actually present and correct for the taping of the show.

The other three members of Public Image Ltd were meanwhile sunning themselves on Camber Sands and sniggering into their Heinekens as they penned postcards to Virgin and Most. . .you know the sort of thing, 'Having a lovely time, wish you were here'.

Our story begins when Most invited Lydon & Co. to appear alongside the junk food and jaded comics on *Revolver*. The band agreed, and Virgin Records duly primed their promotional team to oil the path for Public Image's first move into technicolour tellyland.

Alack, as the Virgin team waited with band member Levine, who they'd taken up with them, where *Revolver* is recorded, there came a call from the band saying that they were "stuck in Watford" but would arrive. . .later.

They never showed.

As tempers became more and more frayed on the *Revolver* set, the realisation finally dawned on those present that on this occasion Public Image were living up the 'Limited' suffix to their name. Most duly barked out orders that Rich Kids be summoned to the studios, and the power pop quartet duly obliged by arriving by car within the hour and drying many a sweat-ridden brow.

Intrigued by the motive behind PIL's non appearance, *Thrills* phoned Virgin Press Officer and (yawn) famous media celebrity 'Droning' Al Clark for comment.

"It's a truly touchy issue on which to comment," said the famous PR Person, characteristically droll. "I don't know if it's a gigantic jape or not."

Was Big Al aware that they were in fact at the seaside?

"We've since found this out. When the roadie picked them up, that's where they told him to take them — presumably to piss us off. It's a perfectly orthodox way of making waves, if you'll forgive the pun."

Thrills could never forgive a pun like that, Al. But why should Public Image Ltd want to "piss off" Virgin?

"I don't know. I've given up trying to apply logic to their moves," said the world's most rational Press Officer. "Let's just say that perverseness can stop people reaching their destination."

You sound bitter, Al.

"Let's just say that terms like 'pain in the ass' are not strangers to my vocabulary," he replied with customary concision.

The reaction from ATV's *Revolver* office was somewhat more muted.

"It's just one of those things," said A. Spokesman. "Public Image didn't play and they won't be getting paid."

Thrills then turned to Mickie Most for his view. How did he feel about being stood up by Public Image?

"Well," he replied, "I've been stood up by better looking people.

"I think he's done himself a lot of harm, as breaking your contract like that means an instant life ban on independent television. He's bound to need a television plug sometime in the next twenty years and he won't be able to get it."

Thrills had heard you were "bloody furious".

"If I'd have gotten my hands on him at the time I would have throttled him," Most confirmed succinctly. "They sent the gear and the guitar player up because they wanted to get rid of the guitar player. They sent him to Birmingham instead of Coventry."

So what *was* Public Image's motive in blowing out *Revolver?* The gleeful satisfaction of snubbing Mickie Most?. What, after all those *nice* things that he's said about Johnny? Oh, come, surely not. . .

Perhaps the jaunt to Camber was not altogether unconnected with Public Image's decision to stay without a manager, and to handle all their press personally. Perhaps it was a way to show Virgin Records that they are not quite so happy to be part of the wonderful world of modern showbusiness as some of their contemporaries.

When *Thrills* contacted Public Image's Lydon and Jah Wobble, both refused to comment. Neither would they confirm reports that they were extremely dismayed at the way guitarist Keith Levine had actually shown up for the show.

"We do like to be beside the seaside," was the only remark either would make, though Wobble also muttered something about feeling "extremely sorry for these hip young capitalists."

CAPTAIN NEMO

THRILLS

AS REPORTED in last week's *Daily Mirror* and *Guardian* the scheduled appearance of Ronald Biggs on ATV's *Revolver* was nixed somewhere sort of the eleventh hour by Associated Television's director o production, Mr. Francis Essex.

You'll recall that the slot was scheduled to feature the playing of The Sex Pistols' newest contribution to world peace, "The Biggest Blow — A Punk Prayer", with footage of the convicted criminal Biggs in his Rio de Generate locus ranting the odds in unseemly fashion at peak viewing time. It was what the *Guardian* called "classic switchboard jamming material".

Although the excerpt is part of the film *The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle* and was offered free to ATV, Biggs was reportedly paid £20,000 (in used fivers) for his services to add to the outrageous sums of loot accrued from his other recent additions to the media silly season, such as te 'Life In The Day' he penned for the *Sunday Times* colour comic.

Francis Essex is reported to have rejected the film due to its failing to meet ATV's "presentation and performance standards" (s'funny, *Thrills* wasn't aware they had any) but staunchly denied that ATV was chickening out or imposing censorship.

At no time did Essex state what would have seemed the only reasonable objection, that the film glorified the mundane exploits of a known hoodlum and escaped robber.

Viewers who had the week previously bust a gut guffawing at the exploits of Sidney Vicious' rendition of "My Way" slumped back in an armchair of disbelief when the sequel was introduced by vital wit Peter Cook only to be censored in front of their very eyes.

Was this the end of civilised life as *Thrills* knew it? A judicious call was placed to *Revolver* big cheese Mickey Most (nee Mouse) in his Rak office last Friday. Surely some censorship had been instigated?

"I haven't read the stories in those papers," opined Most. "But I gather that the reasons were quite obvious.

"ATV decided that it wasn't in the public interest to show film of a convicted criminal living it up with a lot of scantily-clad girls on some Rio de Janeiro beach. It didn't merit inclusion either artistically or politically for the company, know what I mean?"

But surely, *Thrills* persisted, if the film had already been deemed suitable by the *Revolver* production team the Essex ban was likely to quash morale and lead to insubordination. After all, the IBA could have ordered ATV to omit the clip but had not done so, in spite of complaints by Tory MP Jill Knight.

"Say it's censorship if you like," Most reflected, "but the kids don't care whether he's on it or not. He might be a Jesse James or a Robin Hood to them, but basically society shouldn't glorify criminals. The programme will have to be three minutes shorter, that's all, Cook announces it and then it's censored."

No payment was made by ATV to Biggs then?

"Haw, haw, ATV wouldn't give Elvis Presley ninepence for a cup of tea."

***Thrills* spoke next to Chris Tookey, director of *Revolver,* who explained his position as forthrightly as could be expected in the circumstances.**

"Mickey and I were disappointed at its exclusion by the ATV hierarchy, though we thought they over-reacted. As far as we were concerned there was nothing offensive in the clip — but ultimately it wasn't worth making a stand on the issue. We aren't defending what Biggs did in the first case, but seeing him on television is no more offensive than seeing John Stonehouse or Richard Nixon if you pursue the argument.

"Frankly, the Sid Vicious film was no better technically — it was amusing, so was the Biggs clip.

"I don't think professional standards are of much interest to *Revolver* viewers anyway.

"In general the commercial companies are more scared of the IBA than the BBC, for reasons of licence renewal — but the IBA did not implement a ban.

"If Mickey and I are involved in a second series of *Revolver* we will try and clear up similar matters before they arise."

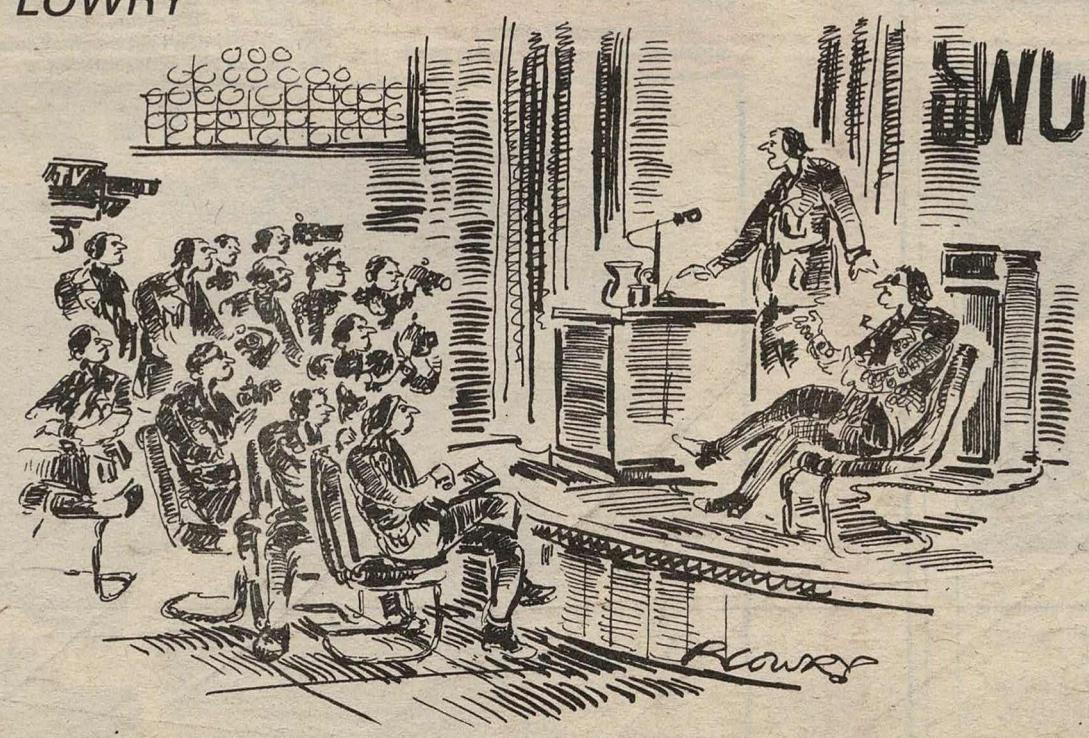
What you actually missed was a film of Biggs in a studio and walking around Rio. Highlights included an actor portraying Martin Bormann (this is really hilarious, eh?) and Biggs slouching underneath a statue of Christ. Reports circulated by the *Daily Telegraph* to the effect that Biggs is wearing Nazi uniform and handcuffs are completely untrue.

Next week on *Revolver,* an interview with Norman Scott's late dog is interspersed with footage of Jeremy Thorpe selling ice-creams in his Devon constituency.

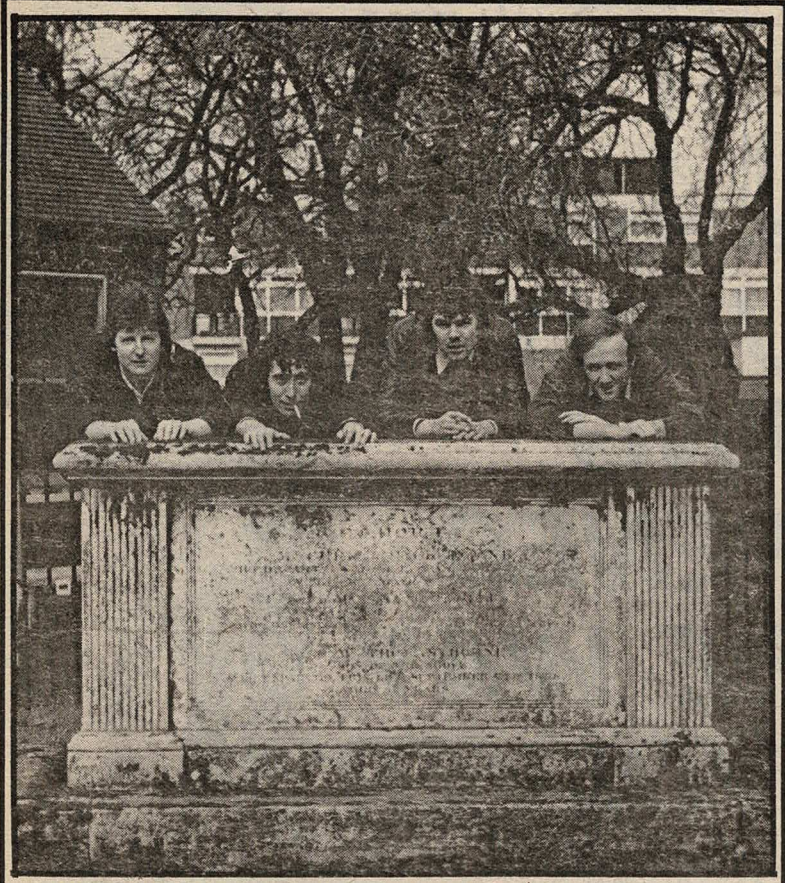
MAX BELL

THRILLS

LOWRY



"My client has called this special press conference to protest about your constant overexposure of him in the newspapers and on radio and TV."



ANGELO PALADINO in a scene from the latest spaghetti horror movie. L-R: Terry Murphy, Angelo Paladino, Steve Massett, Terry Murphy.

CANNING TOWN CATASTROPHE

"NOT BAD FOR borrowed gear!"

Huh?? *Thrills*, startled from its reverie upon the excellence of the band which has just left the stage, turns to the newcomer in surprise. You mean to say that was borrowed gear? But they were great!

"Yeah? Well, you should see them when they've got their own equipment.

"I'm the road manager. See, we 'ad our gear nicked at seven o'clock this evening, on the way to the gig — I only left the van for five minutes to pick up one of the band.

"Guitars, amps, PA, everything — even all our leads and plectrums. We managed to borrow some gear from Remus Down Boulevard in the end. Didn't even have time for a soundcheck, let alone get acquainted with RDB's instruments. . ."

Hold on, hold on. Let's just rerun this gig. *Thrills* had only dropped into the Bridge House on spec in the first place — didn't even know who was playing. Turned out it was Angelo Paladino, which left us none the wiser.

They start pretty raggedly, not even quite in tune, but gradually it becomes apparent as the set progresses that there is a really special band lurking beneath this strangely hesitant, rough-shod exterior — the result, as it later transpires, of playing on alien equipment.

The singer in particular is amazing. Springsteen, Costello, Parker, Joe Cocker all come to mind. He could be that good.

As for the others, it would be unfair to offer any comments under the circumstances, though the guitarist showed a fine sense of restrained style and the band's songs — presumably the work of the singer — boast that a natural grace of the Bob Seger/Bruce Springsteen school. Their treatment of non-originals by Lee Dorsey, Otis Redding and Sam and Dave demonstrates a similarly sure touch.

The following evening, visiting *chez Paladino* at the Hackney pub they use as their base, *Thrills* learns that Angelo Paladino is in fact the singer's real name. His father, a docker, came to the East End from Corleone in Sicily — Godfather country.

The band comprises Angelo on vocals and guitar, Steve Massett on guitar, Dave Callaghan on bass and Terry Murphy on drums.

They haven't been together long — in fact, to add to *Thrills'* surprise, the Bridge House gig was only their tenth *ever* — but already they have landed the management experience of Steve Marriott's manager Laurie O'Leary as well as having £2,500 - worth of uninsured gear and a van stolen.

Not, of course, that that is likely to sway them for an instant. I mean, a band that has everything nicked just before a far from vital gig and still walks onstage smiling less that two hours later — that's a band that will take a lot of stopping.

Angelo Paladino is going to make you an offer you can't refuse.

PHIL McNEILL

THRILLS

THE LONG ROAD FROM TURKEY TO HOLLYWOOD

IT'S A STORMY Monday at the almost deserted Cafe Royal. Lunch is delayed by three waiters getting stuck between floors in a lift. Throughout the meal a kind of musical chairs takes place as the producers, director and stars of *Midnight Express* get shuffled between tables to meet the newshounds.

Brad Davis, the movie's star, is small, dressed bohemian with striped prison shirt, black cords with braces, and a lucky red rag around his neck which he hasn't taken off since he left LA. He's also jet-lagged, twitchy and doesn't really want to be here at all.

He had eight years' New York stage experience, doing a lot of "off off Broadway showcases", before moving to TV roles like Old George in *Roots*. *Midnight Express* — in which Davis plays Billie Hayes, whose real-life experiences in a Turkish jail for possession of marijuana inspired the movie — is his first theatrical movie. He auditioned for six weeks, before landing the part on condition he signed a three-picture deal for Columbia. Hollywood doesn't change.

There are flashes of James Dean's sideways smile in Brad's gutsy portrayal of Billie Hayes. Did he feel an affinity with the character?

"Yes, I thought it was incredible. I don't know what would have happened to me in a situation like that . . . I can't stand pain, emotional or physical, at all."

In the movie Brad has his feet beaten, his face punched, his head shaved, his bum felt, and has to bite a guy's tongue out. Wasn't that heavy going?

"It was the easiest job I've ever done because I wanted to do it so much. Because I thought it was important."

At this point he fixes me intently, staring out of eyes like tiny green marbles. No challenge, Brad, but how do you prepare? Stanislavsky? The Method?

"I do things in my head, get myself in some state and then I stand on my hands a lot. People found that very amusing. But it warms up my body, turns everything upside down and gets everything going. Scenes really just happen by themselves a lot."

Tell me Brad, has this success changed your life?

"I'm getting fatter — that's one thing. Yes, it's changing. Already it's changing in one way that I can see I'm not going to like at all, and that's having people leave me. Friends, people that I love. Some people cannot cope with my . . . success . . . so they have to leave. I can't say, 'Listen, I'll go out and be a flop, I'll fuck up, be my friend.' "

Influences and ambitions as an actor?

"At this point (28), I'm a combination of probably every good actor I ever saw. I'm probably 50 people . . . I want to do things that are important, valid, that count for something aside from money."

EVERYONE changes partners. Publicists bustle urgently from room to room, and Brad is hurried away to the dubious delights of the caramel-voiced photographer from *Screen International*.

Suddenly I'm facing Billie Hayes himself, wired up and ready to go. He looks sharp, fit and tanned, with tight blond curls and a racy moustache. He's pure California crossed with the edginess that only prison time can impart.

Doesn't he find this carnival a little strange?

"It's a long way from Turkey to Hollywood, that's for sure!"

So was the decision to become a media star a conscious one?

"I didn't really formulate it, because when I arrived home at the airport, I stepped off the plane into the middle of a press conference — like a hundred reporters with lights, cameras, microphones all set . . . and the response to that conference was so great that the telephone literally rang off the hook.

"That's when the realisation came to me that I have a notoriety here. I also have $25,000 worth of debts and no job. So what am I going to do?"

He wrote a book is what, working with veteran journalist William Hoffer. Time was tight, with monetary penalties attached to delivery dates, and Billie admits that, in taming his writing style ("very much babbling stream of conciousness") and writing the story fast and hard, he had to cut out what he calls the "metaphysical asides". "I would have dissipated a lot of the force of the book by doing that but, in a way, I now feel like I've sacrificed some of my own personality."

He claims to be happy with the finished book but not with the film. In translating from print to film, discrepancies arose. The fight scene with Rifki didn't actually happen ("I think the tongue is a bit much") and, while admiring Alan Parker's film, Billie says: "Within that harsh world there is beauty, there is life, there is hope, there is love. It's just that it's very difficult to find — which means when you *do* find it, it's that much more precious. I would have tried to emphasise that a bit more."

Putting the movie in a wider context, surely you and other dope prisoners were, in reality, just political pawns in a much larger game?

"To a degree. In actuality the Turks have laws, they're on the books, we broke the laws and we received a just sentence under their laws.

"The point is, is the law correct? The hypocritical nature of the laws in Turkey is that the people who *should* be affected — the opium and heroin smugglers — don't get caught. Fools like me and kids with a little bit of grass are the people who bear the brunt of the crackdown."

Billie admits that many foreigners were set up and that, following recent discussions with people at the American State Department, he has discovered that one of his fellow-prisoners — the American, Tex—was in reality an agent for the Drugs Enforcement Administration of the USA.

Rumours had already reached *Thrills* direct from Sagmalcigar Prison that Billie's escape was an elaborate set-up. Confronted with this, he is not phased. Since his return from Turkey, *High Times* has suggested that he was either a CIA agent or an FBI informer, while others have said that he wasn't in jail at all. He tells me another variation on this theme:

"Printed in the leading Turkish newspaper *Huriet* (which, ironically, means Freedom) was a picture of me when I was arrested, a map of the island I escaped from, and a photo of a woman I had never seen before called Jane Lee.

"The story was that Jane Lee was a famous American actress, my girlfriend the whole time I was inside, who came with a speedboat and took me off the island, financed by my millionaire businessman father. There isn't a shred of credibility to that. It was a made-up story from the word go."

So was the notion of escaping always with you?

"It took months to get it through my head that I was really there. Slowly, slowly, the reality of the place, the bars and the steel, became much stronger than my own foolish imaginings and images of who I was and what was going to happen to me. And I suddenly became aware that I could be here *for ever* . . . But I never thought I would stay there, someway or other I'll get out."

Billie discovered a lot about himself in the process, it seems. His advice is: "Do what you like but know what you're doing." He waxes cosmic on occasions — he's a diehard Hatha Yoga devotee — but tempers this with gritty realism. He is also a strong supporter of marijuana decriminalisation. So does he believe that drug prisoners are political prisoners, our generation's dissidents?

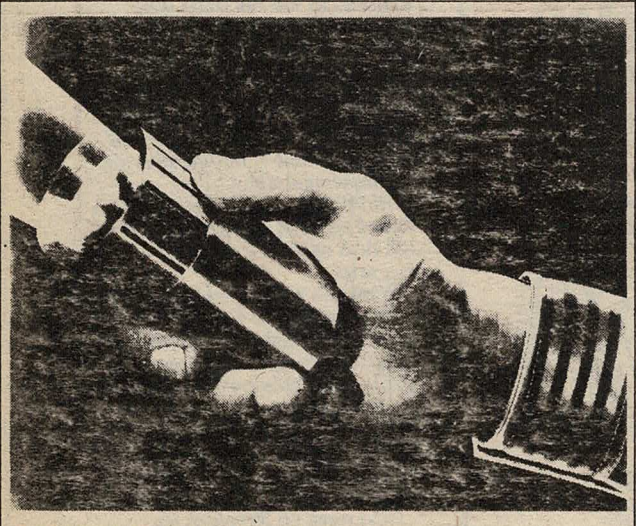
"Drug laws are ideological as much as legal, because the people who are associated with drugs are ideologically opposed to the people who were, or are, in power creating the laws."

Billie Hayes is now trying to make it as a full-time writer, and is currently penning a novel-turned-screenplay.

"It's the story of a guy who comes out of prison into a very strange world based obviously on my own situation, because it's been very *weird* out here. Very strange."

DICK TRACY

THRILLS



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The genuine article (BILLIE HAYES, left) meets his screen image (BRAD DAVIS).

SCOTT WALKER WAXES DREAR & MYSTERIOUS (AGAIN) — PLUS ADDED EXISTENTIALISM!

"THIS SONG 'The Electrician' is about torture in South America. It's about the Americans who are going there with their little black boxes. Americans who train people to torture.

"One review of it said it was a metaphysical love song. It *is* a love song. There are two lovers in it discussing the coming of one of these Americans.

"But that line in it about the lights going low is the idea of lights going low in a prison when they switch on the electric chair."

This is Noel Scott Engel talking. A bony, 35-year-old American, with a forage cap pulled down over his eyes. A dead ringer for the original Hawkeye Pierce in the film of *M.A.S.H.* Except that Noel Scott is no joker. He writes songs about heavy subjects.

He says that another song, "Fat Mama Kick" — also on his new album "Nite Flights" — is about the new philosophers in France.

"They're throwing Marxist ideology away, and coming back to an existentialist point of view. A very Camus point of view. Not Sartre — different. He's still involved in ideology.

"There's a guy called Bertrand Henri Levy who's written a book called *Barbarism With A Human Face*. He's influenced a lot of people over there. He's going to cause a lot of steam."

Noel Scott Engel is a bit of an intellectual, with a taste for the macabre. And people with a long memory will find that somewhat surprising, because Noel Scott is better known as Scott Walker of the Walker Brothers.

They were a schmaltzy trio of husky crooners who topped the charts with a number of lavish ballads in the mid-60's. A lot of rock fans hated them, with good cause.

More recently, the Bros Walker got back together and scored with another single, "No Regrets", that was the same old formula. Yawns all round.

Suddenly, though, they've put out this "Nite Flights" album, which is perhaps the most surprising release so far this year. It includes four bleak, harrowing songs by Mr. Engel that owe a little in their style to David Bowie's work with Eno and Robert Fripp.

"I think what Bowie and Eno have done is very good indeed," says Scott. "But I think that I was doing a lot of that, too, before they began. And I think I would have gone this way, anyway.

"There are a lot of comparisons to be made — but my work has simpler instrumentation. They used a lot of gizmos. In three of my songs, I used no more than four instruments.

"It's a more basic, blocky sound. More black and white."

Engel uses a disco beat, though, which emphasises the Bowie comparison.

"Well, I chose a shuffle, because I wanted something to drive the songs along. I wanted a John Lee Hooker kind of thing."

In between spells with the Walker Brothers, Engel was a solo act and he favoured songs — many by Jacques Brel — of a similar sort to his new ones. Morbid, melancholy, and menacing. When he heard "Low" and "Heroes", did he think Bowie had stolen his pitch?

"Not at the time of 'Low'. By 'Heroes', I'd already written two of the songs for this album. But I felt they'd got closest to my pitch.

"I'm not worried about them now. I don't think they're even near my songs now."

One criticism of the new Walkers album is that you only get four Engel songs. The other two Brothers, Gary Leeds and John Maus, have written another six songs which are less original, but in roughly of the same ilk.

Why did he need those other guys?

"We go back a long way, you know."

But their songs sound like a parody of yours on the same album.

"I don't think that's the case with Gary. And I don't think John is a parody. I think he's very individual in his format. He's very into the occult and that's what he writes about."

But why not do a solo album that allows you to express your own individual style over two sides?

"Well, that's what I'm going to do next. This was a necessary starting point."

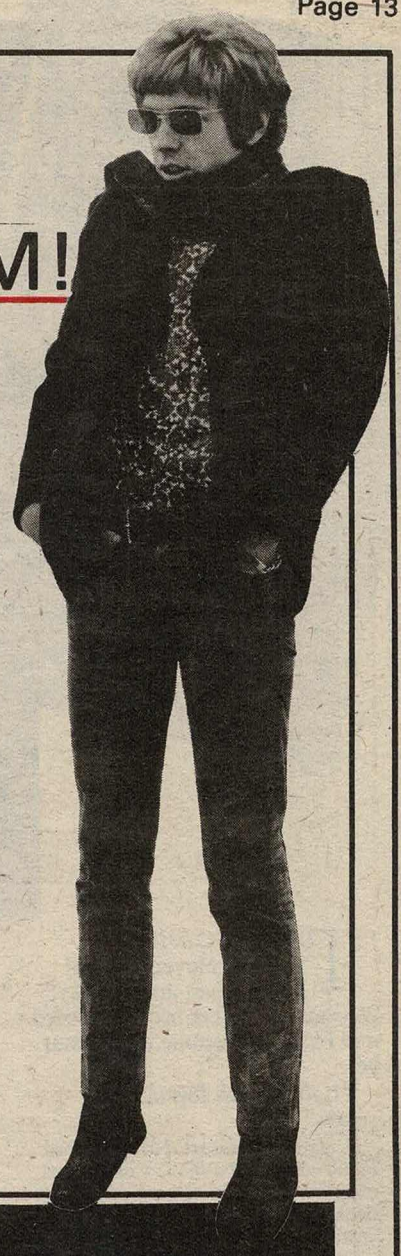
So far, the album's getting mixed reviews. No doubt one reason is Engel's background. If he was an accredited New York junkie with a rock band, he'd be taken more seriously than he is as one-third of a bunch of schmaltzy balladeers. Even if those balladeers are no longer schamltzy or inclined towards balladeering.

"I suppose you're right. But for a long while I had to do schmaltzy songs because I had a contract with Philips. They were paying me a good deal of money, so I simply continued to make that kind of music, instead of fighting for what I wanted. It was a very poxy deal.

"In those days, I had to keep my act clean. Now I can be as dirty as I want to be."

BOB EDMANDS

THRILLS



WHITE ON BROTHER

Fashion by Sheila Rock : Photographed by Mick Rock

This fashion spectacular was specifically commissioned by Club International as a retaliatory measure against the South African government. We reckoned that a black man, dressed in white and entering a whites only restaurant in Cape Town would, at least have the pleasure of seeing his clothes fed whilst he remained outside in the street. Unfortunately the fascist pig police took a dark view of a naked man leaning up against the restaurant's plate glass window watching his raincoat stuffing steak. The clothes? They're dead Sharpville.

SWEET JAZUS . . . it can't be himself, but it is. Captured in sybaritic mode in a 'Club International' fashion spread, we find Philip Lynott putting on fancy duds and having a pose for a good and worthy cause . . . or rather, we would have found him posing for a worthy cause four years ago, when this spread was first run, if the Club subs had displayed such admirable political convictions at the time. This is the resurrected version.

THRILLS

BLACKMAIL CORNER

IF MICK JONES (for it is he) (again) had known that he was having his photograph taken by a person sufficiently lacking in scruples to wait until said Jones had become a legend in the world of post-punk down - with - boring - old - hippies - wiv - long - hair - and - flares - unless - they - happened - to - be - Dolls - or Iggy - fans - prior - to - '72 before leaking said photo to *Blackmail Corner* in order to make him (Jones, that is) into a public laughing-stock . . . then he'd probably have put on a pair of stupid shades to lessen his embarrassment.

THRILLS

Punk problem

WHEN YOU have a punk rocker for a boy friend is it silly to take him home to meet your parents? He wants to meet them but it's more than likely they will disapprove.

HESITATING.

● *Dear Hesitating.* — You mean he'll pongo his way up the path and will hardly be able to say hello because of the safety pin stuck in his cheek? Take a punk like that to meet your mother and you're the one who's off your rocker!

LENNON (JOHN). — Died July 9, 1976. Sadly missed by Catherine and Fred. RIP.

TO SALUTE CSM AT GRAVESIDE

The death occurred last Sunday, after an operation, of Company Sergeant - Major Michael Burford, whose

TOMORROW:
9.30—**A PLACE TO LIVE;** The Inhabitants: 1.
9.55—**CATCH '77:** Whiting.
10.20—**SURVIVAL.** Uninvited Guests.
10.45—**SIMPLY SEWING.**
11. 0—**IN CONCRETE WITH JOHN MILES.**

Media japes, from top: Sunday Express speaks (sent by Joe Prick of Dumbarton), Manchester Evening News mourns (sent by anon), Somerset County Gazette pays tribute (sent by Dave Hayman of Taunton), and John Miles churns out more heavy rock, courtesy of the Boston Wrangler from Up North.

The Lone Groover

BENYON

EL GROOVER HIM VERY WACKY, HE SAY WE ARE ALL FASCIST BUT SOME MORE FASCIST THAN OTHERS...
DUDES UNDER 5 FEET 8 INCHES AGAINST TH' NAZI FASCIST?
RUBBISH!
CRAP!
WE AINT RACISTS
I SAY WHAT UTTER TWADDLE YOU WOP PILLOCK!
GET OFF Y'SLANT EYED GOOK!!!
GO BACK WHERE Y'CAME FROM!!
US FASCIST?!? YA TINY YELLOW DWARF!! THERE'S TOO MANY OF YOU MANDARINS RUNNIN'....
THAT DUDE IS RILLY OFF TH' TRACK ISN'T HE?
HE SURE IS! THAT REMINDS ME.....
NO RACISM
HAVE Y'HEARD TH' ONE ABOUT TH' CHINESE CHICK RIDIN' A BIKE.....
OR TH' IRISHMAN....
WHO TRIED T'FORM A BRANCH OF ROCK AGAINST RACISM IN TH' SOVIET UNION.....
LISTEN GROOVER I'M CONFUSED ABOUT ALL THESE GROUPS
I MEAN....
CAN'T STOP KIDDO, I'M OFF TO A MEETIN' OF COD PIECES AGAINST TH' NAZIS.....
COD PIECES?
I PREFARE VEGETARIANS AGAINST TH' NAZIS....
WITH PARSLEY SAUCE.
PEOPLE WITH INFERIORITY COMPLEXES
I WANT POWER
AGAINST EVERYONE DIFFERENT

SOUL PUNK ETTA: SUPERSTARDOM THE HARD WAY ON A DOLLAR A DAY

"THANKSGIVING DAY in November will be my silver anniversary: 25 years since I cut my first record and I haven't become a superstar yet.

"It took Janis Joplin two years."

A statement of fact. No bitterness in the voice, just a shadow of sadness exposed along with the naked truth; a fleeting glimpse of dues paid and years lost.

Etta James is not given to bitterness. She gets angry sometimes, certainly. Pretty wild with it too, so she says. But generally she greets life's dirty tricks with wry humour and a stoicism that has sustained her through the sort of professional trials and personal tribulations that have crippled — or killed — many a weaker personality.

Upon request, and if she's of a mind to, she can unpack a whole head load of memories of innocence and ignorance and exploitation and drug-addiction, but once those private mental albums have been well thumbed by the insensitive interviewer, back they go in the file marked "education" and up bobs Etta's survival factor.

Like remembering the men who manipulated a lot of her life as "some of the greatest teachers that a person could have. If you went through them, boy, you knew how it was supposed to go. That's not saying that you won't get screwed again but at least you won't get screwed *that* way.

"Everybody's got their little come-on. The day that I signed with Chess Records, part of their come-on to me was a cheque laying on the desk that was made out to Chuck Berry and Alan Freed for $167,000. And I looked and Leonard Chess said, 'See, this is the kind of money our artists make.' I said gosh!

"The next cheque I saw was made out to The Moonglows, Harvey Fuqua and Alan Freed; it was about $70,000 royalties for the record 'Sincerely'. Alan Freed's name just happened to be on all of those cheques, y'know. Alan Freed and Leonard Chess, boy, they were the very best teachers.

"After that, after I had the hit with 'All I Could Do Was Cry', when Leonard handed me my very first envelope that said "royalties", I opened it up and there was no cheque in there, just a little piece of paper saying, 'You're $14,000 in the red.' *'But,'* he told me, 'don't worry about that. You need some money? We'll let you have two thousand.' That was always the way it was. You'd get a Cadillac or a fur stole or a ring, something like that. That was your royalties.

"But bitter? No. After all, what did I know? I didn't have any lawyer or a good manager or nothing, so what the heck? Long as I was riding in a big Cadillac and dressed nice and had plenty of food, that's all I cared about."

ETTA JAMES is a remarkable lady. Born in 1938 and raised on the west coast of America, in 1954, while still a delinquent bobby-soxer, she was hustled into a private audition for Johnny Otis by an older, groupie friend; taken straight into a studio to record the girls' whimsical composition "Roll With Me Henry" (which they made up in answer to the Hank Ballard & The Midnighters hit "Work With Me Annie") and, having lied about her age, boarded the Otis touring revue on the princely wage of $10 per night.

The record shot up the R&B charts, was promptly banned from All-American airwaves for being too sexually upfront, and was coyly adapted as "Dance With Me Henry" by Georgia Gibbs, who reputedly sold four million copies.

For four or five more years she continued to record for Modern Records of Los Angeles, cutting some of the best female rock and R&B of the era ("Good Rockin' Daddy", "Tough Lover") without ever seeing a royalty cheque, until she got stranded in Chicago in 1959, where she was introduced to Chess Records by Harvey Fuqua — then leader of The Moonglows, subsequently a producer with Anna, Motown and Fantasy.

For 17 years Etta enjoyed/suffered — delete where applicable — an erratic career with the ever-ailing Chess Corp., recording a small string of hits (including "At Last" and "Fool That I Am") which were arranged to appeal to the early-'60s supper-club audience; a more typical selection of hardcore rhythm'n'blues tunes ("I Just Want To Make Love To You", "Something's Got A Hold On Me") and, best remembered of all, many superb soul sides, from her first Chess hit ("All I Could Do Was Cry") through late-'60s classics ("I'd Rather Go Blind", "Tell Mama", "Security", "Miss Pitiful") to '70s stunners like "Leave Your Hat On", "All The Way Down" and "Come A Little Closer".

ALTHOUGH CONSISTENTLY lauded by folk within the biz as one of the great black female singers, Etta is only just now emerging into the extreme sidelights of the great white wunnerful rock arena via a contract with Warner Brothers and her appearances on the current Rolling Stones tour of America.

"The Stones are great," she says, slightly wistfully. "They are doing black music and they've got it. They got the direction and they know what the hell to do. They know how to pump plenty of sound, they know how to get real intense and get people so crazy that they don't know what the heck's happening to them. And that's the way you gotta do it.

"I find myself going crazy about the Stones just like the kids are in the audience. Keith, he just stumbles over his own feet, blam, he falls down, he just lays there, blungablunga, he's still there just like it's part of the act. They kick each other and thump each other in the back of the head. Mick, if he forgets the damn words he just burbles and they go nuts. He forgets what part of the song he's singing but who cares, y'know? Long as he's there to holler something people just bump their heads on the wall, it's great.

"But, you know, Mick told me: 'I met you 15 years ago at a little club in Los Angeles. You were wearing a blonde wig and you had on a green dress and it had feathers . . .', he named everything. He was *right*. And a lot of the stuff that I see him do on stage is stuff that I used to do. I mean when I was really jumping around an' leaping an' looking all crazy.

"I was originally like a punker, know what I mean, like the punks are today, I'd spit in a minute. And I notice Mick does that same facial expression that I see, so then I sit in the dressing room and I think it's really weird how these guys have gotten over.

"The first night I worked with them I almost cried in my dressing room. I thought, God, here are these guys, they're famous millionaires from doing this here and I'm still *nowhere* after all these years. *What is happening here?*

"Then I think, I don't know, I wanna make money but I don't probably never wanna be cool about it, you know what I mean? I would never be cool about it. I would never give a shit whether I worked Las Vegas or Lake Tahoe or not. I'm not a bourgeois person, never will be. I could work Dingwalls forever because I'm used to that kind of joint.

"Like the guys came to me last night and said, 'I'm sorry this is not like the Ritz.' Well what the heck would I know? In 25 years I've never worked the Ritz; I've worked nothing but places that look like Dingwalls. And for those kind of people, that stand there and scream all night, and when you get through they're mad because you don't come back, *that's* my kind of people.

"See, I don't like places where people can't dance — don't like clubs or theatres where a bunch of bourgeois people sit around tip, tip, tipping their fingers."

Through an uncustomary tactical error on the part of producer Jerry Wexler, Etta's first Warners album, "Deep In The Night", seems to be primarily aimed at the very audience she could live without. Fortunately Etta has the voice and personality to score a points win in her 10-round contest with the inappropriate arrangements and production, so that even with its faults the album is still one of the better releases by an American black female singer so far this year. Nevertheless, it could have been a good deal better, could it not?

"I think we could have made it stronger," Etta concedes. "It's a nice album, I'm not disappointed with it, but I think we went too far too soon. It was Jerry's idea to help me get over to a wider audience and to that extent it partly succeeded, but it's not really me, know what I mean?

"I think for the next album we'll go back to being a little more soulful.

"Y'know, the kind of bag that I think I've kinda made up my mind to shoot for, the slot that I think I *should* have taken, is the female Otis Redding slot.

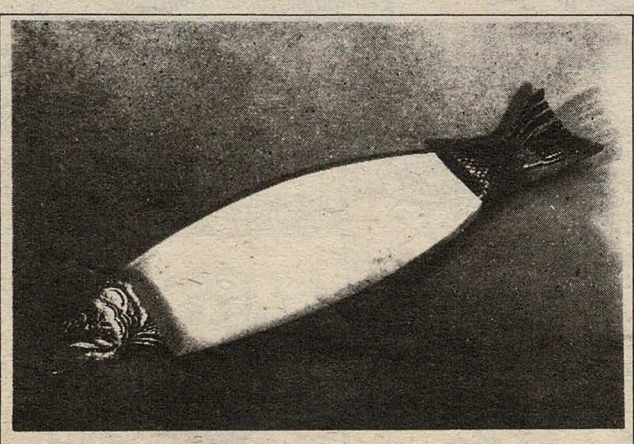
"That's the direction I wanna go in now 'cause there's no other chick got the balls to do it.

"Tina Turner came very close — if she had of just kept right on that right track, she had it. That's the thing I'm talking about, that intense thing. But now she's shooting for another bag. And the closest chick that could do it now is Millie Jackson, but I don't think she would. She's a little bit over here on another kick; she's busy rapping and stuff.

"I'm talking about singing and laying it down for 'em, y'know, making people go crazy an' burnin' their ears up. That's the deal. That's really the direction I wanna go in."

CLIFF WHITE

THRILLS



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THE BANSHEES
COLUMBIA RECORDING STARS "BIG BUILDING"

"My, Sioux — how you've changed!"

LITHMAN in Chilli Willi days Pic: FRANCES NEWMAN

MEET THE LATEST NEW WAVE CULT FIGURE

YOU'VE SEEN the ads. You've been enticed, or not, by the quirky graphics. Perhaps you've even bought the record, itself as quirky and improbable as the ad campaign. But the question remains: *who* is Snakefinger and what kind of niche is he trying to carve for himself in the popular subconscious?

There are no easy answers to either question — or at least if there are, they're buried deep in the psyche of The Residents and the amorphous organisation that surrounds them. And to try to unravel this organisation — to find out once and for all if the Cryptic Corporation, Ralph Records and The Residents are one and the same, if they are really only two people, and whether or not they laugh all the way to the bank, or only part of the way — would be to miss the point. Why seek reality when you can make one up?

Connoisseurs of the arcane and the obscure have been hip to this for years. And these same people will be the first to tell you they got, ah, *into* The Residents via one of their many obscure, limited and usually numbered artefacts.

1978 may well be the year of "Trout Mask Replica" (as '77 was the year of "Raw Power") and it may well be the year of the individual too, but it will also go down as the year when elitism really came into its own.

But enough of the theory. Here, such as they are known, are the facts.

Snakefinger, according to those who have had the pleasure, is a docile, amiable hippy from Streatham, south of the Thames. He came into contact with The Residents through an interest in tapes of early cajun music which they allegedly possess — if we are to believe the sleeve notes of their debut album, "Meet The Residents", to which he contributed some barely identifiable guitar.

He next surfaced under his real name of Phil Lithman as a member of archetypal good-humoured loser combo Chilli Willi And The Red Hot Peppers, playing western swing and other long-discarded boogie forms for the patrons of Albion's less salubrious ale houses. Chilli Willi made two albums around the mid-point of this decade, one for their manager Jake Riviera's Revelation Records, the other (on B&C Records) legendary for its title alone, "Bongos Over Balham."

What happened in between his disappearance through The Gateway To The South and his re-appearance at the Cryptic Corporation's California H.Q. is anybody's guess.

Maybe it all has something to do with the forthcoming "Eskimo" album, on which The Residents are re-united with the two semi-mythical figures who contributed to their debut opus, Snakefinger and N. Senada. (The latter has spent the past few years searching for the musical missing link in the frozen wastes of Alaska. The Residents reckon he found it, and the result will be "Eskimo.")

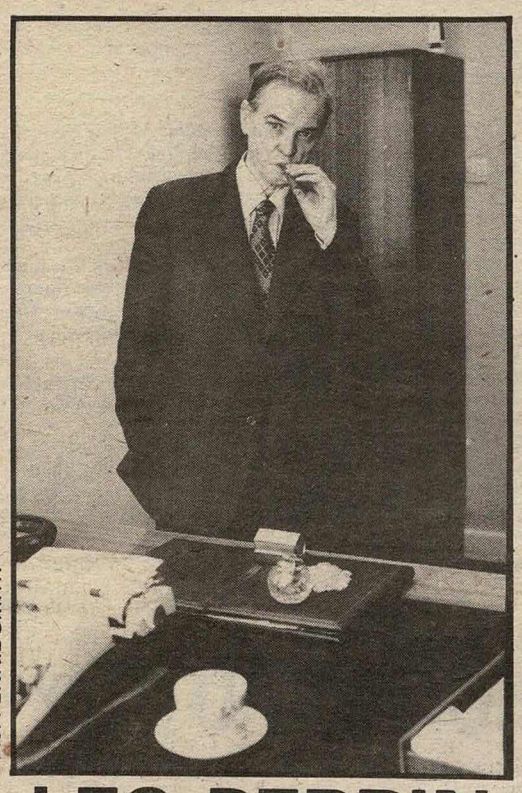
Meantime we have Snakefinger's single "The Spot" backed by a new version of "Smelly Tongues" from "Meet The Residents." It's less impervious than the rest of The Residents' gigantic conceptual scam — the rough equivalent of what Bootsy is to the Mothership.

I tried to decipher any deep hidden meaning, but couldn't. It's simply the story of a mutated spot — *"It grows in magnitude and sits on my chair/It sleeps upon my only shirt and smiles at me when I get hurt"* — again reminiscent of "Trout Mask". It also resurrects the neglected sound of the National steel-bodied guitar.

The Residents are clever — very clever. Unlike Devo, who are manipulators, they are originators — which is not to say they aren't also manipulators. Ah, but what flair! Not even the most basic instincts of record buyers are safe.

PAUL RAMBALI

THE END



Pic: PENNIE SMITH

LES PERRIN

NO ROCK publicist has ever endeared themselves more to the profession which they service than Les Perrin, who died last week a the age of 57, following a protracted illness.

An ex-journalist himself (a co-founder and news editor of *NME),* Perrin placed himself in the position of scribe when preparing a press release. "If I wouldn't accept it," he once said, "then I wouldn't dream of pushing it out to a writer."

Affectionately known in some quarters as "The Godfather" (Mick Jagger nicknamed him Lunchtime O'Perrin), he preferred to call himself a fat, round Liberal.

It was Perrin's tact, discretion and, above all, his wit that made him such a well-respected show-biz personality. He was also fully conversant with the mechanics of the media — especially the daily papers.

Said Perrin, "The production men on a paper are just as important as the writers, and this also applies to the subs (he knew them all by name). If a publicist doesn't take the time to learn this part of the business, then he's not doing his job correctly."

Perrin, whose clients included Frank Sinatra, Louis Armstrong, Bob Dylan, Judy Garland, The Rolling Stones, Jimi Hendrix, Dave Clark Five, Billie Holiday, Janis Joplin, John, George and Ringo, through to strip-king Paul Raymond and even Queen Salote of Tonga, approached his job as a vocation. During the 25-or-more years he was in business, he was true to his motto: "Please call — anytime. The hour is of no import . . . YOUR story is!"

When certain of his clients fell foul of the law, Perrin often went days without sleep.

He led a full and varied career. Aside from his formative connections with this paper, Perrin was "the world's worst rear-gunner in the RAF", an accounts manager for Southern Railway, a member of the German Section of the Foreign Office, and the illustrator of certain vulgar seaside postcards which prompted questions to be raised in the House!

Unlike many publicists, Les Perrin wasn't into self-promotion, yet the fact remains that he was as much a star as many of those clients whose careers he so expertly helped to guide.

The bar at his unofficial office, The Wig & Pen Club on Fleet Street, will never be quite the same again without his presence.

SILVER SCREEN

THE BIG BUZZ

"Whatever you do . . .

Go Tell The Spartans

Directed by Ted Post
Starring Burt Lancaster
(United Artists)

VIETNAM AGAIN, and, in the words of S. J. Perelman, nobody knows de rubble I've seen, nobody knows but Croesus. The Free World might be a military pushover, but it's moving pluckily into the red on anti-war movies and army surplus.

Set at the start when America was second-billing as 'military advisor', the first office-bound hour flounders along the new terrain of the anti-advisory movie, before Major Burt Lancaster hides the hairpiece under a helmet and limps off to dish the dirt with the rest of the girls.

It may be difficult to distinguish between good gooks and bad gooks, but Caucasians come easier. Anyone who talks about honour and duty — that familiar West Point litany — is clearly Life Denying, while Humanitarianism on the half shell is represented by the swearers and gum-chewers.

This conflict between frauds is a fixed fight, with patriotic speeches either made between spasms of dysentry, or rendered in an opium slur by the junkie medic, named — irony anybody? — Abraham Lincoln. Those who rilly care give chocolate.

Burt Lancaster embodies the current chic in military deportment. "Booze and pudenda", he tells an admiring underling, have shunted his seniority up a siding, but have left his paternal centres uncrimped. Burt's boys may call him 'ole World War Two', but they love him. Veteran of a leg-wound, Anzio — we never learn where he won the wig — he gets right to the heart of this newfangled Asian involvement: "This one's a sucker's tour."

Forced to beef up a remote jungle outpost, Burt reviews the detail in his office, a leaden device which enables the audience to memorise their names from the shirt fronts. Ethnic minorities are in short supply for a change, though personal abnormalities are not, and the little group of advisors includes a boozer, an addict, a windbag and a saint.

As predicted, their arrival provokes vast Vietcong retaliation which brings Burt out of mothballs. Far be it from me to disclose the ending, but those with a taste for the thematic might enjoy the legend over the French cemetery from which the title derives. This man's army is all mug and ironies.

Brian Case

. . . don't turn your back on the little buzzers." OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND (top) curses the weatherman in THE SWARM. The dead guy above got stung by THE SAVAGE BEES.

BURT LANCASTER: Still a SPARTAN

The Medusa Touch

Directed by Jack Gold
Starring Richard Burton and Lee Remick
(ITC)

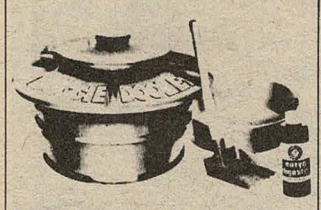
JACK GOLD'S movies more often than not lack the all round vision and excellence of his work for the small screen — which seems better suited to his favourite theme: people who for some reason find themselves out of synch with the time they live in, or the circumstances it presents them with *(Aces High)*.

The Medusa Touch mirrors this predicament: Burton plays a crabby, clever introvert, who writes great novels but cocks-up a treat when he Thinks Big (literally). John Morlar (Burton) has a telekinetic gift — a "power to create catastrophe" — the ability to shift solid matter with the old grey matter, to a degree up the King Kong end of stepping on the public's corns.

The brighter things about the film — further reflecting on Gold — are minor, delicate flourishes: paintings by Escher and Munch ("The Scream" of course) peer down at the dead Morlar. But the disaster scenes flop — curiously static almost comic concussions, with a failure to exploit panic and bloodshed. The film *is* superbly paced, never drags, and the acting (spot the old-faithful cameos) is solid and restrained, with little scope for characterisation.

The strangest thing about *The Medusa Touch* is that despite its irregularities, it is still a very enjoyable thriller. The saddest that it is thought-provoking only be default.

Ian Penman.



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The Swarm

Produced and directed by Irwin Allen
(Columbia-Warner)

HERE'S WHAT you do. You take $11,000,000 of Warner Brothers' money and spend it on a movie based around a disturbingly probable SF disaster notion; you assemble a large cast of thespians with enviable track records of distinguished performances behind them, you get great sets, millions of extras, loads of gadgets (that's what movie folks describe as "production values", y'see) and all the trimmings.

You then hire a scenarist whose work makes "banality" seem like the most fervid of eulogies and who doesn't come up with a single believable line of dialogue in the whole 116-minute length of the flick, and just to make sure that the whole thing never transcends the crass, you direct the film yourself in such a way that its resolutely nondescript nature remains unsullied by even one interesting frame.

Congratulations! You are Irwin Allen and you've just produced and directed *The Swarm*.

As if Allen's direction wasn't bad enough (he's best known as a producer of expensive and profitable bad movies like *Towering Inferno*), Stirling Silliphant's screenplay puts the kibosh on the whole deal with the most relentlessly dumb dialogue I've ever heard emanating from a movie screen. These twin factors combine to prevent the aforementioned distinguished cast (Michael Caine, Katherine Ross, Richard Widmark, Richard Chamberlain, Henry Fonda, Olivia de Havilland, Jose Ferrer, Fred MacMurray, Slim Pickens — weep for them all) from racking up a single good performance between them.

In slightly less inept hands, this tale of a swarm of killer bees terrorising Texas despite the efforts of an Air Force general and a team of dedicated scientists to stop them — climaxing in the entire city of Houston being burned to the ground (oh Atlanta! Whither *Gone With The Wind?*) might just possibly have added up to an unpretentious but competent SF thriller.

As it is, *The Swarm* is just about the crappiest movie I've ever seen in my life, so irredeemably dreadful as to render it unfit for human consumption even by those who make a fetish out of going to see bad flicks for their camp value.

Avoid this in droves, folks. If it flops, then maybe Warners will realise that public taste can't be underestimated with quite as much brutal cynicism as Allen and Silliphant have displayed with *The Swarm*.

Some chance. At least I hope that the bees weren't traumatised by having to crawl all over Richard Chamberlain.

Charles Shaar Murray

"OK, OK! You can have your salmon sandwich back . . ."

The Incredible Melting Man

Starring Alex Rebar
Written and Directed by William Sachs

The Savage Bees

Starring Ben Johnson
Produced and Directed by Bruce Geller
(Columbia Warner)

GORE FANS can rejoice in *The Incredible Melting Man*, a movie built around a make-up job. Rick Baker is the maestro of the greasepaint who, following his successes with *King Kong* and *Exorcist II* here produces a sticky tragic hero who terrorises fat nurses and innocent bystanders while leaving bits of himself on the wallpaper.

Underneath the slimy exterior is Colonel Steven West, an astronaut fresh back from the rings of Saturn, whose runny predicament is the result of some strange astral disease. The theme is familiar enough having been used in *Quatermass* and MGM's 1959 picture *First Man Into Space*.

Writer/director William Sachs manages to instil some nice touches of humour and there's enough bad taste to keep even the most jaded patron amused.

The Savage Bees is another time-honoured exploitation ploy. Big-budgeter Irwin Allen will be weighing in with his multi-million dollar *The Swarm* picture soon enough *(This week, already — Ed)*. *Bees* is a quicko, cheapo pic on the same theme designed to scoop quick bucks before the big buzzer comes along. It's fun for all that and sports an ingenious ending.

Dick Tracy

HOME TRUTHS?

Blacks Britannica

Directed by David Koff
(Essential)

A DEEPLY TROUBLING documentary assembled by an American, *Blacks Britannica* expresses the black community's attitude towards racism in Britain. While unqualified to comment on many of the opinions, I found it as depressing and urgent as James Baldwin's title, *The Fire Next Time*.

The historical perspective which pointed out that we exported racism to America with the Pilgrim Fathers, and have always based the imperial economy upon racial exploitation could do with lengthening: England's near-genocidal tactics had been tried out in Ireland before that. It may be news to the director that Lancashire cotton workers struck in the last century rather than deal with raw materials from the slave-owning South. Class war, and it always was.

1954 footage of the arrival of emigration ships bringing West Indians to do our dirtier jobs gives way to the recital of successive Immigration Acts which closed the open door. Mrs Thatcher defines Britishness without recourse to phrenology. Poverty, unemployment, discrimination and despair follow.

Police brutality, of which the David Oluwale case is the most glaring example, is seen as part of a conspiracy, but footage of violence on the Grunwick picket lines — only marginally a race issue — rather confirms my class contention. The destruction of the Moss Side ghetto may not have been planned as a broadside against black identity, but as an attempt at multi-racial communities: I don't know. As for the new council flats being built with counter-insurrection in mind — only two entrances for ease of police control — the old age pensioners' block over the road from me is built on the same principle.

The subject is too important for an uncritical 'Right On!' Some critics have called the movie paranoid. In the realities of the black predicament, the term simply dissolves.

Brian Case

BLACKS BRITANNIA has been temporarily withdrawn from circulation pending litigation in the States.

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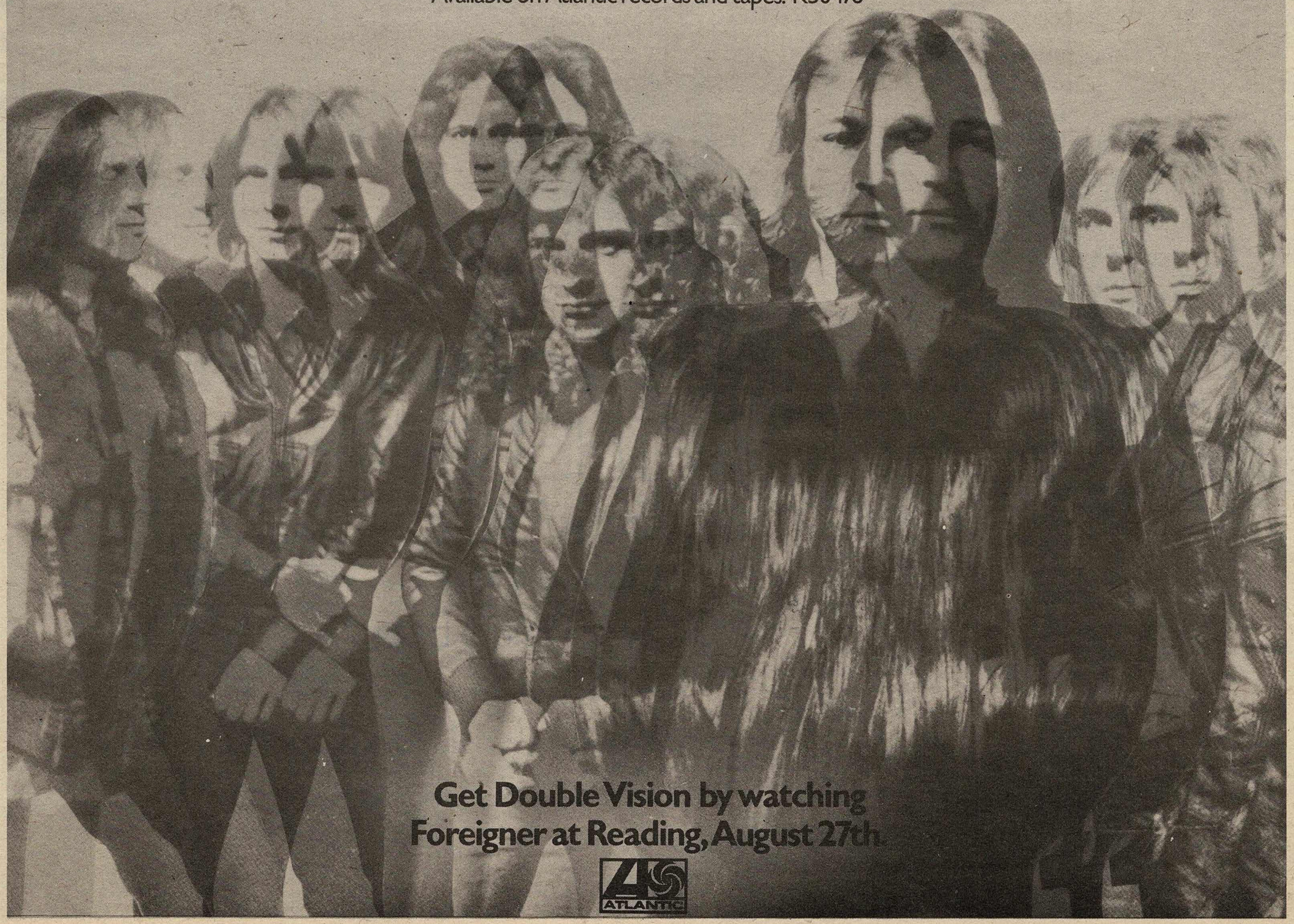

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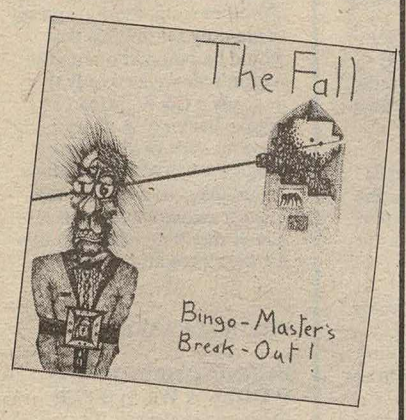
SINGLES

SHOCK TROOPS
GYRO: Central Detention Centre (Rabid). An oblique, disorientating construction that *works.* Cold, mad and compulsive, like one of Kevin Coyne's case histories backed by Can if that's within the compass of your imagination. And if it isn't then you have no excuse for not buying it. This is a recommendation.



THE FALL: Bingo-Master's Break-out (Step Forward). An EP recorded in November of last year for Buzzcocks' manager Richard Boone and originally set for release on his New Hormones label. It chronicles the breakdown of a bingo caller and a few other symptoms of unrest and unease. Rampant symbolism offset by the musically off-beat from the minds of eager, inspired amateurs, by which I mean energy over-rules ability. The above two singles prove ideas and commitment to be in no short supply, despite what you may have heard to the contrary.

TOM ROBINSON BAND: Too Good To Be True (EMI).
The charismatic champion of the underdog at his most Ray Davies-like, employing the character of the average confused man-in-the-street and dripping with irony . . . A sobbing into your beer song.

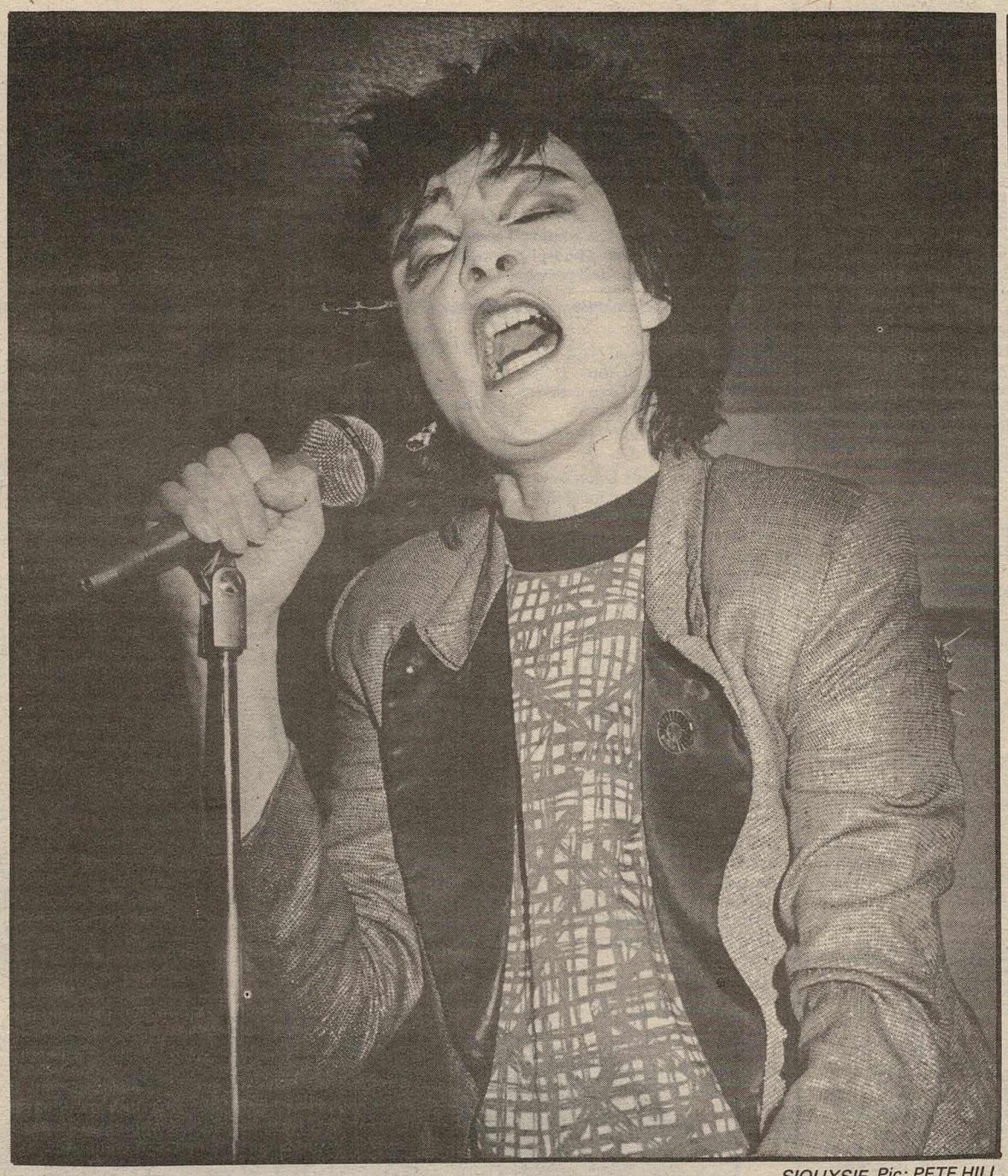
For my money this is what Robinson does best. It isn't a string of platitudes built up to contrived terrace-anthem proportions by a clenched fist salute, and it's probably too dreary to be a hit, but it makes a far more emotional statement than all his unwieldy sloganeering put together.

Maybe Robinson is bringing about some important changes in people's attitudes, and not just putting fancy words into empty mouths — we should all be grateful if he is. But maybe his most lasting contribution to the world we live in will be to make it hip to be seen in school uniform. And I suppose we should be grateful for that too.

LEE FARDON & THE LEGIONAIRES: Fast At 17 (Arista). And even faster at 78. A hard, turbulent song about a mad car ride and a few other things besides. It's gripping and gut-wrenching, with psychotic images tumbling out of the lyrics like the expressions on people's faces after you've imbibed too much too quickly. Buy it. You can jerk around to it. You can probably even pass out to it.

THE DIODES: Tired Of Waking Up Tired (CBS). A pop power punk band (delete as applicable or file under confused) from Toronto, Canada. They play well, they sing well, their record is well produced but, well, what else is new? A song about boredom approached from an odd angle, yet in the final analysis bereft of any real individuality beyond the neat central couplet.

They should have released their version of Cyrkle's "Red Rubber Ball" instead — much better. The best thing about this is the synthesiser figure, and since they don't have a keyboard player it bodes ill for their future. I think what I'm trying to say is I fell asleep.



SIOUXSIE. Pic: PETE HILL

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES: Hong Kong Garden (Polydor). A lot of people have been waiting a long time for this disc — waiting while the self-styled *enfant terrible* of the punk front line played cat and mouse with a music industry she openly regards with contempt and disdain.

Siouxsie's got a point. The record companies who ultimately decide what you're going to be able to buy are often reactionary and staid and deaf and can be accused of attempted manipulation of the populace. But then she isn't entirely blameless on that last count either.

If you really think The Banshees spent the past year in a contract-less limbo because they were too uncompromising, their music too near the edge, then you must spend a lot of your time going round walking into walls. The Banshees have fans, lots of them, and no record company unless it lacks fundamental business sense would pass up the chance to sell records to those fans.

And what about putting a record out themselves? Don't they know the old mass access argument hardly applies anymore.

But there you go and here we are and here it is, a brash, delirious two-chord triumph that I would never have thought them capable of, being not in the least enamoured of their facile attempts at creating radical new music. It's one thing to employ oblique, disorientating constructions, it's another thing entirely to make them work, as the shapeless flip, "Voices", amply illustrates.

"Hong Kong Garden", a long-time stage favourite, stays simple and stays clear of the trap. It's a bright, vivid narrative, something like snapshots from the window of a speeding Japanese train, powercharged by the most original, intoxicating guitar playing I've heard in a long, long time.

Would you believe it's going to be played on Radio One? Would you believe Siouxsie on *Top Of The Pops?* Would you believe not one mention of Blon . . . oops.

STRANGEWAYS: Show Her You Care (Real). Yet another tale of the pitfalls and pratfalls of that most recurrent of contemporary cliches: modern romance. The prat in question spies a cute little eye-catcher who is unfortunately spoken for. So he starts shoving her escort around.

"Ooh, I guessed she was impressed, I looked at her and smiled / Ooh she punched me in the nose, and then I knew she didn't like my style."

"Jilted John" it ain't, and Buzzcocks class wry love-bite it isn't either, but the moral of this bracing power pop story is plain: one man's ego is another girl's contempt.

ULTRAVOX: Slow Motion (Island). Produced and engineered by Ultravox (no exclamation mark) and Connie Plank of Eno, Neu and assorted krautrock connections. Presumably some kind of Midas touch was hoped for in the pairing, but there's nothing here any competent engineer with a few solid ideas couldn't have done at presumably lesser cost.

Not that it's bad — a tight reign in their usually excessive futurism has worked wonders. But even with the fat trimmed the result is purely ordinary. Pressed in clear vinyl that crackles badly — a transparent idiom for transparent music.

NIGHTSHIFT: Love Is Blind (Zoom). According to the label's boss, this is supposed to make Devo look like nuns. Actually it makes The Rubettes look like XTC. Or at least it makes Fox look like a good proposition. I've heard more exciting toothpaste ads.

999: Feelin Alright With The Crew (United Artists). Martin Rushent's grinding bottom-heavy productions all too quickly bring out the heavy metal that lurked beneath a lot of those spikey haircuts. In this age of re-evaluation — if not genuine soul-searching — it's astounding just how much 999's Nick Cash has in common with Robert Plant.

BLUE OYSTER CULT: I Love The Night. The metal flake outriders' obvious successor to "Reaper", being a re-shuffle and replay of the potent elements of the former, and even written by the same leather-clad dwarf.

Ethereal harmonies, milky way production, and a guitar solo that pours down like a steel cascade combine to evoke subliminal yearning and dream adventures. Not a hit, not really a very good single, but I love it anyway.

JEFF WAYNE'S "WAR OF THE WORLDS": The Eve Of War (CBS). A recording and promotion budget well over six figures and for what? For a disco sci-fi soap opera for the ears! Mankind has been known to be more creative with a Stylophone.

JOANNE MACKELL: Pushin' Bad To Worse (United Artists). If Frankie Miller wore a bra would he sound like Joanne Mackell? Would it matter anyway?

THE SAINTS: Security (Harvest). Mr Otis Redding should count himself lucky that he's not around to hear this ham-fisted butchery of one of his lesser-known compositions. The Stax style arrangements are played by what sounds like the Opportunity Knocks orchestra. The vocals might even be Hughie Green.

DEMON PREACHER: Little Miss Perfect (Small Wonder). Some cheap and obvious sensationlism about Joyce McKinney. A demented tribute to an equally madcap career. Otherwise a dull textbook of early Clashlicks and the Islington dialect.

LEFT HAND DRIVE: Who Said Rock'n'roll Is Dead? (Bancrupt). The Rubinoos . . . and this predictably raunchy chugalong ode to a mythical on-the-road lifestyle is hardly substantial evidence to the contrary.

Reviewed this week by PAUL RAMBALI

■ Continues over page

■ *From previous page*

WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS : Trying To Get On The Radio (Safari). And they have to sneak "Telstar" into the chorus to do it. Wayne County is not the world's greatest talent, but for managing to consistently do the wrong thing in the wrong place at the wrong time without ever showing a single sign of giving up hope he must deserve something. How about some Boots make-up vouchers and the address of a reputable brain surgeon.

THE COMMODORES: Three Times A Lady. SMOKEY ROBINSON: Daylight And Darkness (Motown). The Commodores stray from the disco zone with a seasonal ballad (summer always guarantees one big ballad, as does winter) that is really much less that its meteoric installation in the hearts of the populace would have us believe. They must be doing something right though, and I'd like to think it's not just appearing in *Thank God It's Friday*. I'd like to think you can't fool *that* many people at the same time.

The great William S Robinson hasn't done anything right in a long time — since his '73 "Smokey" album in fact. And it's my sad duty to report that this sweet but fleeting piece of eternal pillow-talk — though it shows the door to The Commodore — won't reverse the trend.

NO STATIC AT ALL

WALTER EGAN: Magnet And Steel (Polydor). Sickly addictive H.E.L. candy, already a stateside hit, from the latest spiritual and geographical son of Andrew Gold. You'll hate yourself for immediately recognising Stevie Nicks on backing vocals. You'll hate it even more when you find out it was mixed with one of those Aural Exciters, which allows it to be horribly ingratiating without actually diverting conscious attention away from the daily chores. Music to buy cereal to, in fact.

PABLO CRUISE: Love Will Find A Way (A&M). Another stateside smash. Slick, cool, ineffectual blue-eyed soul for those who can't tell the difference and wouldn't care anyway.

ALESSI: Driftin (A&M). Slinky pop funk tailormade to accompany the sound of hot fun in the summertime. A soundtrack for the gurgling and squelching noises of teenage romance and all the listener need supply is a scenario, a Dansette portable, and a blanket. The Alessi Brothers owe you one hell of a lot to Gene Page and Gamble & Huff, but you know what? Despite my better instincts, I actually like it.

● **UK ROCKERS**

ASWAD: It's Not Our Wish/Stranger (Grove Music 12"). These days it seems there's as many UK reggae releases by UK reggae acts as by their JA contemporaries, whose music too often stays on pre-release only and while the results are often depressing listening, in the long run it has to be a healthy thing.

As well as issuing some above average Jamaican sides, West London's Grove Music have one of the hottest homegrown reggae acts in Aswad. Unlike the uniformly excellent Matumbi, they're erratic in live performance but on their night still suggest they have the most potential of all the UK reggae groups. This double sided twelve inch highlights both their weakness and strength: both sides lack a truly memorable melody, and vocal delivery on "Wish" is miserably weak, but the excellence of the playing, taste and subtlety of the dub mixes and overall beguiling mood more than make up for it. "Stranger" is the stronger side but all the grooves are of interest.

SANTIC: I'll Be Gone/Going Home (Santic 12"). Lesser known UK act from Stoke Newington prove they're no-one's fool at the disco 45 game, both sides going straight to the pleasure centres with true aim. Dunno who this guy is with *the voice* but it's a killer, as is the hook to "Going Home". Go for it!

CYGNUS: Babylon You Got To Set Jah Children Free (Greensleeves 12"). Can't say I've ever seen Cygnus live but this disc bears the hallmarks of all that's dull in British reggae: plod-plodding rhythm, second hand lyrics, tuneless delivery. A miss.

THE CIMARONS: Mother Earth/National Bird (Polydor). Arty, ganjafied, red and gold label, green vinyl . . . pity it's warped. Getting through . . . Lord knows The Cimarons have paid some dues, the longest standing UK reggae band, but judging by these out-takes from their forthcoming elpee, time seems to be taking its toll. Both sides are deadly slow-moving; maybe they're aiming at a weighty laid-back, even so they're stuck in the mud.

TRADITION: Breezing (RCA). In effect a reworking of the old Young Rascals' chestnut "Grooving" to a suitably lazy reggae rhythm which has this improving UK combo "Breezing on a Sunday afternoon." A definite sense of *deja vu* about it all but the shimmering keyboard cascades and gleaming Dells-like falsetto harmonies do conjure forth those lazy hazy days of summer (you remember summer). If this were given the exposure afforded to wimp soulsters like The Commodores it would doubtless be strictly top twenty. Should be huge with the name strip across the windscreen set anyway. Soul DJs please note.

ROCKERS TIME

Reggae Singles Reviewed by NEIL SPENCER

● **STAR SINGLE**

THE BOLD ONE & CLINT EASTWOOD: Dry Up Your Tears (Cha Cha 12"). Spending time in the sea of reggae discomixes can sometimes feel like having your senses put through the launderette and back. This is the kind of twelve inch monster that puts faith back in the form and one which gets this critic's nomination as one of '78's superior slates.

Rarely do the constituent parts of the form blend so brilliantly: Channel One Studio supplies the shuffling, sensuous rhythm; former festival Song winner Tinga Stewart (alias The Bold One) the soulful lovelorn vocal (once more shades of Sam Cooke). Clint Eastwood arrives in a flurry of rolled Rrrrrrs to extend Tinga's consolations to the lady of his attention to suffering "Ethiopians" at large.

As if vocal delights of the topside aren't sufficient, the version is equally outstanding, the interplay between the dominant mesmeric vibraphone riff and percussoid drum effects achieving an almost fugue-like atmosphere, you no see't. Recommended to anyone interested in modern music, but beware duff pressings.

15,16,17: Suddenly Happiness (DEB 12"). Look out gang, it's Croydon's answer to the 1964 version Supremes, and they're armed with a new discomix. Is what the world needs three black British teenage girls running through Rossy and Co's old moves? Apparently so, since everything they release sells by the vanload. Personally, exposure to the girls' live act has rendered this man in dire need of a Phensic, while even repeated plays of the teen trio's "Emotion" smash hit have called for like pharmaceutical relief. Someday one of the half-brained breed whose pose as radio DJs will put the girls in the pop charts where they belong. The irksomely catchy "Suddenly Happiness" is as good place any for them to start. A hit!

DJ CORNER

CLINT EASTWOOD: DJ Jamboree (Jamaica Sound). A time when there's little new or exciting abroad on the DJ scene might seem an odd choice for a disc celebrating a "DJ Jamboree", but then this is coming from one of the few talk-over artists who *are* staying fresh, fresher even than his elder brother Trinity. Clint's excursions on the week's star single are noted elsewhere; here he offers tribute to his fellow toasters over a familiar (but undetermined) rhythm. Not exceptional, but enough to make me recall The Upsetter's verdict on Clint's namesake: *"Clint Eastwood is boss."*

TRINITY: Tally De Banana (ISDA). Still in the family — Trinity details the dual delights and weariness attending his barter with the local ladies. *"Give her the number three/She ask for the number four/Black girl tally de banana/Daylight come and me wan go home . .* ." But surely Natty *never* get weary Trinity? Written and produced by Doc Alimantado and a cut above what *he's* been offering recently.

JAH STITCH: Combination Three (Aries). Strictly routine toast of Johnny Clarke's "Ride On Girl" rhythm, perhaps better known now as the rhythm-track of Tapper Zukie's "Phensic". Impossible to hear this without Tapper's celebrated declamations on modern medicine ringing in the inner ear, drowning out Stitch's mundane sentiments. Dispensable.

● **OTHERS**

THE GLADIATORS: Dreadlocks The Time Is Now (Front Line). One of the outstanding cuts from their second Front Line album now let loose with the previously issued "Pocket Money" on the flip. A dub would have made better sense, but this remake of their old Studio One classic still makes good playing, its haunting atmosphere still intact.

IJAHMAN LEVI: Jah Heavy Load/I'm A Levi (Island). Rarely has an album divided critics so sharply as Ijahman's "Haile I Hymn". While conceding the charge of "coffee table reggae" is too simplistic, I find the work ultimately tedious; such qualities as I admire in the album — namely the two best tunes/songs, its mellifluousness, its easy, listening agreeability, in other words its Levi/Gemini attributes accessibility to alien ears — seem perfectly distilled on this seven inch single — a net saving of around three pounds.

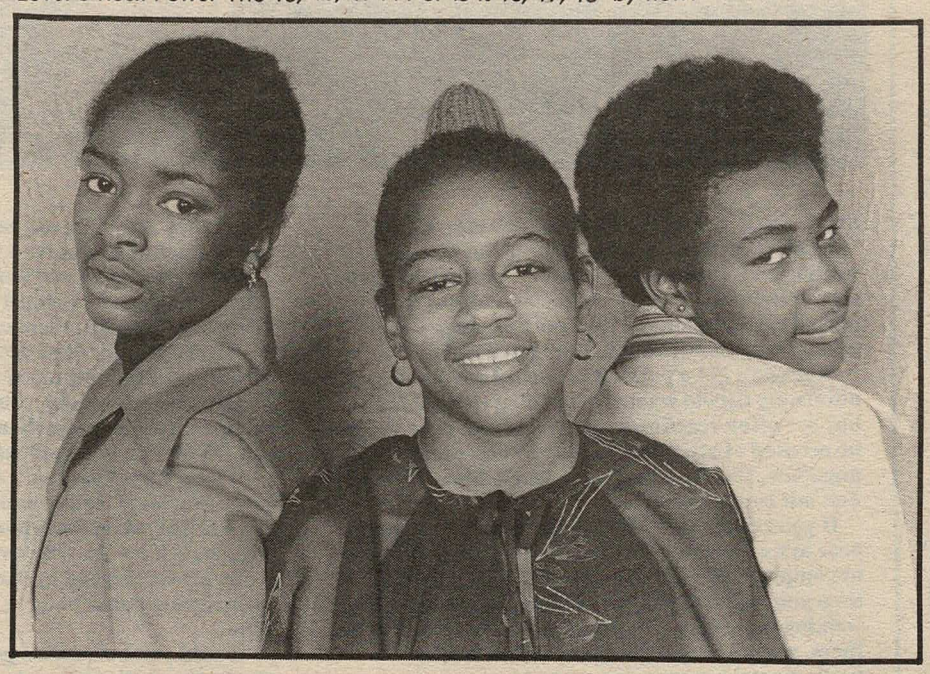
THE TEEN QUEENS: I Just Wanna Love You (King Jam). Another song, medly and set of clammy sentiments that would be pumped out on the nation's airwaves if only they had, say a C&W instead of a reggae backing. A charmingly vacuous slice of lover's rock sung by a trio of Sandie Shaw soundalikes to a rhythm that includes squeaky toy noises — which says it all really; strictly for heartbroken teenagers.

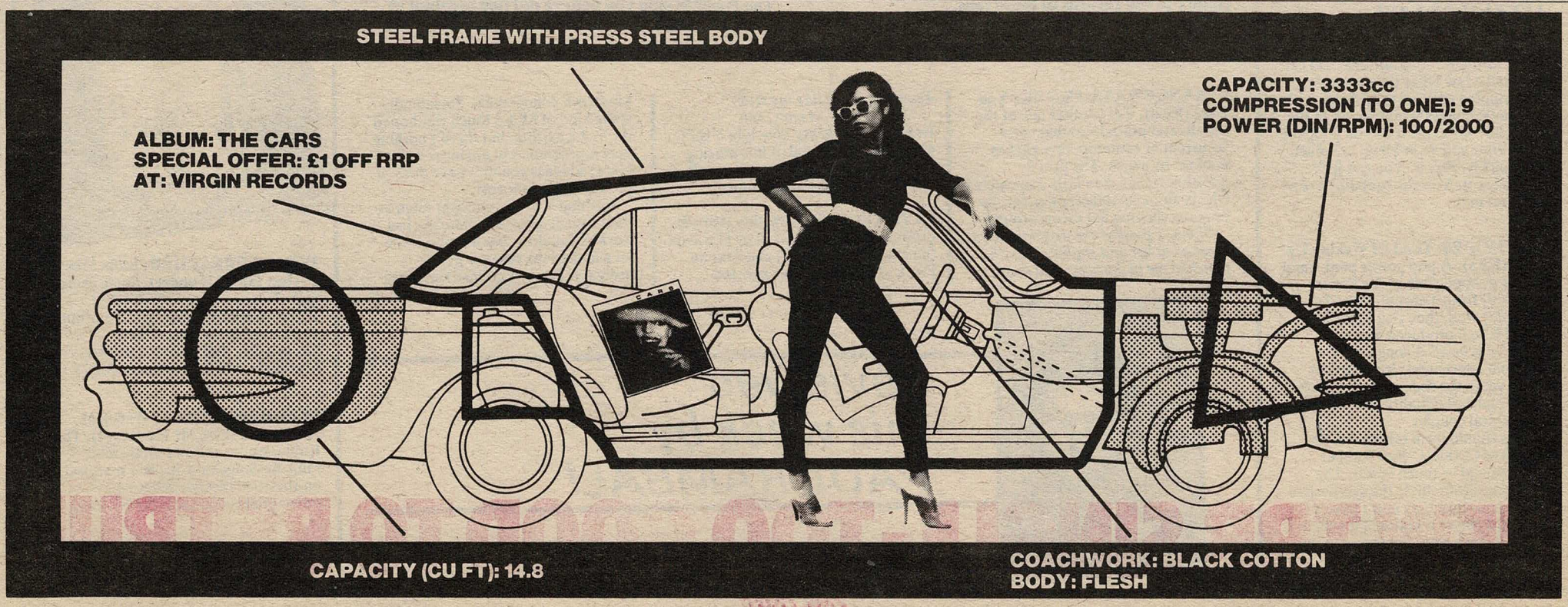
PRE-RELEASES

BURNING SPEAR: THE WHOLE A WE SUFFER (Spear pre-release). To re-iterate and paraphrase an infamous critic: The pre-release scene is too diverse for the adverse boy. Mention of the latest offerings from the two acclaimed an unacclaimed kings of reggae seem, however, in order. The Unacclaimed first: for originality, raw power, vocal muscle and inventiveness, this simple disc by Winston Rodney aka Burning Spear easily outstrips anything else mentioned in dis ya *Rocker's Time*. Spear burns with a rare purity — he's simply inspirational. The version here is no less brilliant. Imagine an albumsworth of each and wait as patiently as Winston Rodney watches the waves. Soon come.

BOB MARLEY: Blackman Redemption (Tuff Gong pre-release). Gee, it's good to hear a Marley single without being sprayed by second hand American guitar solos or drowned in I Three choruses produced FM Airplay style. Undoubtedly Bob's rootsiest offering since "Jamming" and one which deserves release here if only to re-assure his roots following that he hasn't forgotten them completely. *"Spread out . . . spread out . . . blackman redemption, can you dig it?"* The song's likeable enough but dreariness sets in on repeated plays; better to explore the version, an opportunity you rarely get on Marley's releases here.

Lover's Rock Power Trio 15, 16, 17 . . . or is it 16, 17, 18 by now?





NEW TRB SINGLE - TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE

EMI 2847

THE HUMAN FACE OF THE EAGLES

His name's Joe, actually — JOE WALSH, the man who gave you Heavy Metal with The James Gang, added some personality to The Eagles' California cool, and is currently in the chart with a solo single. STEVE CLARKE takes a look at our man's career.

Joe as macho biker on the "James Gang Rides Again" sleeve

IT'S IRONIC that when universal rock press scapegoats The Eagles tore apart Wembley's Empire Pool last year, it was Joe Walsh, the newest recruit to their platinum album lined nest, who received the most adulation.

"Joe, Joee, JoeeeEE", bawled the heavy-metal brigade as Walsh worked the audience into a lather with his Guitar Hero antics, shooting it out with colleague Don Felder — no novice when it comes to calling the shots with his sharp shootin' slide licks — to the delight of all assembled.

That night at Wembley proved to me that The Eagles — who were low on my list of Folks-I'd-Like-To-Meet-Again — had gained more than a great guitar player when they invited Walsh to replace a road-weary Bernie Leadon in late '75.

At last they possessed something they'd long been lacking onstage — PERSONALITY.

Despite the immaculate execution of everything they performed, The Eagles — as much as I love a lot of their records — had onstage always struck me as a little less dynamic than a meeting with a three-day-old stiff. Believe it or not, I once almost nodded out during an Eagles gig. And that was when it was hip (ho ho) to like them.

But with every topers' dream drinking pal, Joe Walsh, firmly ensconced within their ranks, it was a different can of salmon. He'd given The Eagles, as it were, their wings, and live they were now as good as the best of their records.

As someone suggested the other day, Joe Walsh is the only Eagle who actually comes on like a human being. He obviously has a sense of humour, something his colleagues do not seem to possess in great abundance. Can you imagine Glenn Frey and Don Henley posing underwater at the bottom of *their* swimming pools for the cover photograph of an Eagles' album?

They'd be scared in case the water rusted their coke spoons.

Imagine Frey and Henley putting themselves on the line the way Walsh does in "Life's Been Good", his long overdue British single smash.

Discarding for a moment its musical merit, "Life's Been Good", with its seemingly double-barbed lyric, is one hell of a song.

Not only does it successfully number with apparent throwaway ease those self-righteous and often hypocritical Eagle-haters who consistently castigate California's most successful rock group for their assumed hyper-hedonistic lifestyle, but it also pokes fun at that very lifestyle while casting some light on Walsh's problem as a famous person (Don't get me wrong, I don't feel sorry for rich rock stars, but neither do I abhore their wealth — after all, they worked for it). It's also good fun.

However, it's not the first time life in the fast lane lifestyle has been criticised by an Eagle.

On "Hotel California" the band devoted an entire album to the theme — something which, incidentally, was overlooked in the rush to accuse the group of that very same thing. After all The Eagles have written at least one ecology song.

While it seemed strange at the time, Walsh's joining The Eagles was, in retrospect, inevitable. Since Walsh's second solo album "So What" (1974), he'd been on Eagles manager Irv Azoff's rapidly growing talent roster, and as far back as 1969, when Walsh was the creative fulcrum of The James Gang, he'd been associated with producer Bill Szymczyk, The Eagles producer since their third elpee, "On The Border".

BORN IN New York and raised in New Jersey, Walsh went in 1965 to Kent State College, Ohio, where he played with local group The Measles. Three years later he was invited to join The James Gang, the archetypal power trio. Walsh's ability as a hard rock guitarist, power chords a speciality, was picked up on by Pete Townshend who brought The James Gang to Britain for a short tour supporting The Who.

With a rhythm section of Jim Fox and Dale Peters, Walsh took the Gang high in the US album charts with their second album "James Gang Rides Again". Attired in biker chic for the sleeve pic, Walsh's appearance, save for the odd moustache or three, has changed little over the years.

Fortunately, however, his music has changed, for even a minor classic like the Gang's "Funk Number 49" now sounds dated with its lacklustre riffing.

Walsh quit in late '71. He was sick with "mass produced rock 'n' roll albums with 100 watt Marshalls and lead guitar and boogie and blues and all that".

Not surprisingly, he turned down Steve Marriott's offer to join Humble Pie as Peter Frampton's replacement.

Moving to more salubrious climes in Boulder, Colorado, he formed Barnstorm with Kenny Passarelli (bass) and Joe Vitale (drums) — and has, in fact, maintained his working relationship with Vitale right up to now, co-writing "Pretty Maids All In A Row" with him (one of Walsh's two compositions on "Hotel California").

Barnstorm might have been another three-piece, but this time round Joe had set his musical horizons way beyond The James Gang's.

"Barnstorm" is a blueprint for everything Walsh has since accomplished.

Maximising the nasal whine vocal style he'd introduced with The James Gang, he used studio technology to the limit to create an elaborate sound montage, as on the opening "Here We Go".

With the number's telling juxtaposition of acoustic and electric guitar riffs, Walsh had hit upon a device he'd reiterate time and time again in the future; "Life's Been Good" has its ancestry here.

"Barnstorm", with a seam of pretty melodies, neo-symphonic arrangements and electronic doodlings isn't an out-and-out hard rock album by any means. But Walsh's hard rock power is never far away, and on "Turn To Stone" it's given full flight as Joe Makes with the power riffs on this tale of apocalyptic doom.

As time was to show, Walsh didn't have many licks, but the ones he did have were good ones. And he knew how to use them. His subsequent "The Smoker You Drink The Player You Get" established him in the vanguard of 1970s American hard rock/heavy metal. The opening "Rocky Mountain Way", with its innovative use of stock-in-trade heavy metal devices, is as much a hard rock classic as Zeppelin's "Rock And Roll", The Who's "Won't Get Fooled Again" — or the Pistols' "Pretty Vacant".

In the studio with Szymczyk, Walsh on form is as good as Jimmy Page and Zeppelin. His heavy metal vision — never crass or mundane — was now in perfect focus and the American audience lapped it up.

WALSH TOURED extensively — 330 dates in one year — before parting with his Barnstorm colleagues, who weren't credited as such on "The Smoker" album, and moved to Studio City, California, in order to be close to the LA scene.

While sessioning for the likes of Stephen Stills, B B King, Rod Stewart and The Eagles, Walsh worked on his third solo work, "So What". And his growing affinity for more acoustic orientated music became clear when he produced Dan Fogelberg's "Souvenirs".

Eagles Henley (who co-wrote the lyrics to "Falling Down", a song of disenchantment), Frey and Meisner, together with the ubiquitous John David Souther, sing on "So What".

The beautifully crafted "Falling Down" could well have found its silky acoustic melancholy on an Eagles album, set off as it is with some exemplary guitar parts from Walsh. But Walsh the hard-edged axe-man is strewn all over "So What" on cuts like "Welcome To The Club", a wry look at life on the road, "Time Out", a subdued arrangement compared with the original, and "County Fair", the record's guitar piece de resistance.

This side of Walsh is personified on the album's inner bag where a picture of the guitarist, with Les Paul, stoned grin, and a can of beer held in celebration, confirmed that ABC still regarded Walsh as a guitar hero despite the increasing eclecticism of his music.

Also included is Ravel's "Pavane", played by Walsh solo on synthesizers, and a string-heavy ballad, the closing "Song For Emma", a touching elegy to his daughter.

"So What" was to be his last studio album in four years. When he made his British debut, at Wembley's Elton John/Beach Boys bash in the summer of '75, his performance was oddly frustrating and didn't indicate he was capable of the kind of superlative live show evident on the following year's live album, "You Can't Argue With a Sick Mind".

Walsh had joined the Eagles by this time; he jammed with them at Wembley and had occasionally joined them onstage in America where the two bands had also toured together.

Eagle Don Felder is one of the seven-piece band behind Walsh on "You Can't Argue With A Sick Mind", an album that by no stretch of the imagination is lame-brain heavy metal — as if Walsh would. . .

Never excessive, and always classy, the music is genuinely inspired, featuring some great playing from Joe and his band, the likes of which any British rock band would be hard pressed to follow.

IT'S NO coincidence that when The Eagles' painstaking "Hotel

■ *Continues page 49*

NINE NINE NINE

Side 1

FEELIN' ALRIGHT WITH THE CREW

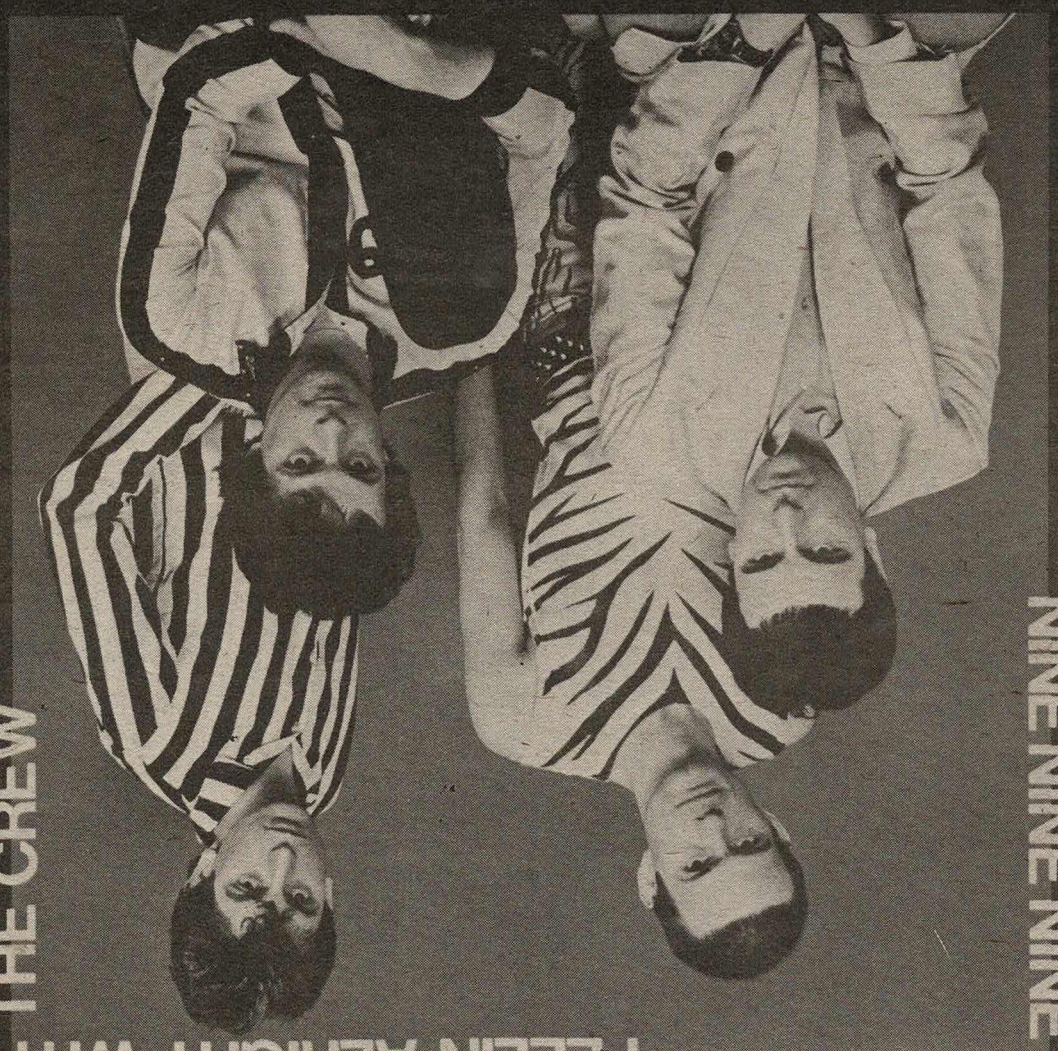
Produced by: Martin Rushent
Engineer: Alan Winstanley

Side 2

1. TITANIC (MY OVER) REACTION
2. YOU CAN'T BUY ME

Produced by: Andy Arthurs
Engineer: Alan Winstanley

UP 36435



NINE NINE NINE
FEELIN' ALRIGHT WITH THE CREW
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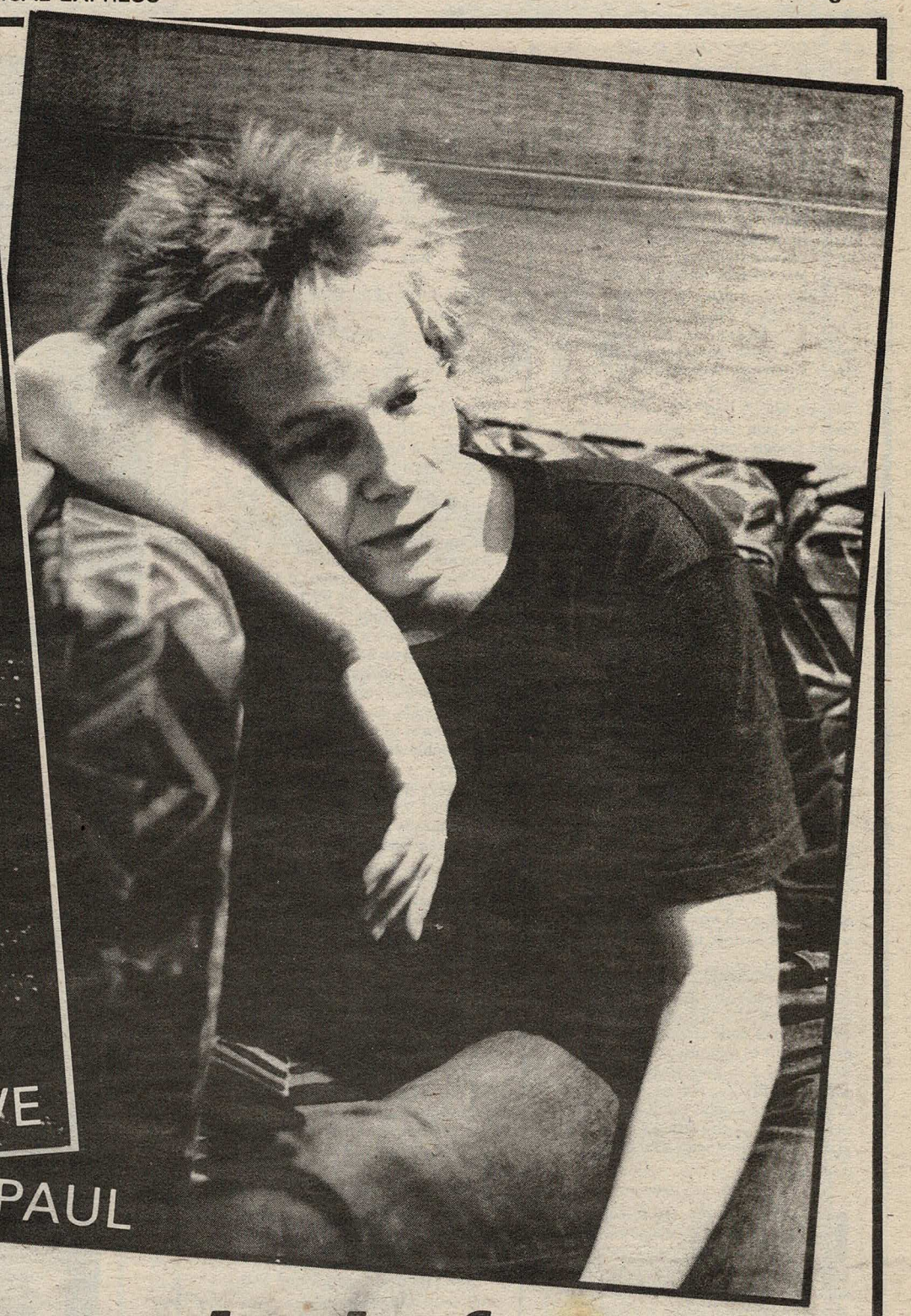

PAUL

"We was just in it for the piss-up and the birds after the show . . ."

THE SEX PISTOLS INTERVIEW

Recorded by NICK KENT

THE SCENE: A modern four roomed flat situated somewhere near the Edgware Road. Its two inhabitants, Messrs Paul Cook and Steve Jones, are holding forth in the presence of a cassette recorder capturing every oft-slurred syllable for posterity.

Cook, as ever, looks like a scaled down version of Spikey Norman, while Steve Jones' chunky form resembles nothing more than a charismatic bricklayer, the sort of character Joe Meek would've latched onto in the '50s and christened Vince Whirlwind.

Somehow the interview has zigzagged its way onto the subject of the song "Bodies" — a number from The Sex Pistols' "Bollocks" album, a number written basically by Jones and John Rotten, nee Lydon. Its subject matter — involving a character who undergoes an abortion which produces a spew of disgust and four-letter indignation from Rotten — was seen by the more thoughtful press as irresponsible and morally spurious. Cook and Jones don't see it that way though. (" 'Ere, what does spurious mean?") To them, the story behind the song is all cut and dried.

I pre-empt the recounting anyway by mentioning that I recall Sid Vicious once telling me "Bodies" was written after Malcolm McLaren had tried to get the band to "write more songs about sex".

"Bollocks, he did!" grunts Steve Jones. "Nah, 'Bodies' was just written about this nutter bird we know called Pauline who lives in Birmingham, who used to write us these loony fuckin' letters. She 'ad an abortion, right, and she used to carry the, uh, thing (foetus) around, all bloody like, in a plastic bag into pubs and discotheques. Rotten just wrote the song cos he was the one she'd write all the letters to."

Did you meet her then, I innocently inquire of Jones.

"Meet her?!" he riposts. "I've shagged her is all! Up behind the Marquee it was."

A VIRGIN spokesman was at least as succinct in his summation of Jones and Cook's current activities, when I rang to enquire after the on-off nature of the interview you now see laid before you.

"Steve and Paul are currently attempting to beat the Bob Geldof award for all-purpose ligging, as well as setting a new record for sending impressionable young ladies scurrying to various veneral disease clinics situated throughout London."

He suggested that now that the Speakeasy had shut down, I'd best accomplish the task of tracking the pair down by frequenting any club gig "of prestigious worth" or else by camping out at the Hammersmith VD Clinic for a while.

Fortunately I was forced to take on neither daunting endeavour, as at 3.30 pm sharp last Friday, Jones and Cook lurched into *NME's* Carnaby Street offices in search of a four-page spread.

Also, they wanted to clear a few things up — things like them being viewed as nothing more than McLaren's puppets, things like being slagged by the press when "toss pots" (their words not mine) like The Clash keep getting rave reviews while they, Jones and Cook, were being the rough end of the wedge for their one-off liaison with "ole Biggsy". Not to mention the testy little matter of their current solo work being given the bum's rush by their own record company, because they've chosen to retain the Pistols' monicker for the tracks, when Johnny Rotten has threatened Virgin that he'll destroy all links 'twixt his Public Image and the label if The Sex Pistols' name was used without him being present on the record.

For although Jones and Cook are the first to admit they're "just lazy sods", and that the description made by the Virgin spokesman is accurate (" 'Ere, this talk about VD clinics isn't gonna damage our pulling power, it is?" remarks Jones at one point), the pair have in fact completed extensive work on a whole album — an album that will most likely emerge as the official soundtrack for the *Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle* film. Both artefacts are planned for an early October release unless Rotten's lawyers can get some sort of injuntion placed on the works.

THE RECORD itself, viewed as the official follow-up to the cataclysmic "Bollocks" (which it should and doubtless *will* be) doesn't suffer too harshly from the comparison.

Although the project has been dubbed by the media in general as some desperate last-ditch attempt to crank life into a dead horse, the tape of the album I heard was extremely potent overall, with the same basics — Jones' brutally echoing powerchords double-tracked over Cook's cocksure drumming, jettisoning proceedings along with the same hell-bound abandon that

Continues over

Photography: PENNIE SMITH

From previous page

personified the Pistols' kamikaze clout from the outset, once they'd mastered the studio side of things.

Tracks set for inclusion are Jones' "Here We Go Again", "Black Leather" (The Runaways are set to record and release the latter item before the official version sees vinyl), "Silly Thing" (which features Paul Cook on vocals sounding not unlike Joey Ramone in places), "Lonely Boy", and the most recent number of all, "The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle" itself. These tracks are written, performed and produced by Jones and Cook, while the Ronald Biggs connection has provided "No One Is Innocent" plus a Biggs vocal of "Belsen Was A Gas" (the original Pistols version *was* recorded, but by roadie Boogie, and is apparently so rough that it's totally unsalvageable) with a saxophone.

Sid Vicious contributes not merely "My Way", but also fronts Jones and Cook on an inimitably wrecked rendition of Eddie Cochran's "Somethin' Else".

And finally — last but not least — there are the cleaned-up live tracks recorded in the early days by the four-piece Pistols. Three cuts have been picked: Townshend's "Substitute", The Monkees' "Steppin' Stone", and Dave Berry's "No Lip". Ironically, in place of desperate last-minute salvage jobs, the listener is greeted with a version of "Substitute" so fierce it virtually equals The Who's original, while "Stone" and in particular "No Lip" positively burn. On "Substitute" Rotten's vocal is mixed down somewhat but actually stays in pitch throughout, while "Lip" captures the old twisted vocal menace that always seemed the Pistols' most formidable attribute.

This time around, however, it's Jones who is the major force — and if nothing else, the "Swindle" album with its layer upon layer of guitar muscle, not to mention the production, excellent vocals and new songs, will finally give the guitarist the credit that he always just lost out on in the rush to wreath Rotten's every last granted utterance with adulation.

IN RETROSPECT, the Pistols saga seems so absolutely riddled with hypocrisy and idle boasting that, had the band ever stood a chance of surviving, it would have rendered the already somewhat dodgy idealism supposedly inherent in the drive to glory totally shot to shit.

Steve Jones, for example, claims that Glen Matlock and Johnny Rotten got on really well at the outset, to the point of staying round each other's homes — principally in order to write songs but also "because the reason Glen and Rotten got on initially was that they'd both come from a nice cosy middle class art college background.

"We were just yer simpleton workin' class tossers what enjoyed going down the boozer and fuckin' about. It was a whole different class thing. Though I'd say this in his defence — John doesn't actually come from a middle class background. But his attitude is pure middle class. All the big words he'd use to try and impress . . ."

Jones claims not have been overly offended by Rotten's working class fetish.

"Nah, he just loved all the attention, doin' the interviews and that. We couldn't be bothered — we was just in it for the piss-up and the birds after the show."

Jones' "Yeah, own working class credentials, for what they're worth, are peerless. Born illegitimately ("yeah, I was a bastard — a right bastard"), his real father was a boxer, he claims — although he never recalls meeting him. Instead, his mother married again and his step-father, says Jones, actively disliked 'im.

"Maybe it was some sort of guilt or something, 'cos he couldn't feel anything for me, or just 'cos I was in the way, but he treated me like . . . he just made me feel so fuckin' unwanted. Like, he was always hitting me, cracking me across the face. He was a right prick — I hate him and he knows it.

"And me mum — well, she just went along with him so I was buggered that side as well. What could I do?"

ONE WAY THE pre-pubescent Jones vented the frustrations of being an unwanted child with diabolical grades at school ("I was the class dunce — never made it above the C grade") was to steal.

At eight, it was the usual number of stealing from Woolworths, but by his early teens he'd progressed to clothes, radios, TVs . . . and cars. Thirty-two in all.

"The first motor I nicked was a Ford Anglia. That's when I was 14. Oh, tell a lie — I did swipe a lorry before that." Jones went from strength to strength as a thief, cat-burgling his way around London until, he says, "I got my folks back and then some. All the best stuff in the house was in my room. Stereos, a colour telly — you name it — while my folks made do with just a black and white job.

"Not that they helped me much. Like when I was only four, both my dad and mum were copped for thieving — so I could hardly have been said to have a good example to start off with."

Jones was finally nabbed after quite a charmed life when at sixteen he was noted, pissed as a newt, smashing the window of a hi-fi shop, grabbing a radio and staggering off.

"The police just drove up and I walked straight in the back. I didn't have to say a thing."

He did however offer 32 other cases to be taken into account. This landed him a year at an approved school where, betwixt being allowed home for weekends, he was forced amongst other chores to work in a school for mongoloids. He shudders at the memory.

Finally, upon release, he returned to a life of crime, swiping the odd car and generally keeping his wallet adequately lined from all manner of heists.

"Yeah, me and Paul — the lads . . . Big Jim and that — used to nick a motor and drive around shooting at Pakis with an air-gun," he recalls, chortling.

ONE OF THE GANG — well, he was more of an outsider really — known as Wally (who, as I write, is currently employed by The Clash to tune their guitars up for stage work although, according to Steve, a recent contretemps caused Wally to walk off in a huff, taking all their plectrums with him out of spite) was the first actually to mention getting a group together.

"Yeah," recalls Steve. "He wanted me to be the singer but I didn't fancy it. I wanted to be a drummer."

Jones then whipped round to the Hammersmith Palais and systematically dismantled an entire drum kit (aided by Paul Cook) aded by the fortunate circumstances whereby the stage of the Palais revolved, facilitating our two heroes' efforts — they'd simply nip behind the twirling rostrum whilst the next act was playing and, with a trusty ripped-off mini-van out back, make off with as much as they could.

A drum kit, uh, located, Jones set about more serious tasks: (a) learning to play, and (b) heisting an entire PA system.

Steve in fact is not only proud of his thieving achievements, he positively revels in recounting each escapade, and prefaces the run-down by stating: "No one believes me though. No one! Like, mind you, if Johnny Rotten had done it then everyone'd go, 'Ol' Johnny, man of the people' and all that cobblers. But not simple old Steve Jones, no way!"

Meanwhile, back at the Jones PA conscription campaign . . .

"The amps were a fuckin' doddle. Some geezer said there was two cabinets dahn some cricket ground in Southall — so we got them. In fact The Clash are using 'em now an' all," he laughs. "My amp came from the Odeon. The good ol' Hammersmith Palais was a great place to get amps — mini-van round the back — got some more cymbals too."

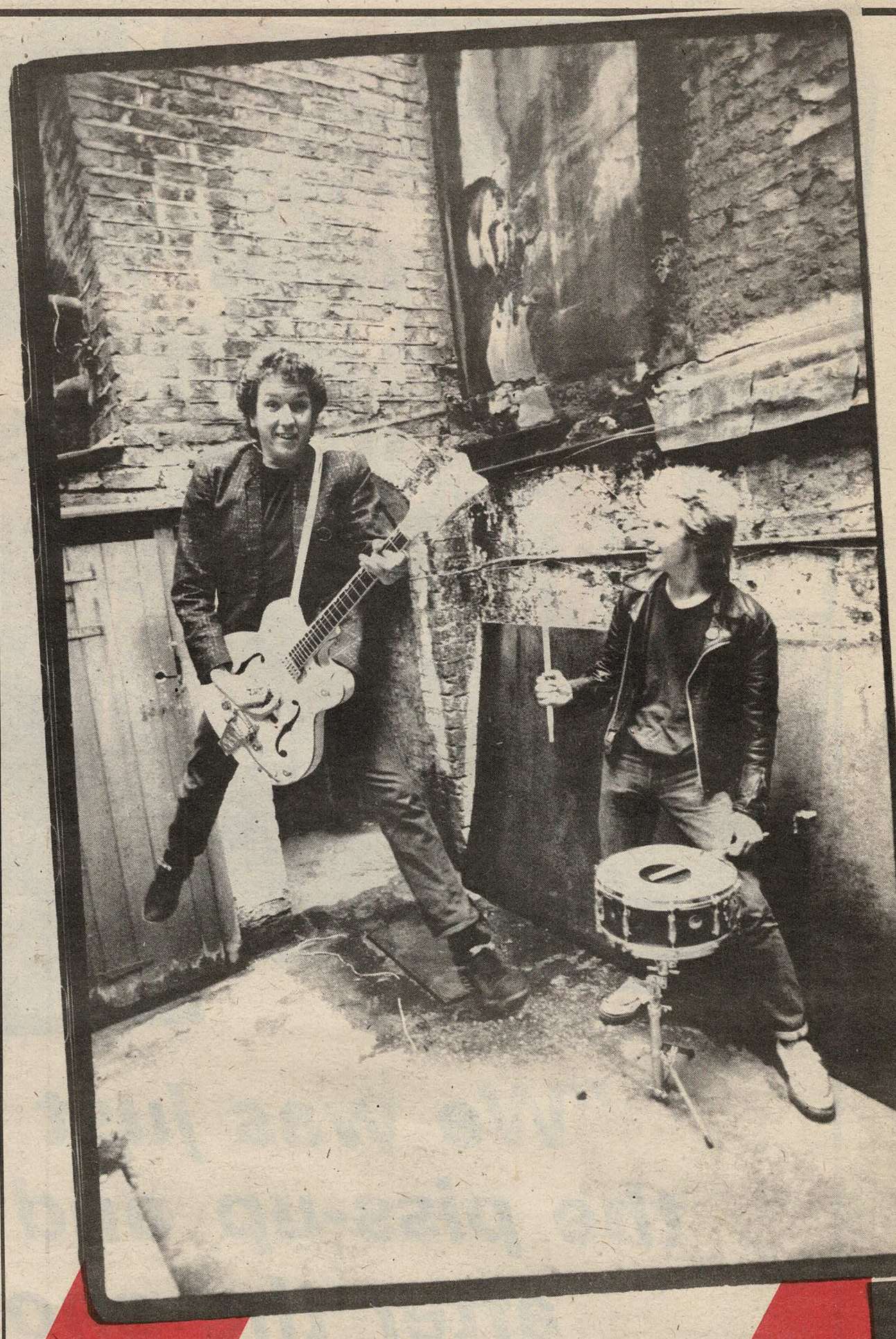
Steve Jones' finest hour, by his own reckoning, was the night he swiped the mikes from Dave Bowie's last gig as Ziggy Stardust at the Hammersmith Odeon.

"It was me and Wally, as it happens. We got backstage, sussed it all out, like — got the mini-van round the back — and waited for this one geezer who was in charge to nod off, which he did after a while. Then we sneaked onstage with wire cutters and all you could hear was the snip, snip. Ended up with these 13 microphones plus . . .

"They were recording live that night, so we nabbed these big deluxe Newman jobs. Didn't know what the fuck they were at the time — looked like a bleedin' gorilla's dildo! Also we nabbed Ronson's Sun Amp and some other amp too."

Then there were the guitars . . .

"I reckon I must've swiped about 16. At least."



"It's our sound. No one else's. We wanted a new Phil Spector Wall of Sound . . ."

THE LIFE & CRIMES OF TWO SIMPLETON WORKIN' CLASS TOSSERS

Paul Cook: "Fuck, more than that Steve!"

Jones: "Yeah you're right — make that 30."

Out of all these expeditions, Glen Matlock got nabbed once for trying to sell a stolen guitar in the West End of London, while Paul Cook got caught with a couple of cymbals hidden under a "very large coat".

Steve Jones however never got caught once.

"Christ," he ruminates seriously for a second, "I could've started me own hire firm by now!"

AND NOW COMES the fateful intermingling with 'History'.

The Sex Pistols' story has been documented so many times now that it almost groans when set to print, but Jones and Cook do still have some interesting little angles.

For example, Jones claims that the only reason that the pair chose Let It Rock/Sex as a weekend centrepoint of activity, besides the fact that "every other bleedin' Kings Road shop like Take Six, as soon as you walked in the door you'd 'ave six bum-boys with tape-measures askin' you what side you dressed on", was "that we knew a geezer who worked there who'd give us stuff, right — and Glen'd grass us up!"

Jones, however, makes no bones about the other principle reason for his choosing Sex as a hang-out. "I wanted to get to know Malcolm simply so's he'd get me into the Speakeasy. I knew he was a member, like, and that was my dream."

It was in fact some time before Jones, Cook & Co. told Malcolm that they had a band.

"Actually," interjects Cook, "I think the only reason he was interested in us as a group was because Tommy Roberts (the rotund proprietor of the now-defunct Mr. Freedom, who later became Kilburn and the High Roads' manager for a spell) was talking about getting a group together. That spurred him on in exactly the same way Malcolm's getting us spurred Bernie Rhodes to form The Clash."

About Rotten's entrance, Jones wants it cleared up that it wasn't Malcolm who a) found Lydon and b) got him to audition in front of the juke-box.

"It wasn't Malcolm, it was me who got that together. And I want that quoted."

Cook: "And I saw Sid (Vicious) back then and recommended he might be good for the group."

Jones: "Anyway, Rotten sang and he was right out of tune, right, but 'ad something — that was obvious.

"I remember him saying, 'I sing out of tune — and that's the way I like it!' "

Weren't the band, though, slightly concerned about Lydon's . . . uh . . . untutored vocalese?

Jones: "Let's just say we weren't too concerned about the texture!"

Actual socialising, however, was a different matter . . .

Jones: "Well, we did sorta get on because he (Rotten) was obviously chuffed 'bout being in a group an' all, that we'd given him a chance, so to speak, so it started off, uh, OK.

"But then, fuck me, goin out with him — he always had this geezer John Gray with 'im. Even at private group rehearsals and meetings."

(J.G. has since gone up in the world, He now pens frequent reviews for the old NME — Ed.)

"And he (Rotten) was such a bleedin' liar! Like, he told us he was a Hell's Angel at school. (Laughs). 'Course, he was very, very paranoid — he was an unstable boy 'cos he was doin' so much speed and acid. Like, you'd look at 'is eyes — I'd never seen anything like 'em! Talk about an acid casualty!

"Turns out he was an old hippie. He used to have real long hair and a great coat, hang around the Roundhouse on Sundays and deal acid. Go on, print that! That's the real Johnny Rotten story! He followed Hawkwind about and dealt acid to Lemmy."

THE PISTOLS story inevitably leads on to Glen Matlock's exit and Sid Vicious' entry into the band.

For Matlock, Jones has nothing but derision.

"He was a real softie — a real poofy geezer. Like — print this — he'd write these songs and play 'em to us on guitar and they sounded fuckin' diabolical. An' he wanted me to play the same as him. Soundwise, the chords were, like, jazz almost — all minors and sevenths, wanky Beatle chords . . ."

Cook interjects: "Yeah like 'God Save The Queen' — you wouldn't have recognised the way he first conceived it.

And, like, our sound was Steve getting rid of all the minors and shit and playing majors to give the thing punch."

Jones: "Like, if he'd put what he wanted those songs to sound like they wouldn't have sold shit. Simple as that. That's why it really was a corporate thing — because it was.

"Actually it was Rotten — give him his due — who decided on that equal credit thing. Just to make it a more united front."

Talk turns to the Pistols' sledgehammer sound in the studio; a sound oft imitated — just witness the latest X-Ray Spex and Sham 69 singles for proof — but never bettered.

The first-ever sessions were produced by Chris Spedding, and were, legend has it, well duff.

Jones disagrees in part. "They were alright. Nothing special. More 'poppy' though . . . soppier."

By the time it came to "Bollocks" though, the sound had been found. A coalition was responsible for the finished firepower, but Jones and Cook argue openly about the effectiveness of Chris Thomas' role as producer.

Jones: "Thomas done nothing. I'd

Continues over

From previous page

double-track everything. I even played the bass on nine tracks. Sid only played on three or four. Four at most."

Cook: "Actually, I think Thomas was fuckin' good — but then I was the one who chose him because I liked the sound he got for Roxy Music. But like, the way we built up those tracks — it's something that's been overlooked — but it was both Chris and Steve in particular taking little bits that don't jump out at you, but they form, like . . . uh, layers. Layers upon layers, y'know?"

Jones: "Rotten hated Thomas. Never got on with him."

Cook: "But we were lucky, I reckon. Choosing Wessex with Thomas and Bill Pridden . . ."

Jones: "Yeah, but it's our sound. No-one else's. It's easy for us to get, 'cos we're playing. Like to me . . . I use a lot of echo, right, and Phil Spector's my inspiration as a rock producer. So what I wanted to get was a new wall of sound."

"Thirty guitars, I swiped. No one ever believes me, though . . ."

BOTH COOK and Jones' views on Sid Vicious are marked with anger and regret. Regret because they maintain that Vicious was the Pistols' perfect bass-player ("Sid played it great — no frills — while Glen was all over the shop, always fucking up the sound") at the beginning. And anger because they claim candidly that it was Vicious more than Rotten who brought about the actual break-up.

Jones cites Sid as the principal culprit.

"It was Sid who broke the band up — or at least it was him who provided the straw that broke the camel's back on the American tour, 'cos of his habits. He thought he could do no wrong, be Jack The Lad, while all the time he was fuckin' up, playin' different songs from us.

"It became a nightmare in the end. Like the FBI — it was a known fact — were ready to plant him any second, they were just waiting — and he'd walk onstage with 'Gimme A Fix' scrawled on his chest at every gig.

"As music too it was . . . gawd, if you 'eard a tape you'd think, What is this shit? It sounded bleedin' shockin' and it was no fun anymore.

"I was so bored I just stood there — couldn't be bothered to even move about.

"There were two good gigs — the Jesus place and that one where the cajun band supported us, but otherwise forget it! Actually, it was the last gig in San Francisco that really did it. Like, we fuckin' stunk and six thousand people went nuts — and you think, What's goin' on here?

" 'Have you ever had the feeling you're being conned?' — those were his very last words as a Pistol. The famous last words!"

AND SINCE then? Well, there was the Rio connection with Ronald Biggs, whose hit record won't earn him a farthing since the earnings of outlawed criminals go straight to the British government, Sid Vicious doing "My Way" and possible losing an eye, and the ever more enigmatic Mr McLaren — a millionaire now, according at least to Cook — who most people think is using Jones and Cook as puppets for any desperate loony scheme he sets his mind to pulling off.

(There was also the much-mooted alliance with Johnny Thunders, which fell through due to the pair viewing Thunders as nothing more than a pathetic loser. "We would have done it," says Cook, " 'cos we've always dug Johnny Thunders, but once we realised how fucked up he was — it was just like Sid in the States all over again. Like, his album — it's in his name, but we play on it more than him and we only did it 'cos Dave Hill (Real Records' boss) is our mate. One night Steve Marriot came down there — we got on great — and he couldn't believe the state of Thunders. The stupid fucker even fell over half way through his guitar solo. He's bleedin' stupid and his time is up.")

Talking about McLaren to Jones and Cook, one gets the impression that though they're not deliberately withholding information, they don't perhaps grasp the full consequences of the situation.

"Malcolm never once tried to stop us breaking up," states Cook adamantly. "And he was the one coming off worse from it. He did go a bit over the top, what with all the contracts. He went through hell going through them.

"But right now . . . he just has to do this movie. It's the one thing that's keeping him together."

But isn't there an air of desperation to it all?

Cook: "Well, I don't feel desperate. I don't feel Malcolm feels desperate, I honestly don't. The only mood he's in — he just wants this film completed and no-one's goin' to stop him. Simple as that."

And after the film?

"I don't know. Never talked about it. We don't know what we're doing, but it won't be as The Sex Pistols, that's for sure."

THE IRONY of it all, however, is that *The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle*, according to the film's director, is McLaren's declaration concerning the death of rock'n'roll.

"Malcolm believes implicitly that rock'n'roll is dead," claims one of the film's insiders, who prefers not to be named. So where does that leave Cook and Jones, I ask ? "Fuck knows," comes the succinct reply.

In fact, when I approach them with the subject, both seem bemused. No, they don't believe rock rock'n'roll is dead. There's the audience, the bands . . .

I ask Jones if he thinks Malcolm could be ripping them off.

"Nah, no way."

"We trust him implicitly," claims Cook.

"And if he ripped me off," adds Steve, "I'd break his fuckin' legs."

AND SO IT goes, with Steve's special party piece of naming all the famous women he's screwed and his whole Jack the Lad persona played to the hilt.

Finally, I ask about McLaren's current feud with Rotten.

Cook: "Bound to happen, that was. They're both the same sort of egomaniac and when they fall out, the fireworks start crackling."

Did you sign anything, by the way?

"Yeah, sure," they both retort. "They just give us the papers and we sign 'em. Simple as that."

Do you bother to read the small print?

"Nah, waste of time."

It seems a propitious enough moment to ask Jones the final question. Is it true that he's illiterate?

"Nah," he replies, straight-faced, "I'm not illiterate. I just 'ave trouble with words."

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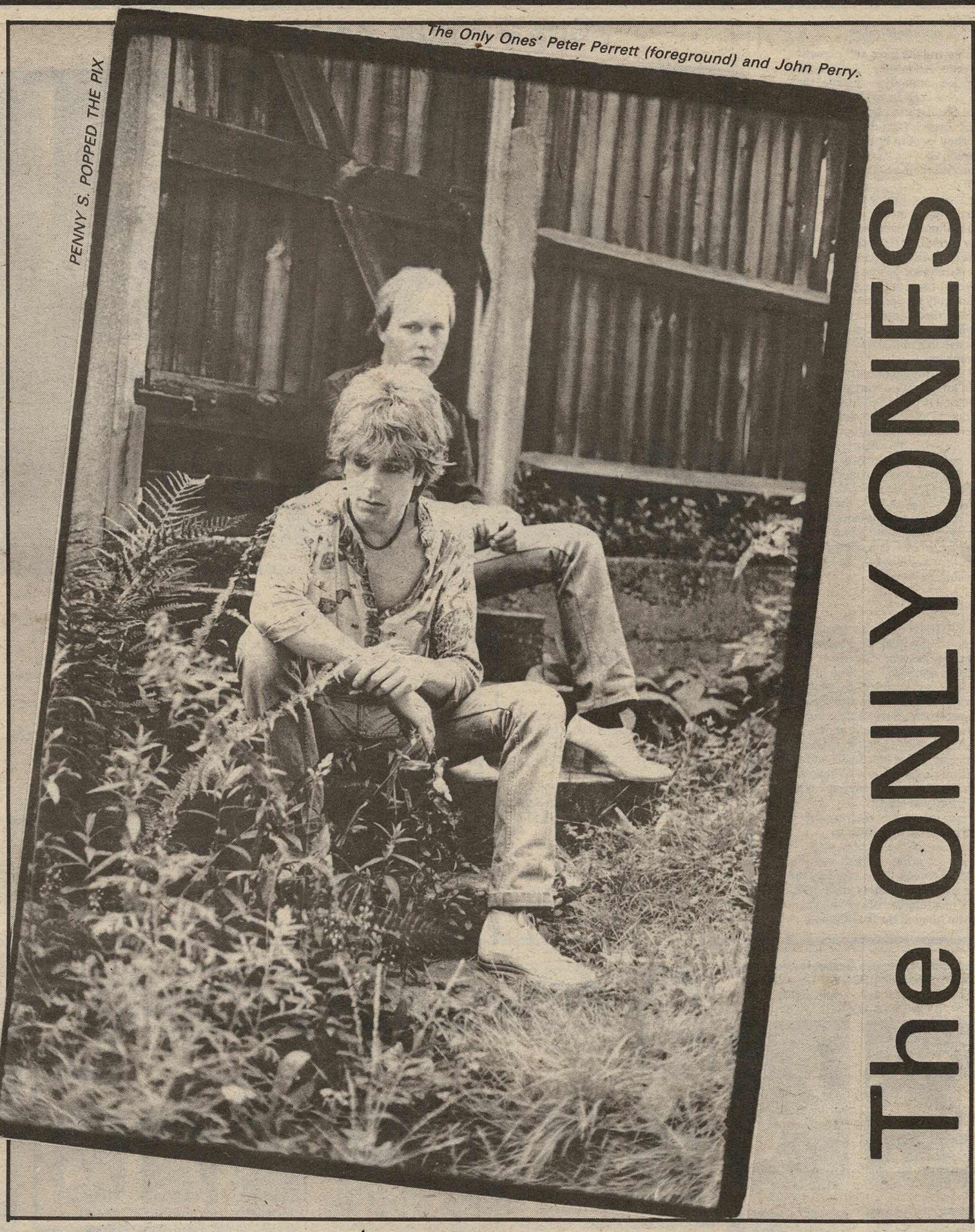

PETER PERRETT PICKED A PECK OF PICKLED PEPPERS

JOHN PERRY didn't make it into the headline cos he has the wrong initials.

As does MAX BELL who talks to both of them.

LAST MONTH, Peter Perrett won himself a Concorde ticket to Brazil. The loot for the trip came not from playing rhythm guitar but poker.

Those close to Perrett vouchsafe that young Pete is not your standard weekend gambler but an occasional sharp-dealing ace, never seen to lose. Perrett doesn't indulge his talents in casinos, and preferred to secure his stay in copacabana country by mercurial dealing in his native Forest Hill (that's London, not the tennis place).

Indeed, Perrett is something of a gambler in his alter ego night-time job with the phenomenal Only Ones. The risks he takes in the twilight hours here are a vista away from the heady delights of South America's poorest country, a land of paradox, of dirt and riches, Roberto Rivelhino and Sao Paolo's disgusting disease spreading ghettoes.

No, the risks Perrett takes with his electric partners are more to do with the exigencies of the rock and roll aesthetic and the game they haven't yet won; persuading a few more of you that The Only Ones are Britain's boss band.

Nobody could argue that the group have been given a rough ride by the music press. In these days of 'energy' and 'commitment', their lack of an obvious link with the New Wave, their take-us-as-we-are-mate-because we-don't-need-no-image, their deliberate eschewing of an easy political angle, and their superceding The Clash power rush have left them without the salivating hordes I'd anticipated when first catching a glimpse of these worthies a year ago at London's humble Rochester Castle.

Guaging the position of the band today was the purpose of my interview. I'd enough proof that on a stage they were capable of playing with a confidence bordering on arrogance, with a sense of arrival that didn't rely on trend. Some, not enough, of their live excellence was captured on their debut CBS album, where the material seemed hampered by a lack of outside direction, a voice beyond the band strong enough to fit all the pieces together in the best possible order.

SITTING IN THE hospitality suite at CBS Records waiting for a video of The Only Ones' performance on the *OGWT* and copping a sneak preview of the B-side on the re-released "Another Girl, Another Planet" (one minute and fifty seconds of sound maul called "As My Wife Says" — a return to roots), they give me the low-down on their independent ideals, their wish for complete control without a fashionable soap-box for shouting the odds.

Guitarist John Perry demurs with my pointing to a loss of balance on the record, but provides insight into the corporate belief: "It couldn't have been a lot better so the reviews were apposite. We shall continue to produce ourselves until someone better comes along."

Drummer Mike Kellie agrees that the band are autonomous to the point of being dangerously single-minded: "Everything that has happened to us, the press, positive opinions, has all happened from outside — all we've done is to get up and play. I think we do lack an image, but even projecting that visual side isn't on unless it's real. It all comes together when we play, that's when we are one; still four very different individuals but with one aim."

I must admit to being somewhat bewildered by the artistic marketing with which CBS have lumbered the group. Firstly, the album cover was an idea that failed to work except as some half-assed trippy Floyd joke. This was followed by a spate of advertising where one might have thought the artefact under promotion was a collection of fishing songs.

All in all, the failure of the company to provide any sort of eye-catching memory hook for the potential punter was in keeping with another feeling I've noticed from some quarters, to the effect that The Only Ones are a quirky, obscurantist little combo, like Roogalator and the late lamented Moon, being hot to trot but unable to capture mass approval. Perry calls those shots too: "Yeah, we are in danger of becoming a musicians' band, or a critics' band because we do lack a certain simple image."

So despite Perrett's leopard skin pillbox chic and the generally wasted but upright demeanour of the group *in toto*, it looks like they'll have to rely on their wits, a growing contingent of dedicated fans and their ever more fabulous evocations of the vinyl perfection they are eminently capable of achieving.

THE ONLY ONES have impressed some entrepreneurs sufficiently to gain them a week long stint in New York next month, a mouth watering prospect for all those jaded natives whose lot it is to risk life and limb being seen in CBGB's.

America is a land that holds promise to the band, and they've already had a taster of the bigger times ahead supporting Television here. Perry: "We're not on the level of the outfits that work themselves into the ground. To me playing the Skydive Rooms in Nuneaton for twelve people undermines my sense of being there for a purpose. I don't feel that every time I play is the last; at certain venues it becomes meaningless. We all find a big stage infinitely preferable, we can play better. The Television dates weren't exactly sell-outs and I felt that a lot of people came to see us anyway."

There had been a certain interest generated in the double billing of former coterie darlings Tom Verlaine and Richard Lloyd versus, in the blue corner, the Brit wunderkids Perry and Perrett, especially as both T.V. and J.P. are credited with a love of jazz structure, while everywhere you looked people were telling ya how Television sounded like the Grateful Dead and how Perry had played with Dead lyricist Robert Hunter some four years back.

What did John learn about his trade then from our American visitor? "Absolutely nothing. I spent a week in the guy's proximity and only learnt from the papers that he has similar tastes to mine. Guitarists who listen to Coltrane to influence their licks are few and far between. Playing harmonically and from scales is a result of listening to horn players but I'd rather listen to the source. It's like learning B.B. King licks from Eric Clapton records . . . I did once see Verlaine with a Valerie Wilmer book though."

Bit of a poseur? "Yeah, 'e is really."

Feelings on New York are mixed. Strangely, Perrett strikes a note of alarm in keeping with his scrupulous desire to have it done right. "I don't think it will be as great as everyone expects . . . it's a bit trendy, New York. The main thing is to impress CBS America, 'cos no-one apart from

Continues over page

ONLY ONE MORE PAGE

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us is paying the fares and expenses."

Kellie, Alan Mair and Perry are more immediately optimistic, their collective view being "to give them a taste of what's to come, to see how easily American audiences assimilate us. They want to like something English, they've had The Pistols and scratched their heads a bit."

In this context The Only Ones possess the advantage of not attempting to threaten the establishment but to stand judged on their merits. Perry is certainly keen to show himself in an American ring. He had the chance to join Robert Hunter's band and depart for a reasonably guaranteed spell of success on the West Coast, but turned it down to work with "someone nearer my own age in a more challenging environment."

American reaction to the band has been too sparse to warrant serious notice, although the "Lovers Of Today" single made fourteen in *New York Rocker*'s alternative chart. The solitary Stateside album review I checked came courtesy of a poorly wrought put-down penned by Ira Robbins *(Trouser Press No 31)*, where he had the gall to lump the band with unfavourable comparisons to Steve Harley, and pursued a tack allied to some art school rock poetry line that will make any English fan laugh in derision.

Perrett in the parlour putting down the punks.

IGNORANT OF this spleen, The Only Ones itch to get back to work. Perrett has a new number, "From Here To Eternity", written in Brazil. He waxes enthusiastically about that experience and no, he didn't pay his respects to the despicable criminal Ronald Biggs: "It really shows you how cushy we've got it in England, it made me realise how facile and naive political slogan rock is. What's wrong with the dole queue anyway? It gives you money at least."

Perry intervenes sardonically: "The dole is a venerable socialist institution, we've all been on it. Money for drugs — don't knock it."

After a week spent avoiding the king size cockroaches (make lovely pets) in a remote fishing village, Perrett headed for the hills and eventually Rio and Sao Paolo. "It was inspirational, live music in every little bar, everyone singing 'Girl From Ipanema' and 'Guantanmera' — only it has meaning for them. They have such fantastic guitarists and percussion instruments, the transitions and chord substitutions are amazing. I'll write something specific when I've lived with the experience."

This time Perrett would like to come up with "some dumb, hummable tunes. A hit single will sell the album. But we are an album band and I couldn't write anything I didn't feel."

That 'feel', the intensely honest soul baring of Perrett's lyrical persona, polarises listeners into opposite corners; those who accept the romantic angst at face value and those who are put off by a particular line which maybe looks foolish removed from its setting.

Perrett is embarrassed by questions relating to lyrical meaning, preferring people to extract what turns them on as they see fit. He admits: "I 'spose you can call me a cynical romantic . . . is that a compliment?"

Perry: "Naah, it's an observation."

Peter: "I dunno, there were some great mis-quotes though. There was a line about 'extreme mental torture' which came out as 'excremental torture'. People might miss some of the, uh, tongue in cheek humour. I can laugh at my own romanticism."

Besides, it would be churlish to dismiss the entire band on the grounds that Perrett's subject matter was too abstract or personal for comfort. The rope of tarnished innocence he offers up for examination is too finely spun to bear the diverse sound of the unit. The Only Ones appeal thrives on a paradoxical mingling of elements. Perry: "I hated his stuff at first, it was that extreme reaction which fascinated me and drove me to work with Peter. He isn't ever bland."

Further textural paradox resides in the balance of the lead guitarist's comprehension of American West Coast development and English reverberation, allied to Perrett's idiosyncratic Angloid vocal delivery and razor backed rhythm attack. This tension fires the band into territory well beyond the ken of any new-wave competition; The Only Ones would have been the same regardless of the changes of past two years. The progression I've sensed in them will always be lost to those whose lot it is to be this year's Slade, playing heavy metal in clubland and swabbing the hordes with a mixture of rabble-rousing chants and cheapskate community relations.

Perry weighs in with his opinion: "A lot of the new wave has actually set back the development of music in England. Most of 'em just can't play. I don't identify with these blokes at all, we're not part of the same thing really, it's a completely different trade."

Perry sees his role as the equivalent of doing a job properly "then coming home and forgetting about it, doing something else". His attitude is refreshingly realistic, he believes in the band but realises it isn't permanent. If pushed he'll admit that previous gigs with Bristol's The Ratbites and Over The Hill were "more fun, the object being to consume as many substances as possible and have a good laugh. The Only Ones is also big business — the rewards are correspondingly greater. That is interesting."

THE BAND are certainly flexible. Related projects at present include the shelved Speedball tapes with Island, supporting your local Johnny Thunders and backing Monsieur Kent's ascension into the rock and roll circus.

Still, the mythical new tolerance that gets mooted as the saving grace of Punk Phase Two cuts little ice with The Only Ones. Indeed, outside the gifted one per cent it's *plus ca change plus la meme chose* methinks. From burning incense to burning rubber. By the time all the shit hits the fan and gets scraped off the floor the results are as tedious as sitting down with a closet full of It's A Beautiful Day and Santana albums.

Not that The Only Ones court mystery and detachment. Perry and Kellie agree: "We're doing what we've always done but the context is not what you'd expect."

Perrett is providing vision for them to elaborate; the buzz they feed off can be seen in every minor detail, from their improving presentation to bassist Mair's growing status as a.

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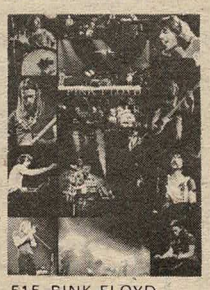
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Or were we used
'Cos on a good night
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But on a bad night . . . . . .
Oh Donna, You make me break up,
You make me break down,
Am I crazy, Am I mad ?

ART SCHOOL CANTEEN

Come in late and go home earlier
One day a week or maybe less
So I lied about the funeral
I was really playing chess
But I was seen
By the coffee machine
Art school canteen.

I'd cut my ear off to spite my face
But it's been done
No, maybe that's too weird
I'd better sketch it out on Kodatrace
And redesign my beard.

THIS SPORTING LIFE

This is the Bad Samaritans,
Hello loved one
Sorry there was nobody here
To take your call personally
However, we understand
What you're going through
How you've travelled lifes Highway
With your smile on upside-down,
And now you think you've found
The ultimate answer to all your problems
Don't be hasty,
Why waste a life
Wait until there's a crowd down below,
Give a little when you go.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

Just give it to 'em
Never think about it,
Force fed
On half dead melodies
Dragged up from the archives
Playing on your sympathies
I'm being brain-washed
And don't know how to block it
'Cos something in the chorus
Burns a hole in my pocket
And I can't feel the pain
When my finger's in the socket
And only the numb survive
Only the numb survive
Only the numb survive.

Business is business
Business is business
Business is business
Everyone was doing it
You weren't at the party last night.

Eight new songs from Godley and Creme, An album which proves beyond doubt that progress is only achieved by learning.

SANDWICHES OF YOU

Oh my Papa
He will not approve
He won't like your car
Or the way you conduct yourself
In public
Your move.
Shame, Shame on you
I want to keep this friendship platonic
I respect the fact that you're waiting
For Mister right
Am I wrong ?
Let's pull over
Please let's pull over
And discuss the ramifications
Of a lasting and complex relationship
Like mature and responsible people do,
Am I getting through ?

PUNCHBAG

Running through the corridors
Far too many obstacles
Bursting, bursting
Bursting for the crap I know
They'll never let me have,
Fourth form punchbag.
Oh God I wish that I was
Thicker than I am
And thinner than I am
Oh God I wish that I had
Normal ears
And clearer skin,
I'm praying for the day
When handsome's out
And ugly's in.

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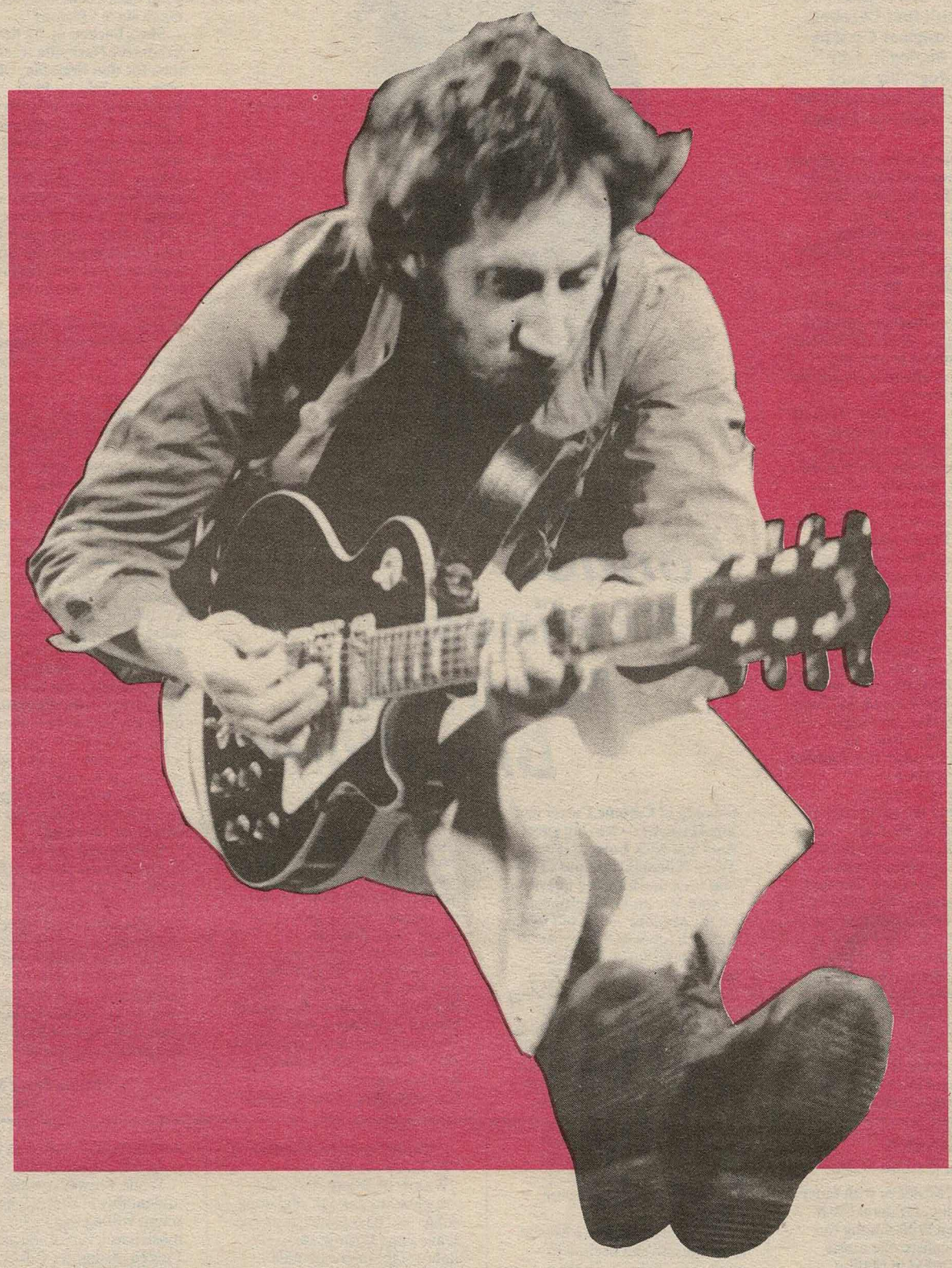

Aerial photography: TERRY O'NEILL

Who Do You Think We Are

Say Goodbye To Angry Songs For Kids
Say Hello To Angry Songs For Grown-Ups

THE WHO
Who Are You (Polydor)

IT'S LIKE something out of one of those old Foreign Legion movies.

You know the drill: the last of the platoon are staggering through the sand, lips cracked, sweating like pigs, eyes glazed, flash-fried. They're dragging their flag out of zeal and misplaced devotion, loyalty to symbolism, whatever, and it seems inevitable that they're just not going to make it.

Then one of them gets the word. They ditch the flag and, relieved of their burden, new strength flows through their veins (something like a Heineken commercial) and they reach their destination, heads held high.

Kind of like The Who and the root of their myth. What they've jettisoned with this album is the last, faint shred of hope that — somehow, anyway, anyhow, anywhere — Townshend would haul out one last anthem for aggressive kids and that The Who would perform it with just straight bass, guitar, drums and voice, Daltrey screaming it out and Pete eight feet high, whacking the shit out of the guitar while the amp valves explode and the speakers catch fire . . .

Dreams, child, dreams.

They could probably do it, easy as falling off a drum stool, if they were cynical enough or desperate enough. It'd be as exhilarating as a speed rush, and just as transitory and ultimately just as hollow and deadening.

"Who Are You" continues the musical direction commenced way back when with "Who's Next" and "Quadrophenia" and takes it to its ultimate conclusion. The Who are further away from their original boot-through-a-window noise than ever: musically and spiritually.

And there's no way they're going back: no way that they'll fight the new young bands on their own turn-it-up-and-punch-it-out turf; no way that they'll ever fight on *that* particular beach again. And — just for a minute — that section of me that's still the 14-year-old who bought "My Generation" the day it came out hates them for it. And maybe — just maybe — the section of Pete Townshend that's still the 19-year-old who wrote "My Generation" hates them for it too.

Still, that's Who history now and The Who have been more tied to their history than any other rock band, even the Beatles or Stones, and they seem to have this weird love-hate relationship with their myth, simultaneously proud of it and albatrossed by it. But there's no way that they can come on like The Voice Of The Kids any more and still remain honest.

"Who Are You" is a testament to that honesty.

Townshend puts his case right up front on the very first track, the appropriately titled "New Song": *"I write the same old song with a few new lines, and everybody wants to cheer it / I write the same old song a few more times but did you really want to hear it?"* **and just to prove his point the band sail into a "Quadrophenia" riff (no, I'm not going to tell you which one, spotting it is half the fun). The theme of the album is rebirth: not a return to basics by any means, but a shedding of old responsibilities in order to shoulder new ones.**

The Who have abdicated their role as premier suppliers of straight-ahead ballbusting rock and roll with a new finality; there's hardly a moment on the whole album where the synthesiser does not rule. True enough, they've done that before — many a time — but never to this extent. What's more, they've transcended the self-consciousness that was the dominant emotion of "The Who By Numbers". As they announce in Entwhistle's "Had Enough" after running through a few stock hardman poses and then dumping them: *"Here comes the end of the world."* **But of course, it's not.**

It's only the end of the beginning of the world: the death of the pre-"Tommy" Who finally declared absolute after surgeons failed to keep it beating, the discarding of a dead skin. And if what's been discarded was the dead skin of that aspect of The Who that meant most to me then that's my blues; I should have admitted it was dead long ago, and so should Townshend — then he wouldn't have been torturing himself all these years.

There's no easy way to be free — or so Townshend told us three years ago in "Slip Kid" — and nowhere on the album is the jubilation of finally achieving such freedom against all the odds better expressed than in the towering "Music Must Change", which rounds off the first side. Torched by a fierce pride that reaches heights of passion and drama unheard by Who fans since "Quadrophenia", Daltrey detonates a lyric which explains where everybody stands in the new, revised Townshend cosmology: *"Deep in the back of my mind there's an unrealised sound / Every feeling I get from the street says it's soon to be found / When I hear the cold lies of the pusher I know it exists / It's confirmed in the eyes of the kids emphasized by their fists . . ."*

It's taken at a walking pace, cushioned with synthesised brass, organ and cool, quirky, jazzy acoustic guitar lines, building to a pitch of screaming intensity. Daltrey's vocals have that aura of sheer *stature* which no other rock vocalist possesses; he sings with an emotional power that suggests emotion on a grand scale harnessed by astonishing control. "Music Must Change" is a love song dedicated to *music* as an entity over and above anything created by individual musicians; it's not even necessarily about rock and roll, but it describes the current rock and roll situation perfectly. A work of the purest drama, it is epic in the finest and least pompous sense of the word.

Much of the creative weight of "Who Are You" is carried by John Entwhistle; three of the album's nine songs are his work and they're all excellent. "Had Enough" is on the single but sounds better in the context of the album, where added depth is lent to the lyrics by the light cast by the songs that surround it. "905" is the autobiography of a test-tube baby set to a bubble-and-squeak Morse-code motif from the ever-present synth (Dr Moog, you are the musical equivalent of Werner von Braun); it combines pathos and humour in the best Entwhistle tradition, presenting as it does the unholy dilemma of a being who feels that he's living a repetition of the past before he's even out of the incubator.

"Trick Of The Light" is set to a brontosaur stomp that packs all the old Who power even if it's the synth doing the work rather than the Les Paul; the intro is one of those that makes people complain that it's on too loud even when the volume is actually fairly low (my favourite kind). Subject matter: man goes to hooker, worries about pleasing her, asks her: *"Was I all right? Did I take you to heights of ecstasy? Was I all right? Did I see a shadow of emotion cross your face or was it a trick of the light?"*

You guessed: it's a love song.

Not all of the album is successful: "Sister Disco" has one layer of synth fribbles too many: an irritating mad-fiddle-virtuoso misuse of the digital sequencer that obscures the lyric and the rhythm to no useful effect. "Guitar And Pen" seems a touch on the silly side, but then I've only had the album a few hours and it'd be a minor miracle if the tracks were all totally immediate. "Love Come Down On Me" sounds vaguely threatening: guess it depends who's doing the loving.

The title cut poses the question that's been staring Londoners in the face via a bunch of garish yellow and orange posters these last few weeks: "Who Are You". The album might as well have been called "Who Do You Think We Are", since it simultaneously consolidates and redefines The Who's identity in a manner that contrives to be both challenging and reassuring (just like The Who themselves, if the truth be told).

The only reason they're confident enough to ask that question (even by implication) of the listener is that, once again, The Who know exactly who are they are and where they stand.

They don't have to fight it out with the youngbloods — old bruisers like The Who, they'd look bad whether they won or lost — for their old turf, and if they wanted to be fashionable in 1978 they'd never have let Entwhistle onto the cover in the most absurd pair of flared jeans this side of Dave Higgs.

But they know who they are and they dig it, and they hope that you know who *you* are and that you dig it.

They're The Who. Again.

Donncha just *lurve* happy endings?

Charles Shaar Murray

THE BROTHERS JOHNSON
Blam! (A&M)

NOT ONLY has each successive Brothers Johnson album cut back on playing time — from a high(!) of 34.30 on "Look Out For No. 1" to a smidgeon over 31.30 on "Blam!" — but also on standard of content.

So Louis, George and friends have never been inspired lyricists, but the unfortunate fact that they've chosen to reprint their prose on the gatefold sleeve only draws attention to this deficit. This time around, it's all down to cosmic buffoonery on "Ride-O-Rocket", a song they blagged from Ashford & Simpson and which by the sound of it A&S were more than glad to get shot of, and mindless sloganising as on "Ain't We Funkin' Now".

The rest is a mess that at best would just about cut it as incidental padding for one of producer Quincey Jones' movie scores. Similarly, the Brothers' over-blown credentials as bad ass guitarist and bassist don't stand scrutiny. If you're looking for the original source, check out the Jimi Hendrix Experience.

Roy Carr

HARRY CHAPIN
Living Room Suite (Elektra)

HARRY CHAPIN'S cosy little songs make him America's answer to Val Doonican. While Val has his rocking chair, Harry has a settee.

Harry's sitting on his settee on the album sleeve. The album's called "Living Room Suite", he says, because "the feeling of a living room is what we try to create."

A lot of people think that Harry is some kind of big deal liberal philosopher. A mellow Johnny Cash with leftish leanings. Harry tends to get rave reviews from middle-aged trendies when he does the occasional prestige London gig. You're bound to admit that he writes nice melodies. Some of them, like "Poor Damned Fool", worldly wise love song, are quite memorable.

Also, Harry nods towards contemporary concerns with cuts like "Why Do Little Girls", which is about femanist issues. Harry's problems, though, are what he sees as virtues. The world is not a living room. It's not that cosy or comfortable for most people.

Bob Edmands

ELIZABETH BARRACLOUGH
Elizabeth Barraclough (Bearsville)
CARLENE CARTER
Carlene Carter (Warner Brothers)

BUFFY SAINTE Marie used to have this song called "I'm Gonna Be A Country Girl Again", but you won't find Elizabeth Barraclough or Carlene Carter singing it. Old brown dogs, big front porches and rabbits in the pen are right out. I mean *right* out.

Carlene Carter has a strong, intelligent face and voice to match. The Rumour, her backing group for the occasion, supply strong, intelligent backup to go with the strong, intelligent production by Brinsley Schwarz and Bob Andrews, respective Rumour guitarist and pianist, all of which would have resulted in a strong intelligent album if not for two interference factors.

Factor one (warp): it would seem as if some Warners person from the USA has arranged for the album to be remixed. Knowing Schwarz and Andrews as men with a fine instinct for sophisticated raunch, I can't imagine that they would have given the album such a smooth, somewhere-between-Nashville-and-LA-hey-rilly-mellow mix. The end result is that of smootho sessioneers in double-knit suits playing standard country-rock and, if Carlene had wanted that kind of sound, then she surely wouldn't have come to England to enlist The Rumour in the first place.

Factor two (warp): regrettably the songs, mostly composed by Ms Carter and Alex Call, are somewhat less than memorable, Graham Parker's "Between You and Me", featuring The Man on backing vocals and Rodney Crowell's "Never Together And Close Sometimes" are probably the tracks that cling most tenaciously to the memory, the former for its familiarity due to GP's own version, and the latter due to its sheer strength.

Don't get me wrong: there is zilch to suggest that the teaming of Carlene Carter and The Rumour — leaving guest stars like Nick Lowe, GP and Terry Williams right out of this and even omitting the question of why Martin Belmont wasn't on the sessions — are not made for each other in heaven or some such locality. Better material and the Schwarz/Andrews combination retaining control of the mix should result in the proverbial cracker next time. All parties concerned have talent to burn, and all that is required is that next time they don't burn it, but *use* it.

Hi! I'm Carlene — fly me

London Skylines, Nashville Bloodlines

Carlene appears with a high gloss finish on the front and back cover of her particular platter; Elizabeth Barraclough presents herself bundled up in an anorak with her guitar (a maple-neck Fender Musicmaster with a Strat pickup wired into the treble position, if you're interested) in a focus as clear as her face is bleary. At a time when everybody wants to (in Modest Bob's semi-immortal phrase) be a photograph, Ms Barraclough's visual reticence is to say the least refreshing.

By the end of the first side, you may have pegged her as the Patti Smith of country music; writing and singing with a passion, commitment and directness that threatens to burst the bounds of her chosen framework, eschewing the conventionally pretty for What Works every time. The difference is, of course, that Patti hasn't conveyed this much since "Horses".

She's backed up by the usual expensive Nashville session men for that first side, with harp overdubs by Paul Butterfield, whose work in "Believe It So" is affecting beyond belief, the sound of wind through rocks and foliage, living proof that restraint doesn't equate with wimpout. Hear "Believe" or "Willy Ruby"and you feel like you're in the presence of a human, not seven studio pickers and a marketing concept.

The Nashville vibe — and the "Patti Smith of country music" tag — retreats into the distance as soon as the stylus touches down at the outer rim of the second side, whereupon we are favoured with the unmistakeable sound of a bunch of white Brits trying to play reggae on "Who Do You Think's The Fool" and "Shepherds Bush". The latter is a far better song about London than one would've considered your average Yank capable of writing, plus it's considerbly better than what most UK songwriters produce when they write about, say, New York, but the band and Barraclough seem to be operating in two seperate and mutually exclusive universes, which make them sound like weedy liberals and her like a stereotype ranting hysteric. Do Todd Rundgren's zippy guitar overdubs save the situation? Not a lot.

With Butter and the Nashville boys she sounds great, though: fine songs, committed singing and a noble unwillingness to go along with the standard love-me-I'm-cute / dig-me-I'm tough cover poses. If you're not cool enough to get put off by the very *idea* of pedal steels, Nashville cats and Paul Butterfield, try her on.

Charles Shaar Murray

DAVE MASON
Mariposa De Oro (CBS)

AN ALBUM sleeve with fancy gold lettering; Graham Nash and Stephen Stills among the backing vocalists; the music mostly recorded in Malibu; an affected title; Dave Mason's features staring out from the sleeve, all smugness and pomposity — the signs were ominous.

Trust the signs. Dave Mason continues his sad decline to nonentity. This music has a sort of built-in obsolescence; by the second time you hear it it's become totally ineffectual. Here's why.

There are lots of strings: they swamp much of the album. There are lots of lyrics: they mix the occasional tenth-rate Lao Tzuism — *"But to know just where to go you must know where you bin"* — with numerous tenth-rate lovesong cliches of the *"when I hold you in my arms and feel the magic of your charms"* ilk.

Dave Mason and/or Jerry Williams wrote most of the songs, and they all sound bland and mediocre. There's one accapella track that sounds bland and mediocre in a slightly different way, whilst the single "Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow" is merely a bland and mediocre version of a good song.

Graham Lock

FAIRPORT CONVENTION
Tipplers Tales (Vertigo)

AFTER VIRTUALLY everyone had written them off Fairport Convention stormed back with "Bonny Bunch of Roses" last year, their first album for years with balls. This, however, falls uneasily between "Rosie" and "Angel Delight", hardly their most auspicious albums, and fails to capitalise on the strengths of "Bonny Bunch".

"Three Drunken Maidens", "Reynard the Fox" and "Widow of Westmoreland" are pleasant enough singalong songs and bass player supreme Dave Pegg turns in two lightweight instrumentals which will, I am sure, be appreciated well enough on stage, but the quasi-epic "Jack O'Rion" comes across sounding flat and hollow. "John Barleycorn" works a treat, but it would take a tone-deaf Seventh Day Abolitionist to muck it up.

But there are heights Fairport are capable of reaching that aren't even hinted at here. Here's to the next decade, and fingers crossed for the next album.

Patrick Humphries

ROBIN TROWER
Caravan To Midnight (Chrysalis)

ONCE AGAIN produced by American R&B specialist Don Davis, "Caravan To Midnight" is very much a continuation of Robin Trower's preceding "In City Dreams", like which it takes care of business in the best possible way. Emerging from a period of uncertainty, Trower's music has matured to the extent that he now approaches recording with altogether more thought and economy.

"Caravan To Midnight" might lack the raw rock-blues intensity of his first two albums, but Trower has learnt much about streamlining his music without it becoming 'product'. In doing so he has evolved a unique form of sophisticated R&B, this deceptively simple approach, is almost as outstanding as Trower himself here. Also, rather than use keyboards, Trower employs layers of guitar to swell the sound and now achieves this with less reliance on sheer effect than previously.

The opening "My Love (Burning Love)", an uptempo rock song that could have graced a Free album, and Trower's clever assimilation of disco devices on "I'm Out To Get You" are particularly good.

Steve Clarke

VARIOUS ARTISTS
The Front Line Volume Two (Virgin Front Line)

THEY WANT to sell it? *They mus' be m-a-d!!!*

The first Front Line sampler cost 69p, featured seven artists over ten tracks and only one was at all duff. The second root-ing about costs £1.99, features 14 artists over the same number of tracks and only four of these *aren't* duff in the I-est.

A worthy, valid attempt this may be to bring reggae to a wide audience (who don't really want it) without the music's inherent inaccessibility (i.e. its expense and labyrinthine obscurity). You could argue that anyone interested enough will get into Jah music anyway, but then Virgin *have* got to pay for *four* different shades of Devo.

Anyway, U Brown, Ranking Trevor, Prince Far I, Prince Hammer, and Jah Lloyd are talk-over artists, and are never over too soon for I and I: droning, derivative, one big ranking bore. One wishes they would follow the brother's example in Mr Brown's "Natty Dread Upon Mountaintop".

Big Youth and I Roy are old men resting on youthful trademarks. Sly Dunbar and Althea and Donna should get together and form a New Seekers for the New Land; whatever it is, it isn't reggae. The Twinkle Brothers are affecting, but too pleasant.

Poet And The Roots, Culture, Tapper Zukie, and The Gladiators are the four un-duff, *harder* tracks in question. Virgin are the record company in question. They have tried too hard to produce or re-produce the volatile, to say the least, circumstances in which reggae has its day to day roots — thus far too litte success (even the Culture album was pipped to press by a bootleg this annum).

They haven't made a profit? That's *too* bad, yeah!

Ian Penman

Pic: Valerie Wilmer

MILES DAVIS
The Birth Of The Cool (Capitol)

THREE CHEERS and a golden trumpet to Capitol for making Miles's immediately post-Parker magnum opus commonly available again.

As Ian Carr's excellent liner notes indicate these sessions date from 1947/8 but were first given a twelve inch airing in 1957, by which time the innovations sparked off by the lethal combination of Davis, Gill Evans, Gerry Mulligan, Bill Barber et al. (all of them fresh from the Bird and Lester Young schools of peace) were the working property of jazz musicians in general — though, methinks, they were rarely accomplished with this ease, economy and grace.

The Davis compositions "Deception" and his favourite "Boplicity" are early tastes for the clear grace and fusion of melody with assymetrics which are again found on the Columbia opener, "Miles Ahead". Mulligan's playing is perhaps the most poignant, if only because of the heap of critical shit that he's been subjected to since branching out solo. The material he contributed, "Jeru", "Venus De Milo" and, best of all, "Rocker", have all got bio energy, kids. The 20 year old Gerry Mulligan — absolutely A-M-A-Z-I-N-G.

Any further comment on my part would be superfluous, not to say presumptuous. To quote Ian Carr: ' "The Birth Of The Cool" ... was the furthest Miles Davis ever went in the direction of Western orchestral music, because the improvised solos are only a small part of the whole music which gets its main identity from the composed sections and the way they are interpreted.'

And that's it, "The Birth Of The Cool".

Max Bell

LEO KOTTKE
Burnt Lips (Chrysalis)

NOT FOR nothing did Leo Kottke call his Capitol compilation "Did You Hear Me?". Most people evidently did not.

He'd long before left the Takoma weirdos (John Fahey and his talking turtles) for Fame and Fortune. Well, for a bunch of rave reviews anyway; his closest brushes with the Big F's were probably his idiosyncratic versions of "Eight Miles High" and "Power Failure".

This is pristine, unfettered Kottke, just rhythm and 12 string acoustic guitars accompanying that quivery bass voice (unfairly likened once to 'geese farts on a muggy day').

There's an easy, uncluttered virtuosity to Kottke's playing, which is given full reign on (the mainly instrumental) side two. "A Low Thud" attractively combines Appalachian-style picking (duelling 12-strings?) and the booming of blues rags. "Orange Room" sweetly glides, too. The title track is an inconsequential little thing, not unpleasant, but the two cuts from Terry's Movie (whatever that is), "Outtakes" and "The Train And The Gate", would indeed gain from being allied to pictures of some sort since they tend to drift aimlessly and irritatingly, like Carnaby St tourists.

Side one, though, is curiously compelling. From the opening track — Nick Lowe's "Endless Sleep", an elegant, elegiac ode to maudlin weariness, is turned into a persuasive, delicate 12-bar — Kottke descends into an ever-darkening pit of despair. Leaving aside the perfunctory reading of "Cool Water", this group of numbers possess a gloomily hypnotic effect, like staring at a Donald McCullin photograph or a mid-week cricket match.

Only the sombre dignity of "The Quiet Man" gives the listener any respite from Kottke's morbid observations. Irredeemably glum, "Burnt Lips" offers perfect drizzly Sunday fare. Happy listening.

Monty Smith

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Forenames in full_____

Home Address_____

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_____ Telephone_____

I shall be studying at_____
(COLLEGE OR UNIVERSITY)

_____

Course_____ Start Date_____

Residential Address at College (if known)_____

NME 3

DO NOT USE THIS COUPON LESS THAN 14 DAYS BEFORE YOU ARRIVE AT COLLEGE.
†WE WILL SEND YOU THE BRANCH ADDRESS BEFORE YOUR START DATE
*DELETE IF NOT REQUIRED.

Post to: John Lawson, Barclays Bank Ltd, 16-18 New Bridge St, London EC4V 6EH.

BARCLAYS

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY TONY STEWART

Thursday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: SHAFAFIA
BUCKLEY Tivoli Ballroom: SALFORD JETS
CHESTERFIELD Aquarius: LABI SIFFRE
CORPACH Kilmallie Hall: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
CORBY Rugby Football Club: PARADOX
COVENTRY Hand & Heart Inn: U.K. SUBS
COVENTRY Wyken Pippin: RENO
GLASGOW Doune Castle: THE BEARS
GLASGOW The Amphora: UNDERHAND JONES
HALESOWEN Tiffany's: HOT STUFF
HANLEY The Place: QUILL for 3 days
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE RECORDS
I.O.W. RYDE Carousel Ballroom: JUDGE DREAD
LEEDS Cinderella's: SPOOKEY
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: JUST FRANK
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: KNIFE-EDGE
LINCOLN AJ's Club: NEXT BAND
LIVERPOOL Gulliver's: DRAMATIS PERSONAE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLE AXE.
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE REZILLOS
LONDON CANNING Town Tidal Basin: STREET CHORUS
LONDON Chiswick John Bull: FISHER Z
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden: BOB LEWIS BAND / AGONY COLUMN
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Bishops Park: SWIFT
LONDON Hammersmith Red Cow: JAB JAB
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Riverside Studios: TURNING POINT / GARY BOYLE BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Swan: UNCLE PO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON Harrow Road Windsor Castle: THE IDOLS
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE BOYFRIENDS
LONDON OLD KENT ROAD Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty: CADILLAC
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: GALLERY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: RED TRACK
MANSFIELD Flamingo Hotel: STRANGE DAYS
MARGATE Bowlers Arms: THE HEAT
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: BLITZKRIEG BOP
NEWBARNET Duke of Lancaster: CHINA STREET
NEWCASTLE Guildhall: STEVE BROWN BAND / WHITE HEAT / BOULEVARD
NEWCASTLE Hawthorn Hotel: AVALON
NORTON CAINES Dog Track: CRYER
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellows: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: STADIUM DOGS / DESTRUCTORS
PERTH St. Albans Hotel: CHOU PAHROT
POYTON Folk Centre: DERECK SCHOFIELD
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: THE MOVIES
SOUTH SHIELDS Tavern: MATCHBOX for 3 days
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: MARIANNE FAITHFULL

Friday

BASILDON Double Six: SUCKER
BATH Brillig Arts Centre: BOTH HANDS FREE
BENTWATERS R.A.F. Station: J.A.L.N. BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: WHIRLWIND
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM EDGBASTON Bell And Pump: JOHNNY COPPIN
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Days: BAD EARTH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BLACKPOOL Norbeck Castle Inn: ALVIN STARDUST
BOLTON Astley Bridge Club: DAVE BERRY & THE CRUISERS
BOURNEMOUTH Town Hall: DOLL BY DOLL
BUCKLEY Tivoli: SALFORD JETS
BURNLEY Bank Hall: ALWOODLEY JETS
BURNLEY Bank Hall: WITCHFYNDE
BURTON 76 Club: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY
CHATHAM Old Ash Tree: SOUL DIRECTION
CHESTERFIELD Aquarius: LABI SIFFRE
COVENTRY Hand & Heart Inn: STEEL LOCKS
COVENTRY Robin Hood: PARADOX
DOVER British Rail Club: RIGHT HAND BAND
DUDLEY J.B.'s: CRYER
EASTBOURNE The Cavalier: THE PIRANHAS
EDINBURGH Clouds: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
GLASGOW Dial Inn: SNEEKY PETE
GLASGOW Doune Castle: NICKY TAMS
GLASGOW The Maggie: BEYOND THE FRINGE
GLENROTHES Rothes Arms: UNDERHAND JONES
HIGH WYCOMBE Town Hall: THE REZILLOS / PATRICK FITZGERALD / THE VENTS
KIRKCALDY Birksgate Hotel: GYRO
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: MIKE ABSALOM
LEEDS Cinderellas': SPOOKEY
LEEDS Viva Win Bar: MIDNIGHT FLYTE
LINCOLN AJ's Club: THE CIGARETTES / THE BODYGUARDS
LIVERPOOL Red Lion: HYBRID
LLANDOVERY Castle Hotel: HOT STUFF
LONDON Brollies: RAY KING BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: PACIFIC EARDRUM / LIVE WIRE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: NO DICE / JOKER
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: SKREWDRIVER / DOG WATCH
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE BISHOPS
LONDON Global Village: THE STOPS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: JAB JAB
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Riverside Studios: JOHNNY SURMAN / MIKE WESTBROOK BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: RACING CARS
LONDON Marquee Club: RAMROD / HOT WATER
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON ROTHERHITHE The Waterside Theatre: PRODUCERS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty: BLOOBLO
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: ROOGALATOR
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE PLEASERS
LUTON Unicorn: N.W.10
MANCHESTER Russell Club: JOHN COOPER CLARKE, ED BANGER, GIRO, GORDON THE MORON
MANSFIELD Great Northern Hotel: ALWOODLEY JETS
MATLOCK Pavilion: STRANGE DAYS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: PENETRATION / CARPETTES
NEWARK Maple Leaf: NEXT BAND
NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel: DISGUISE
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: FREIGHT / PONDERS END
NEWCASTLE The Bridge: DISGUISE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE DOLE / SPASM
NOTTINGHAM Test Match Inn: THE TURBINES
NOTTINGHAM Tiffany's: OLD GOLD ROAD SHOW
NUNEATON Pingles: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
OLDHAM Boundary Hotel: THE ACCELERATORS
OXFORD Orange & Lemons: DOUBLE XPOSURE
PENZANCE, EASTERN GREEN Ponsandane Field: A Festival Of Theatre with GOOD BIGTIME BAND / BRAINIAC FIVE / NIGEL MAZLYN-JONES & FRIENDS
PERTH St. Albans Hotel: FLYING SQUAD
ROCHESTER King's Head: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: AFTER THE FIRE
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: SCHOOL MEALS
SUNDERLAND Mecca Centre: OASIS
ROCHESTER Nags Head: PEKO ORANGE
SKYE Dunvegan Hall: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
STALYBRIDGE Commercial Inn: THE TUNES
STEVENAGE Swan: CHINA STREET
STOKE Cheshire Cat: RED VELVET
SUNDERLAND Mecca Centre: OASIS
SUTTON COLDSMITH Martfield Club: THE UTENSILS
TIPTON Brewer & Baker: CHRIS RUST
WAKEFIELD Tiffany's: BRONX
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: THE MOVIES
YORK Winning Post: ZHAIN

TRIUMPHANT at their first major London concert at the Roundhouse recently, Siouxsie and The Banshees open the third Edinburgh Rock Festival tonight. The festival continues until early September and also features Japan (Monday), The Rezillos, Merger, Patti Smith and Sham 69.

Saturday

ABERTILLERY Six Bells: BANDANNA
ACCRINGTON Albion Hotel: ALWOODLEY JETS
AIRDRIE Snug Bar: CHOU PAHROT
ANGLESEA Amlych Memorial Hall: SPIDER
AYR Darlington Hotel: J.A.L.N. BAND
BATH Brillig Arts Centre: BOB STEWART
BELFAST The Pound: JENNY DARREN BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: NO DICE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Mercat Cross: SPECIAL CLINIC
BIRMINGHAM The Sherwood: RENO
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre (lunch time): EPILECTICS / GANGSTERS / ETC
BRIGHTON Alhambra: DOUBLE XPOSURE
BRISTOL Granary: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY
BUCKINGHAM University: BLACKMAIL
CANTERBURY Stury Court Club: RIGHT HAND BAND
CIRENCESTER Rough Hill Festival: STEVE WINWOOD / KEITH CHRISTMAS BAND
CHORLEY Marquee: CO-CO
CIRENCESTER Rough Hill Festival: JOHNNY COPPIN BAND / PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER
COVENTRY Robin Hood Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
FISHGUARD Frenchmans Motel: DESMOND DEKKER
GAINSBOROUGH Casablanca: RAY KING BAND
GLASGOW Dial Inn: SNEEKY PETE
GLASGOW The Maggie: UNDERHAND JONES
GOOLE Station Hotel: R.B.Q.
GOSPORT John Peel: JODY
HUNGERFORD The Plume: N.W.10
IPSWICH Corn Exchange: BUSTER JAMES
IPSWICH First Floor Club: DAVE BERRY & THE CRUISERS
KNOTTINGLEY Wallbottle Hotel: BAD NEWS
LEEDS Cinderellas': SPOOKEY
LEEDS 'F' Club: THE RECORDS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar BLACK CAT YARD
LEICESTER Palais: OLD GOLD ROAD SHOW
LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: PENETRATION
LINCOLN RAF Conningsbury: PARADOX
LITCHFIELD Arts Centre: IAN CAMPBELL GROUP/BILL CADDICK
LIVERPOOL Erics: JOHN COPPER CLARKE, ED BANGER, GIRO, GORDON THE MORON
LIVERPOOL Kirklands: ACCELERATORS
LIVERPOOL Masonic: HOT WATER
LIVERPOOL Taylor's Arms: HYBRID
LONDON Alexandra Palace: LANDSCAPE (lunchtime gig)
LONDON BATTERSEA Park: RANDOM HOLD
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SUCKER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SORE THROAT / FRENZEE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: CHINA STREET
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin: CYANIDE
LONDON CHELSEA Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: JAB JAB
LONDON CRYSTAL PALACE White Swan: BERLIN
LONDON East Ham Ruskin Arms: DOG WATCH
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: RACING CARS
LONDON Hackney All Nations Club: OTIS WAYGOOD BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE BOY-FRIENDS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Riverside Studios: LANDSCAPE / FRAN LANDESMAN
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: RACING CARS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: SOUNDER
LONDON Marquee: ULRAVOX for 5 days
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty: FROGGY ROADSHOW
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: LEE KOSMIN
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
MANCHESTER University: THE MOVIES
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: WARREN HARRY
NEWCASTLE Bridge: WHITE HEAT
NEWCASTLE Cooperage: GOATS (lunchtime)
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: QUARTZ
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: DEAD FINGERS TALK / OUT OF NOWHERE
OLDHAM Boundary Hotel: WHITEFIRE
PASSFIELD The Royal Oak: THE LITTLE JIMMIES
PENZANCE, EASTERN GREEN Ponsandane Field: A Festival Of Theatre with: FOOTSBARN FRIENDS ROADSHOW / THE BARNEYS / JUSTIN CASE / TOM FOOLS THEATRE / TITI CIRCUS / SHARON LANDAU & PETE WEAR / PROF. ROSE PUNCH & JUDY / SHADOW THEATRE / PHILLIPE DUVAL / PALFI / FIRE SCULPTURES / FORKBEARD FANTASY / GREAT SALT LAKE MIME TROUPE / KATIE DUCK / HOMEBREW / WINDBAGS Saturday and Sunday — Starts 11am — 11pm.
READING Target: HAZZARD
SHEFFIELD University Union: PUSH/DOUBLE LIFE
SKYE Broadford Hall: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
ST ALBANS City Hall: 'Capital Roadshow' featuring NICKY HORNE & THE DODGERS
ST AUSTEL New Cornish Rivera: SHAM 69
SUNDERLAND Mayfair: BRONX
SUNDERLAND Mecca Centre: PIN-UPS
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: DANNY WILD & THE WILDCATS
TONYPANDY Naval Club: TONY McPHEE & TERRAPLANE
TONYPANDY Naval Club: HOT STUFF
WILDERSPOOL Leisure Centre: DOZY, BEAKY, MICK & TICH
WIMBOURNE Allendale Centre: DESPERATE STRAITS / THE MARTIAN SCHOOLGIRLS
WISHAW Crown Hotel: THE PESTS (lunchtime)
WISHAW Heathery Bar: UNDERHAND JONES (lunchtime gig)
WORKINGTON Rendezvous: BILLY HOWARD / EILEEN CAMERON
WYKE REGIS Worthing Men's Club: FRINGE BENEFIT
YORK Munster Bar: DISGUISE

Sunday

BARNET Duke of Lancaster: SPRING OFFENSIVE
BASILDON Gloucester Park: (Free Festival): THE OPPOSITION / DEEP THROAT / GILMARTIN / GRINDER / MONGREL / MICK BOSTIK / SLEEPER
BELFAST The Pound: JENNY DARREN BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: BANDANNA
BIRMINGHAM Centre Hotel: JOHNNY COPPIN BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BRADFORD Chicago Express: KAY RUSSELL
BRADFORD Royal Standard: AUTOMATICS
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE PIRANHAS
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: DOUBLE XPOSURE
BROMLEY Churchill Theatre: ELAINE DELMAR
DUMFRIES Stagecoach: THE REZILLOS
GLASGOW Burns Howff: UNDERHAND JONES
GLASGOW Doune Castle: OVERHEAD CALM
GLASGOW Eagle Club: J.A.L.N. BAND
KIRKALDY Station Hotel: THE CUBAN HEELS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: DEADRINGER
LEICESTER Eyres Monsel Club: STRANGE DAYS
LIVERPOOL Dove & Olive: HYBRID
LIVERPOOL Wookey Hollow: SPOOKEY
LOFTUS Social Club: BRONX
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse Downstairs: CHUCK BURNICARDI / SHIRLEY BLAND
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: THE VAPOURS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: FISCHER-Z / FIRST AID
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: FISCHER-Z / FIRST AID
LONDON CROUCH END Stapleton: EARTHBOUND
LONDON EAST HAM Ruskin Arms: DOG WATCH
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Palais: LULU
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE BOY-FRIENDS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Riverside Studios: JOHN STEVENS' AWAY / SOFT HEAD
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: GENTRY
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: WILL BIRCH
LONDON Lyceum: PENETRATION
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: (lunchtime) BLUE MOON
LONDON Putney Half Moon: PACIFIC EARDRUM
LONDON Royalty Theatre: GARY HEATHCLIFFE WILSON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: AUTO-GRAPHS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: JAB JAB
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
LONDON WEMBLEY Arena: JOAN BAEZ
MANCHESTER Valentino's: SPIDER
NORTHAMPTON The Racehorse: SHYLOCK / TIME MACHINE / A.B.H. / and others. (Concert in aid of multiple sclerosis).
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
PORTHCAWL Stoneleigh Club: JUDGE DREAD
POYNTON Folk Centre: THE FARRIERS / STONE-GROUND
RIVINGTON Pike Festival: HOT WATER
STOKE Sammi Belles: STEVE ANDREWS
YEOVIL Duke of York: JUGGERNAUT

Monday

ABERDEEN Ruffles: J.A.L.N. BAND
ABERGENNY Royal Hotel: HOT STUFF
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: LEARGO
BRADFORD Tiffany's: OLD GOLD ROAD SHOW
BRISTOL Stonehouse: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BURY Crystals: WHITEFIRE
EDINBURGH Rock Festival: JAPAN/THE SKIDS
EXETER Rotes: DEAD FINGERS TALK
FARNBORO Tumbldeown Dick: THE VAPOURS
GLASGOW Amphora: PANACHE
GLASCOW Dial Inn: DEAD SKUNK BAND
GLASGOW Doune Castle: UNDERHAND JONES
GUILDFORD The Junction: AUTOGRAPHS
HULL Tiffany's: PENETRATION
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: SHOOTS
LEEDS Victoria Hotel: THE ACCELERATORS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: THE MIRRORS
LIVERPOOL Wookey Hollow: SPOOKEY
LONDON Camden Music Machine: TRIBESMAN
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: CHINA STREET/THE HEAT
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SCENE STEALER / WARM GUN / STAR GAZER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: CHINA STREET
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: DOLL BY DOLL

■ *Continues page 35*

Ms. King: And well she may smile

EVELYN "CHAMPAGNE" KING
Smooth Talk (RCA)

TO TYPECAST Evelyn "Champagne" King as just another pert disco queen would be to grossly underestimate her prowess as a performer. Such are the restrictions imposed upon an artist by the present disco formula (dilute to taste) that few possess the ability to rise above the often dubious quality of material and gimmick-pocked production.

But at 17 Ms King's already a full-fledged heartbreaker, a most accomplished singer who has both evolved a highly distinctive recording personality and, guided by her astute producer (T. Life), come equipped with the knowledge of how best to utilise her talents. The 12" cut of "Shame" (included here) has firmly established itself as this year's dance stakes yardstick, whilst this album confirms that she isn't a one song wonder. She's out there playing to win.

But much of the success of this remarkable set must be attributed to the team of musicians, composers and arrangers who have evidently been inspired by the singer's natural charm and ability; their commitment extends far beyond that of a straight session fee. From start ("Smooth Talk") to finish ("The Show Is Over"), the album's propelled by a drummer (Scott Miller) who has the strength to drive a big studio band in a manner seldom heard these days and a wailin' saxist (Don Renaldo) whose heartfelt interjections are just as crucial to the album's success as the singer's.

This ain't disco genocide, but a bona fide 1978 soul album completely devoid of irritating disco-cliches. As a singer, Ms. King possesses much of the youthful qualities that were evident in the seminal recordings of the late Frankie Lymon and Little Stevie Wonder. Indeed, she handles her subject matter with an empathy that belies her tender years. Whereas someone like Millie Jackson is guarded in her world weary re-enactment of emotional betrayal and resulting disillusionment, Ms. King concerns herself with attempting to side-step the emotional pitfalls of her adolescence. No blues wailin' for this little lady.

No doubt about it, this album establishes Evelyn "Champagne" King as a major recording talent and if both she and her team can retain the irrepressible vigour contained on this collection, then her immediate future is secured.

Roy Carr

LA DUSSELDORF
La Dusseldorf (Radar)

THIS IS from 1975. La Dusseldorf don't play together much and apparently never gig, but a 1978 La D has, I hear, been recorded and Radar should be releasing it sometime soon.

Meanwhile this version of the group comprise bits and pieces of the dear departed Neu and old, muter Kraftwerk. As you may know, Dusseldorf is the city Kraftwerk use as base. La D themselves are Klaus Dinger (guitar. vocals), Thomas Dinger (percussion, vocals) and Hans Lampe (percussion, electronics) with occasional additions in Nikolaus Van Rhein (keyboards, synthesisers) and Harald Konietzko (bass).

La D are not an electronics-dominated showroom and, although the album might warrant some criticism for a certain complacence when definitions slipstream into laissez-faire 'free' playing, this is for the most part a lovely, essential meander — not an album which punches its octaves at you.

Side one airs their environment fixation. Dusseldorf might well be a wonderful city, for all it sounds. "Dusseldorf" is a 13 minute image stream similar to, but more electric than, Weather Report's "Jungle Book" off "Mysterious Traveller".

Side two's "Silver Cloud" exemplifies the approach: constant but human time-push and snap (more elevator to Kraftwerk's assembly line), and very cyclic. "Time" is lacey, majestic but mocking itself.

The sights here are on imagination and question.

Ian Penman

IMPORTS

MARSHALL CHAPMAN is a Telecaster-armed, no-nonsense female rocker from Nashville.

Her producer is neither Chet Atkins, Allan Reynolds nor any of that ilk but rather Al Kooper of literary lunch and other fame. She employs none of the usual area code brigade but works with her own hard-scuffling outfit — and she makes albums like "Jaded Virgin" (Epic), full of music that'd have Dingwall's shakin' like Pompeii circa 79 AD.

She has country roots, of course, but Marshall Chapman's views of everyday country life are hardly likely to win her a spot at the Wembley Festival. In a "A Thank You Note", she avers that had Hank Williams lived, he'd be playing in a New York rock and roll bar today, while in her autobiographical "Why Can't I Be Like Other Girls" she expresses her boredom of the fare she was forced to provide in her early Nashville club days when she was receiving such offers as "Say little Miss, sing one by Kris and I'll help you make it through the night." A rocker in the wrong Tennessee town — in Memphis she'd be a natural — Marshall Chapman is someone to get excited about. Believe me.

Fungus, a fine little folk-rock band from Holland, now have their fourth album in the racks. Titled "Mushrooms" (Negram), the LP contains a heavy chunk of traditional material — "Brisk Young Widow", "Came Ye O Fre France", etc. — plus a version of Richard Thompson's "Down Where The Drunkards Roll" and a number titled "Rolling Down The Street" penned by Sido Martens, the giant Frieslander who formed part of Fungus' initial line-up.

Moon Marin's "Shots From A Cold Nightmare" (Capitol) would appear to have possibilities — for the back-up squad includes Willie Alexander, bassist Gary Valentine from Blondie and Phil Seymour, drummer with Dwight Twilley.

Meanwhile, the London label — which appears to be heading for the exit in this country — is still going strong in the States, where several more items in the Collectors' Edition series have just surfaced. These include **David Bowie's** "Starting Point", **Cat Stevens'** "Cat's Cradle", **John Mayall's** "The Bluesbreakers — With Eric Clapton", **Ten Years After's** "Greatest Hits", "The Best Of **Caravan"** and "Rock Invasion 1959-1969", a compilation job formed by such tracks as **Rod Stewart's** "Good Morning, Little Schoolgirl", **Graham Bond's** "Long Tall Shorty", **Los Bravos'** "Black Is Black", **Joe Cocker's** "I'll Cry Instead" and other cobwebbed goodies.

But not all London's latest release list falls into the "remember when" category, for also around now is "Savage Return" on which Kim Simmonds lines up alongside Ian Ellis (vocals and bass) and Tom Farnell (drums). Recorded at Rockfield, the producer for this one was John Lange, who currently has two chart entries with his Boomtown Rats and City Boy singles. Can he single-handed revive the fortunes of **Savoy Brown** and keep the blues-band flag flying? Will the intrepid Simmons fight off the aggressive Foghat and clear the family name? For further news on this and other stories read next week's enthralling instalment of Imports.

Fred Dellar

GIG GUIDE

■ From page 33

LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: SORE THROAT
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: STAA MARX
LONDON OLD BROMPTON ROAD Troubadour: RICHARD McAIN
LONDON OLD KENT ROAD Thomas A'Beckett: STAN'S BLUES BAND
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Stoke Newington Pegasus: FISHER Z
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SCREWDRIVER
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel Moonlight: MEMBER/MAGNETS
NEWCASTLE Cooperage: FAMOUS FIVE
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
PORT TALBOT Troubadour: TONY McPHEE & TERRAPLANE
READING Hexagon: HAZZARD
ST ALBANS Horn Of Plenty: JOKER
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: CO-CO
SWANSEA Circles: ADAM & THE ANTS
ULLAPOOL Community Centre: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
WARRINTON Carlton Club: JAB JAB
WOLVERHAMPTON Queen's Hotel: ATLAS

Tuesday

ANGLESEY Plas Coch: HOT WATER
BIRMINGHAM Barel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BLIDWORTH Astor Club: THE TURBINES
BRADFORD Thornton Club: JAB JAB
BRIGHTON Alhambra: EL SEVEN
BRIGHTON Richmond Hotel: DOUBLE XPOSURE
CARDIFF Great Western Hotel: HOT STUFF
CHESTER Smarties: AGNES STRANGE
DUNFERMLINE Kinema: THE REZILLOS
DURHAM Easington Working Men's Club: WHITEFIRE
ELSMERE PORT Bulls Head: BANDANNA
EPSOM Adriano's: EX-DIRECTORY
FLEET, Crookham Road Fox & Hounds: MRS SPINKS
GLASGOW Amphors: CHICO
GLASGOW Doune Castle: SHADES
GLASGOW Queens Park Open Air Bandstand: UNDERHAND JONES
HARRIS Tarbert Community Centre: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: THE VOID
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Unicorn Club: LEFT HAND DRIVE
LIVERPOOL Wookey Hollow: SPOOKEY
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: STAGGER
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: PACIFIC EARDRUM
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: HOT RUMOUR / LIVE WIRE
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: JOKER
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: SPRING OFFENSIVE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Moonlight: AUTOGRAPHS/PASSIONS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: FIRST AID
NEWCASTLE Cooperage: DEEP FREEZE
NEWCASTLE Gosforth Hotel: THIRD EDITION
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: SCREWDRIVER / BITCH
PENZANCE The Garden: DEAD FINGERS TALK
SCARBOROUGH Tiffany's: OLD GOLD ROAD SHOW
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: ZHAIN
ST.ATHAM R.A.F. Station: J.A.L.N. BAND

Wednesday

ABERDEEN Ruffles: THE REZILLOS
BARNET Duke of Lancaster: SPRING OFFENSIVE
BELFAST The Pound: THE LURKERS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: BILBO
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM New Talbot: SPECIAL CLINIC
BIRMINGHAM The Sherwood: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM YARDLEY Bulls Head: ROSES
BOLTON Little Theatre: BROWNSVILLE BAND/BERNARD WRIGLEY
CANTERBURY Millers: RIGHT HAND BAND
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: ROADSTERS
EXETER Routes: ALAN HODGE BAND
GLASGOW Amphora: FEEDBACK
GLASGOW Doune Castle: THE BEARS
GREENOCK Victorian Carriage: UNDERHAND JONES
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: THE EDDY
LEWIS Town Hall Stowaway: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
LIVERPOOL Wookey Hollow: SPOOKEY
LOFTUS Social Club: AGNES STRANGE
LONDON ACTON White Hart: CHELSEA
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: FRANKIE MILLER
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: O.K.
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: PACIFIC EARDRUM
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MICHAEL CHAPMAN
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: TEN BISHOPS
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: EX-DIRECTORY
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DIANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: MONOS
LONDON Wimbledon FC Nelson's Club: LEE KOSMIN'S LOOSE SHOES
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: FIRST AID
LONDON W14 The Kensington: SWIFT
MANSFIELD Shirebrook Great Northern: WITCHFYNDE
NEWCASTLE The Bridge: TIME FLIES
NORWICH Toppers: HOT STUFF
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SOME CHICKEN
NOTTINGHAM Town Arms: THE TURBINES
OXFORD Oranges & Lemons: N.W.10
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: DEAD FINGERS TALK
READING Target: DOUBLE EXPOSURE
SHEFFIELD Tiffany's: OLD GOLD ROAD SHOW
SKEGNESS Festival Pavilion: GUYS 'N' DOLLS
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
SUNERLAND Boilermakers Club: WHITEFIRE
STOKE Sammi Belles: KENNY STEVENS
TOROUAY Town Hall: THE PIRATES

THE ONE AND ONLY COLOUR ROCK MAGAZINE

Rock On!
THE DEEP PURPLE STORY
40 PAGES
FLOYD: NOW FALLING APART?
NATIONWIDE BEST GIG MAP (THE BANDS' CHOICE)
3 ALBUM COMPS
AEROSMITH/ STRANGLERS/ UFO/JAM/ GUITAR GODS
GELDOF- STILL JUST A DIRTY RAT?

SEPTEMBER ISSUE OUT NOW 25p

BRIAN B'S LIVE PAGE

FOR INFO ON HOW TO ADVERTISE ON THE LIVE PAGE PHONE BRIAN ON 01 261 6153

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thur 17th August (Adm. 85p)
THE BOYFRIENDS
Plus friends & Ian Fleming

Fri 18th August (Adm. £1)
RAMROD
(Featuring ex. Salt & ex. Rory Gallagher Band)
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Sat 19th—Wed 23rd August
Marquee Special Concerts
ULTRAVOX
Plus D.J.s
Advance tickets to members £1.25
Non-Members at the door £1.50

Thur 24th August (Adm. £1.25)
BETHNAL
Plus guests & Ian Fleming

Friday 25th August
Special guest appearance
THE MOTORS
Plus guests & Loe Lang
Advance tickets to members £1.40
Non-Members at the door £1.60

Saturday 26th August (Adm. 75p)
SCARECROW
Plus support & Joe Lang

Sunday 27th August
CLOSED—GONE TO READING FESTIVAL

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

READING FESTIVAL
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS ★ at the Lyceum

PENETRATION

with special guests
The Fall
Ed Banger and His Group Therapy
+ **Punishment of Luxury**
Sunday 20th August £2 in advance £2.25 on door
Doors open 7.15 p.m.

Tickets available from the Box Office, Lyceum Ballroom, The Strand, W.C.2 01-836 3715. The Harvey Goldsmith Box Office Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, London W1 01-629 3453 (20p Booking fee)

REGULAR MUSIC
PRESENT

EDINBURGH ROCK FESTIVAL

Friday August 18th £2.00
SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES at Clouds
Monday August 21st £1.50
JAPAN + The Skids at Tiffany's
Friday August 25th £1.50
THE REZILLOS + The Mekons at Clouds
Monday August 28th £1.50
MERGER + The Monos at Tiffanys
Wednesday August 30th £3.50, £3.00 or £2.50
PATTI SMITH at the Odeon
Friday September 1st £2.00
SHAM 69 + The Valves at Clouds
Monday September 4th £1.75
THE LOVE IN, Nik Turners Sphynx + Tanz Der Youth at Tiffanys

Tickets available from leading Edinburgh record shops or by post from Fringe Office, High St., Edinburgh, cheques, postal orders, payable to Fringe, except for Patti Smith gig, for which tickets are available from Odeon.

THE RED COW
HAMMERSMITH ROAD. W.6.

Thursday August 17th, Friday August 18th £1
JAB JAB
Saturday August 19th, Sunday August 20th 75p
THE BOYFRIENDS
Monday August 21st 75p
DOLL BY DOLL
Wednesday August 23rd £1
THE BISHOPS
Thursday August 24th £1
90° INCLUSIVE

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday August 17th 75p
DEAD FINGERS TALK
+ Interview
Friday August 18th, Saturday August 19th £1
RACING CARS
Sunday August 20th £1
THE RECORDS
+ Rebel
Monday August 21st £1
SORE THROAT
+ Destroyerz
Tuesday August 22nd £1
RAMROD
+ Hi-Fi
Wednesday August 23rd 75p
PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

MUSIC MACHINE

Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight.
CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE. N.W.1

Wednesday August 16th £1
ADVERTISING
+ The Vapours
Free admission for one with this ad before 10.30 pm

Thursday August 17th £1.80
THE REZILLOS
+ The Human League

Firday August 18th £2
NO DICE
+ Joker

Saturday August 19th £2
NUTZ
+ China Street

Monday August 21st £1
TRIBESMEN
+ Interlektuals
Free admission for one with this ad before 10.30pm

Tuesday August 22nd £1
AUTOGRAPHS
+ The Actors
Free admission for one with this ad before 10.30pm

Wednesday August 23rd £1
Small Wonder Records Night featuring
PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
+ Patrik Fitzgerald
+ Leyton Buzzards

Friday Sepember 8th
Only London appearance of
CITY BOY

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS ★ at the Lyceum

Country Joe MacDonald + Meal Ticket

Sunday 27th August

Tickets £2.00 in advance, £2.25 at door
Doors open 7.15pm

Tickets available from the Box Office, Lyceum Ballroom, The Strand, W.C.2 01-836 3715. The Harvey Goldsmith Box Office Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, London W1 01-629 3453 (20p Booking fee)

JUST ANOTHER MUZIK-BIZ SHATTERIN' FREE TOUR

WITH HERE 3RD NOW

AUGUST DATES
★ 19 · COLCHESTER · ESSEX UNI ·
★ 20 · MANCHESTER · SALFORD UNI ·
21 · OLDHAM · TOWER CLUB · with the FALL
22 · LIVERPOOL · PICKWICK CLUB with the FALL
★ 23 · STOKE · KEELE UNI ·
24 · STROUD · MARSHALL ROOMS
★ 25 · DEVIZES · CORN EXCHANGE
26 · BIRMINGHAM · SMALLHEATH PARK
★ 27 · NORWICH · UNI · (THE BARN) (PHONE FOR DETAILS)
★ 28 · HIGH WYCOMBE · NAGS HEAD
★ 29 · LONDON · COLL · PRINTING · ELEPHANT + CASTLE
★ 30 · BRIGHTON · UNI · SUSSEX
31 · WATFORD · CAREY CLUB

AND ALTERNATIVE T.V. at all gigs with ★

LIVE ALBUM · "WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU ARE" BY A.T.V. / HERE · NOW · ON SALE AT GIGS · PRICE £1 · OR MAIL ORDER £1.50 · GRANT SHOWBIZ · 47 · STONELEIGH ST. LONDON W.11.

THE PORTERHOUSE

20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts. Tel. 704981

Friday August 18th
ADVERTISING
Saturday August 19th
NIGHTMARE

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday August 17th 75p
THE EDGE
Friday August 18th 75p
SOULYARD
Saturday August 19th £1
THE INMATES
Sunday August 20th 75p
GENTRY
Monday August 21st 75p
JUICE ON THE LOOSE
TUESDAY August 22nd 60p
HANK WANGFORD BAND
Wednesday August 23rd
Thursday August 24th £1
THE RECORDS

DINGWALLS

01-267 4967 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1

THURS 17
BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLE AXE
ONLY LONDON APPEARANCE ON CURRENT TOUR.
WED 23
FRANKIE MILLER
ALL BOOZE IS ½ PRICE PRIOR TO 10p.m.
8pm-2am · Live Music · Licensed Bar · Disco · Restaurant

FREEDOM FESTIVAL HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

August 20th '78 6.30p.m.-9.30p.m.
STARRING
LULU
with Capital Radio D.J.
MIKE ALLEN and DISCO
plus ***OTHER ATTRACTIONS***
TICKETS £2.00 at the door or in advance
from Harvey Thomas Tel: 01-889 6466
Sponsored by the National Young Conservatives

Uprooting Trees with

THE SATELLITES

+Special guests Misty
At the
White Hart, Acton, W.3
Tuesday, August 22nd
Admission 85p
See Syd Pubo and his wobbly fish

A.J.'S CLUB

High Street, Lincoln.

Thursday August 17th THE NEXT BAND
Friday August 18th CIGARETTES
Saturday August 19th Accidents on East Lancs

PEPPERS

Town Hall
High Wycombe

Friday August 18th 7.30pm
THE REZILLOS
PATRIK FITZGERALD
The Vents
Tickets £1.50 in advance from Venus Records, Octagon Parade, High Wycombe, Scorpion Records, Oxford Road, H.W., Chiltern Sounds Marlow or £1.80 on door

. .And speaking of coincidences (*were we? — Ad. man.*) howsabout a name check "Here And Now" for Ruth of the Essex S.U. Bar. "I've got no excuse," says Brian B. —phone number 01 261 6153), but speaking of young ladies (we were? — Ad. man.) drop everything for a special welcome to Sunie, Platterstall Princess & Mail Order Maiden, who joins us this week.

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday August 17th — Free — **Speedometers**

Monday August 21st — Free — **Panties**

Friday August 18th and Saturday August 19th — 40p — **FILTHY McNASTY** with Chris Thompson & Stevie Lange

Tuesday August 22nd and Wednesday August 23rd — 40p — **PACIFIC EARDRUM**

Sunday August 20th — 40p — ***REMUS DOWN BOULEVARDE***

Thursday August 24th — Free — **Zaine Griff**

ATTENTION RESIDENT D.J.s
If you play Rock / New Wave Music and you'd like to be on our mailing list contact:
DAVE PHIMISTER
at UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS LTD.,
37/41 MORTIMER STREET,
LONDON W.1.
Tel: 01-636 1655

ilka promotions presents — AT THE CALIFORNIA BALLROOM, DUNSTABLE

Boogie on up with

ROKOTTO
+ T.C.O.J.

Saturday August 26th at 7.30 pm
admission £2.

TRAM SHED THEATRE
51 WOOLWICH NEW ROAD
LONDON S.E.18

FIRST AID
GIVE YOU THE TREATMENT!
TUESDAY AUGUST 22nd

SORE THROAT
1st Single
I DUNNO c/w
COMPLEX
Out now — Picture sleeve
Hubcap Records — Spin 1
Enquiries 0494 882242

FAMOUS MUSICIANS
Part 1b) ANDY PASK (basses) can be heard in Landscape on
AUG
Fri 18 W. H. Smith's, 10 New Fetter Lane, EC4 1pm
Sat 19 Alexandra Palace N22 1pm
Eve Sat 19 RIVERSIDE STUDIO, Crisp Rd, W6
Fri 25 Hampstead Town Hall, NW3 (+ Roger Ruskin Spear)
Sat 26 Red Cow W6
Th 31 Rock Garden
SEPT
Wed 6 Music Machine
and on tour in the autumn . . .
EVENT HORIZON 01 703 7677/870 2061

ROCHESTER CASTLE
145 STOKE NEWINGTON HIGH ST.
London N16

Wed Aug 16th — 50p — **PANIC**
Thur Aug 17th — £1 — **AUTOGRAPHS**
Fri Aug 18th — £1 — **PLEASERS**
Sat Aug 19th — £1 — **PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY**
Sun Aug 20th — £1 — **JAB JAB**
Mon Aug 21st — 50p — **SKREWDRIVER**
Tues Aug 22nd — 50p — **PANIC**

The Bombay Grab
Bow Rd., E.3
Friday August 18th

AIR ACES
+
COLD TURKEY
All band enquiries
A.Y.M. 01-986 7331

Small Wonder Presents

PATRIK FITZGERALD
&
PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
+ Leyton Buzzards
at the Music Machine. N.W.1
Wednesday August 23rd.

BOGNOR ROCK RULES O.K.

STAA MARX
WINDSOR CASTLE,
HARROW RD.,
Monday August 21st
Brian B's young nephew gets one of Mrs Aardvarks socks for his plucky attempt at last week's ad.

All copy for this section must arrive by 3.00 pm Friday prior to publication

Words (Barry Clarke) Words Words Words Words Words Words Words
CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS
Saturday August 19th — **NICKY HORNE'S ROADSHOW** + DODGERS
Saturday August 26th — **THE PIRATES** + Blazer Blazer
MARY JANE DISCO BAR FOOD
Advance tickets from Box Office, 37 Chequer Street, St Albans
Tel: 64511 or available on door
Sat Sept 23rd MOTORHEAD
Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words

THOMAS A BECKET
Old Kent Road, S.E.1

Wednesday August 16th — 30p — **AFTER THE FIRE**
Thursday August 17th — Free — **SOMETHING ELSE**
Monday August 21st — Free — **YOUNG BUCKS**
Tuesday August 22nd — Free — **SURPRISE GUESTS**
Wednesday August 23rd — 30p — **WARM JETS**
Thursday August 24th — Free — **SOUNDER**

LINDSEY ENTERTAINMENTS
01-407 1334

PEGASUS
109 GREEN LANES,
LONDON N.16.
01-226 5930.

Thursday August 17th — Free — **GALLERY**
Friday August 18th — 50p — **AUTOGRAPHS**
Saturday August 19th — 75p — **ROOGOLATOR**
Sunday August 20th — Ring for details
Monday August 21st — Free — **FISCHER Z**
Tuesday August 22nd — Free — **PEKOE ORANGE**
Wednesday August 23rd — Free — **MONOS**

LAST BASTION!
THE WHITE HART PUB
246 HIGH ST. ACTON

Wednesday August 23rd
CHELSEA
+ Steve Elgin
+ Flatbackers &
D.J. Jerry Floyd
Please come early. Doors open 8pm
Wed. 30th
Adam & the Ants
+ The Ruts + Satellites

SKINHEADS AGAINST THE NAZIS
BADGES 15p,
Leaflets free
Wanna write, draw, help with the Fanzine?
Contact Chris & Sharon, Skins Against Nazis, P.O. Box 151, London WC2.

WE RECOMMEND
FAME

EEL PIE ROCK CLUB
presents
Special Surprise Guests
+ HEROES
Thursday August 17th
at the
RED LION, High Street, Hounslow
Admission £1.25. Doors open 8 pm. Membership 15p
Enquiries: Ray Bland, Eel Pie Sound
Telephone Chertsey (09328) 63357

MEMBERS ONLY
Play the
SOUND OF THE SUBURBS
(in London)
Railway Hotel
(W. Hampstead)
Monday Aug 21st
Hope & Anchor
Tuesday Aug 29th
This is partly political broadcast on behalf of LLOYD AND MICH

EDUCATIONAL

Take a degree of fresh air

We are one of the biggest, most modern Colleges of Higher Education in the country. Our academic standards are second-to-none. Our campus facilities – residences, bars, sporting and social amenities – we think are the best. Simply ask one of our students. Accommodation is readily available in modern halls of residence. Our location in the beautiful Cheshire countryside is a tonic and stimulus in itself. So if you're finding out about Higher Education find out more about Crewe + Alsager.

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B.A. or B.A. with Honours (Combined Studies) Creative Arts (3 years).
Choose two from Dance, Music, Drama, Visual Arts, Creative Writing.

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Choose two from English, History, American Studies, French Studies, Religious Studies, Modern Studies.

B.A. Combined Studies (Sports Studies) (3 years)
A range of sports plus one from Biology, Physical Science and Psychology.

B.Ed or B.Ed with Honours (3 & 4 years)

B.Ed Youth & Community Studies (3 years)

HND Business Studies (3 years)

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Diploma of Higher Education (Full or Part-time)
Full-time 2 years – Part-time 3-6 years. Equivalent to the first two years of a degree. A wide range of options including Human Behavioural Studies and Development Studies. Don't forget a Dip H.E. can be used in all sorts of ways towards any one of a number of degrees. Most of our degree courses contain a Dip H.E. qualification, useful in its own right.

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In-Service Courses for Serving Teachers

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Special courses for Engineers and Craftsmen/women.

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How to find us

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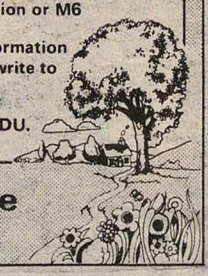
For our prospectus and other information on all our CNAA validated courses write to the Academic Office (Admissions), Crewe + Alsager College of Higher Education, Crewe, Cheshire, CW1 1DU.



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of Higher Education

SOUTHAMPTON COLLEGE OF HIGHER EDUCATION

LA SAINTE UNION COLLEGE OF HIGHER EDUCATION

2 'A' LEVELS?

graduate the alternative way . . .

The colleges jointly offer the following full-time courses for the Diploma in Higher Education and BA Degree

BA/Dip HE IN MODERN LANGUAGES AND EUROPEAN STUDIES

Dip HE IN MODERN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN STUDIES

Dip HE IN ENVIRONMENTAL PLANNING STUDIES

Courses commence in September 1978

For further details apply: Academic Registrar, Southampton College of Higher Education, East Park Terrace, Southampton SO9 4WW.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE COLLEGE OF ARTS AND TECHNOLOGY

DEGREE COURSES IN CAMBRIDGE

We are currently offering places in:

BSc JOINT HONOURS – a modular course offering choices from Biology, Chemistry, Geography, Geology.

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BA HONOURS GEOGRAPHY – with one ancillary subject chosen from Economics, Geology, History, Plant Biology, Sociology.

BA HONOURS MODERN HISTORY – topics include Russia and Europe in Revolution, the Film and War, the Making of Modern Britain.

BA HONOURS ENGLISH LITERATURE – medieval to modern periods

Other Advanced courses include:

HND Business Studies
HND Electrical and Electronic Engineering
College Diploma in Music
Linguist Secretarial Course
Personal Assistant's Course

Applications should be made direct to the College. Applications from mature students are welcomed.
For further details and application forms, please contact
The Information Officer, Room E97, Cambridgeshire College of Arts and Technology, Cambridge CB1 2AJ.
Telephone (0223) 63271 Ext. 143

Theory and Practice!
BSc (Hons) + CQSW

If you have 2 'A' levels or equivalent it is still not too late to apply for this new four year honours course in sociology, applied social studies, *and* a professional qualification in social work. During the last two years of the course students spend half their time in placements. For further details and an application form write to The Registrar, Bucks College of HE, Newland Park, Gorelands Lane, Chalfont St Giles, Bucks HP8 4AD (Tel Chalfont St Giles 4441).

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE COLLEGE OF HIGHER EDUCATION

WANT TO GET AWAY TO COLLEGE?

Study for a Modern Degree in a Modern College.

B.A. Combined Humanities on the theme of URBAN MAN AND SOCIETY: English and History, with choice from Geography, Government, Language Studies, and American Studies. A study of Film is featured in some courses.

B.Ed. degree for prospective Teachers: Art and Design, Education, English, Geography, History, Mathematics, Music, Physical Education, Religious Studies, Science.

If you have any two 'A' levels get in touch with The Academic Registrar, West Midlands College of Higher Education, Gorway, Walsall WS1 3BD. Phone 0922 29141.

After A levels - Middlesex Polytechnic

HERE ARE SOME OF OUR FULL-TIME COURSES WHICH CAN STILL ACCEPT STUDENTS WISHING TO START IN SEPTEMBER

BA Honours in Economics and Geography

Three years full-time – based at Hendon
An opportunity to study two social science disciplines in depth, leading to a wide range of career paths.

BA and BSc Honours in Geography

Three years full-time – based at Hendon
Single subject honours courses providing a thorough and comprehensive grounding in geography as an academic discipline.

BA and BA Honours in Social Science

Four years sandwich – based at Enfield
An opportunity to specialise in one of the social sciences while at the same time acquiring an understanding of their interrelated nature.

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- **BA and BA Honours in Humanities**
  Three years full-time – based at Hendon or Enfield
- **BA Honours in Modern English Studies**
  Three years full-time – based at Hendon

BSc and BSc Honours in Society and Technology

Four years sandwich — based at Trent Park, Cockfosters
An exciting course that looks beyond the environmental crisis to solutions that merge the natural and social sciences.

Engineering

- **BSc Honours in Electronic Engineering**
- **BSc and BSc Honours in Engineering**
- **BSc Honours in Mechanical Engineering**
  Four years sandwich – based at Bounds Green and Enfield
- **BSc and BSc Honours in Civil Engineering**
  Three years full-time or four years sandwich – based at Enfield
- **HND in Mechanical Engineering**
- **HND in Electrical and Electronic Engineering.**
  Three years sandwich – based at Hendon or Bounds Green
- **HND in Applied Physics**
  Two years full-time – based at Hendon

BSc and BSc Honours in Mathematics for Business

Four years sandwich – based at Enfield
An innovative course that reflects the increasing application of mathematical methods to the solving of business and organisational problems.

Business Studies

- **BA and BA Honours in Business Studies**
- **BA Honours in Accounting and Finance**
  Four years sandwich – based at Enfield or Hendon
- **HND in Business Studies**
  Three years sandwich – based at Hendon

BEd and BEd Honours

Two years full-time or three to five years part time — based at Trent Park, Cockfosters
Leading to qualified teacher status, this course offers a wide range of choice in elective subjects, freedom and flexibility for students to build their own study programmes, extensive facilities particularly in the visual and expressive arts, the opportunity to follow primary teaching as a study in its own right, and gradual initiation into full-time teaching responsibilities.
A new option in Religious Studies starts in the autumn

Diploma of Higher Education

Two years full-time or three to five years part time — based at Trent Park, Cockfosters
The Diploma of Higher Education (DipHE) is a new concept in higher education. It is a course which is equivalent to the first two years of a degree programme, but which allows students to choose from a wide range of studies and to tailor the course to their own needs and interests.

The DipHE caters for a wide range of people whose needs are not met by existing courses, including mature students who do not have the standard entry requirements for a degree, but who can profit from degree level work.

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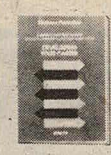

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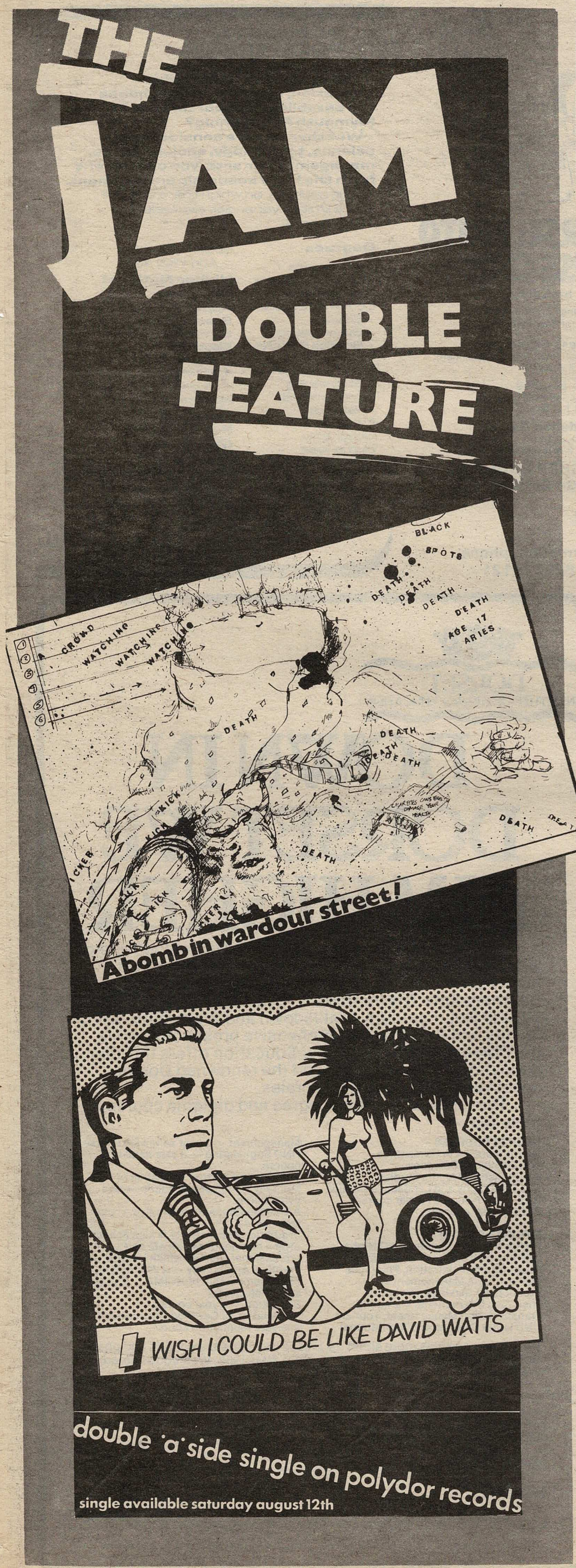
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B-52's

CBGB's, MAX'S KANSAS CITY

THE TERM B-52 doesn't refer to the American bomber plane, as you might think, but rather to the Southern slang term for a kind of piled-up-high bouffant hairdo popular in middle-America.

This name reflects the image of the band: a tacky small-town thrift shop look taken to hilarious extremes. On one level, the B-52's, who hail from the college town of Athens, Georgia, are a great joke about Americana and mid-60's pop styles. But they also are making music that is fresher and more exciting than almost anything else being heard currently on the New York club circuit, as their recent series of gigs here showed.

Fred Schneider, lead vocalist, wears a yellow-with-blue-polka dots shirt, and dances around the stage doing the Frug, the Jerk, the Shimmy, and lots of other great dances that haven't been seen in 13 years.

Sometimes joining him in dancing are Cindy Wilson, vocals and conga drums, and Kate Pierson, vocals and organ.

Cindy sometimes wears a beehive hairdo wig that makes her look like she just stepped out of a supermarket in someplace like Iowa. Kate sometimes wears a silver powdered Marie Antionette wig.

Ricky Wilson, guitar, looks like an angelic Duane Eddy. Keith Strickland, drums, wears a visor over his eyes and looks like he's playing poker. There is no bass player.

If all this sounds a bit wacky to you, you're right. The B-52's are the most "off-the-wall" band seen around here since the last time Devo passed through, and these down-home Southerners may even have the boys from Akron beat in the craziness department.

But they are not just a joke. Just as the B-52's pull their 60's cloths from odd thrift shops, they pull their musical inspiration from their memories of the best of 60's pop music, the kind of music that would come on the radio and make you feel that you just had to dance.

The B-52's songs have that same danceable beat. They add to this a quirkyness that is comparable to the strangeness of Devo's interpretation of "Satisfaction", although in a different style. The beat is there, a constant, but the rhythms stop and start, come and go in an intricate pattern.

With no bass player, guitarist Wilson and drummer Strickland must act as their own rhythm section, and instrumentally they are the backbone of the band. Wilson faces the audience during pauses, then turns to the side, as if he were shy, to deliver power chords that explode in staccato bursts of pure rhythm.

Strickland backs him up with unwavering energy.

The real beauty part of this band's music, though, are the expert harmonies and vocal trade offs between the three vocalists. Fred, Cindy and Kate exchange lead and backing vocal parts with incredible precision, the time changes punctuated by organ fills and blasts from Ricky Wilson's guitar.

The songs are would-be-normal pop songs that always contain a weird twist. One of the best is "Devil In My Car", which is about riding around in a car listening to gospel music and preaching, a distinctly Southern experience. While they listen, the teenagers in the car are being spirited away by a rock-and-roll devil, they know not where.

"Rock Lobster" is an odd song about finding a rock on a beach, *"But it wasn't a rock/It was a rock lobster."* "Lava" is a straight-ahead rocker, while "Strobe Light" pulsates just like one.

They also do a great cover of Petula Clark's "Downtown", taking a perfect piece of 60's puffery, speeding it up, adding more rock and roll to it, and making it totally their own.

The B-52's are taking the infectious feeling of 60's pop and reinterpreting it through a 70's sensibility, adding the distance and the overall strangeness needed to make their music thoroughly modern.

The effect is to put them beyond any sort of new wave/power pop classification. They are post-everything, and way ahead of the pack in terms of being visually and musically funny, engaging and original. Their one problem now is that their sets are too short. More time to write songs should remedy that, and I believe we'll be hearing more from this band soon.

Paul Flatte

B-52s CINDY WILSON 'n' KATE PIERSON. Pic: ADRIAN BOOT.

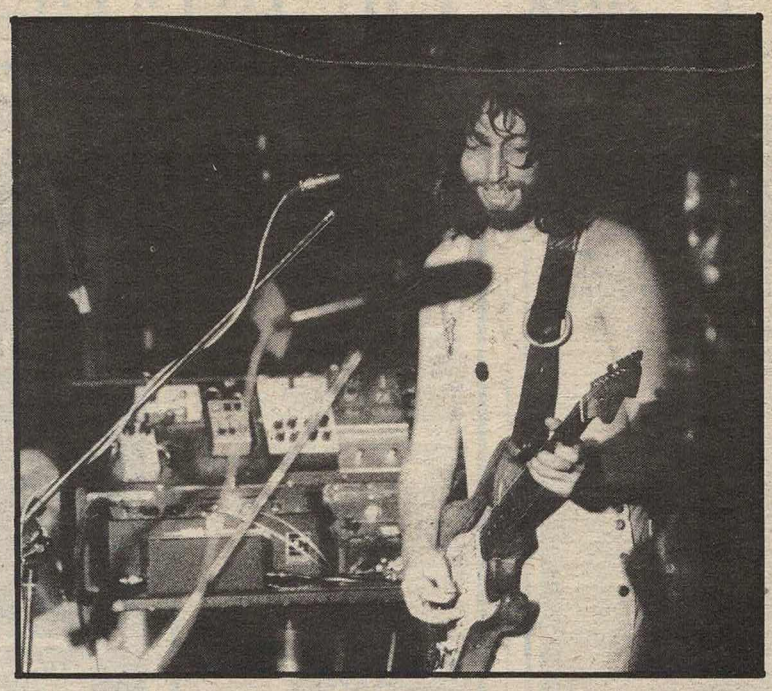
TWO GEORGIA PEACHES AND A BUNCH OF REAL NUTS?

The Frug, maybe? Or the Jerk? Pic: ADRIAN BOOT.

THE TOWN

Steve Hillage

MARQUEE, LONDON



STEVE HILLAGE: "Boy, am I looking forward to that turnip sandwich . . ." Pic by GERRY FEENY

STEVE HILLAGE writes songs about Om Vibrations, pyramid power, UFOs, auras, Devas and vibes, occasionally incorporating alpha brain rhythms of 10.25 cycles per second. Some folk find this conducive to visions of a Space Atlantis.

Personally, despite trying to ignore the man's ability to commune with cauliflowers, his incredibly dire and directionless music leaves me totally speechless. To add to this, the sweltering heat of The Marquee didn't make it too easy on anyone, least of all Hillage, who was manfully trying to "concentrate a whole lot of energy on tape." The marathon set was wrecked by tedious re-tuning breaks, an intermission for the band to cool down, and eventually cut short by the drummer collapsing in the dressing-room. (Judging by the steaming gaggles of asphyxiated bodies at the end, he seemed to be in good company).

Hillage was backed by his third touring band since his departure from Gong three years ago. They clearly divide into the space section — Miquette Giraudy (synthesisers and saucerisers) and Christian Boule (guitar) — and the all-black funk rhythm section of Andy Anderson (drums), the excellent John McKenzie on bass. He attempts the funk / space fusion with his expansive and tenuously rhythmic guitar solos, but to very little avail. "Salmon Song" and "Palm Trees" gave him ample opportunity to overload his echo box with antique riffs, offset by cosmic squiggles from the Giraudy flight console, all of which seemed completely oblivious of the backing. To add insult to injury, a couple of oldies were chucked in — The Beatles' "Getting Better", and "Hurdy Gurdy Man" — only to be systematically crucified by funk rhythms and yet more obsessive rampages on the Hillage fretboard.

Next came the inevitable onslaught of "Om Rock", in the form of "Unidentified (Flying Being)" and "The Glorious Om Riff" (not an adjective I'd readily subscribe to). Mercilessly dull, and featuring some abysmally wimpy and fanciful lyrics, all they established was that, basically, funk music and space effects seem to cancel each other out.

I left as Steve was explaining that it had all been "quite a strange experience" for him. You too, eh? And as regards the band, it's a basic ecological concept that by recycling waste products, they can be put to a new, and more constructive, use.

Mark Ellen

BILLY IDOL: "Make mine a Hero — like, say, Billy Fury . . ." Pic by CHRIS HORLER

Generation X

SHEFFIELD LIMIT CLUB

FIRST OFF, a tip of the titfer to both Generation X and the Limit Club for arranging to start before 10.30 — after all, it's obvious that, given the paltry number of gigs the band are doing at present, a sizeable chunk of the audience will be out-of-towners with last trains to catch. (Would that such considerations were borne in mind more often . . .)

Besides which, the direction the Generation X Marketing Machine seems to be aimed in suggests their "perfect audience" would be a glutinous mass of barely-pubescent Jailbait. Which, I suppose, is a better reason than most for attending a gig.

I mean, that *face* has been custom-built for pin-ups: no real threat, no real fire, and imbued with the possibility that its owner may yet accept suburban salvation from this nasty punk music if Miss Right comes along; very Cliff Richard, very Expresso Bongo.

Generation X's main fault, in fact, is their music. You can bet your life that if Robert Stigwood were in the driver's seat, he'd know *exactly* what to do with 'em! As things are, GenX are a curious hybrid of pretty faces playing slightly above-average punky stuff which does little more than take you "just far enough so's you can say you've been there", to quote Dylan. To compare them with, say, the Pistols is like comparing an embroidered pillowcase with the Bayeux Tapestry.

Watching them go into "Ready Steady Go", I can't help thinking of toys with the enamel barely dry, that just-out-of-the-box squinky clean shine of newly-opened Christmas presents. It's an image which persists, mutating via pop-up books to the firm conviction, at the end, that Generation X are animated Action Men, Bionic Band dolls strutting their stereotype stuff.

Their complete lack of musical identity doesn't help matters much — jacks of few trades, masters of none, from the poppy punk of "From The Heart" (Ha!) to the clumsy Anglo-Springsteen conversion of "Paradise W.1." (which only serves to highlight their failure to grasp that sense of dynamics that is Springsteen's greatest gift). What they *do* have going for them is a powerful P.A., and a rhythm section which at times suggests it may know what to do with all that power.

Other than that, there's very little of distinction. All four make *almost* the right noises in *almost* the right places, but there's no way you'll persuade me this is the stuff classic — or even just *good* — rock'n'roll's made of (though doubtless a good few hundred punters here tonight would like to try). It *pretends* too much, it doesn't ring true.

In fact, it's all quite depressing.

For *this* I passed up fifteen-foot spiders?

Andy Gill

Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders

MARQUEE, LONDON

THIS IS HEAT treatment: a hot Marquee on a humid August night with a blazing R/B band cranking up the oven dial with every number.

The heat smothers you as you go past the pay-desk, and you might just as well pour the lager you're tipping down your throat over your head, because it's streaming out as perspiration within five minutes. But when Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders are onstage playing the second of two sell-out nights, you *expect* nothing less than a sauna.

If you have any idea of what the mid-60s were about, with bands like the original Animals and The Spencer Davis Group, then you're halfway to appreciating Solid Senders. And it's appropriate the spirit of those days should be recreated a dozen years later in the same sweat-den that still hasn't heard of air conditioning.

Pudding-basin haircut, psychotic eyes and his jaw jutting parallel with his guitar neck, Wilko is nonetheless a '7os artist whose personal style has transcended his own musical influences to become the blueprint for a new generation. Surly and cynical, his attitude injects the music with an aggression that demands you participate or get the hell out of it. Eric Burdon and Roger Chapman had the same qualities, but they never compounded them by holding a guitar.

Wilko does — and for once the machine-gun analogy holds true as he spends a round, quickly reloads, and racks song after song with the incessant metallic rhythmic chords. Dylan's "Highway 61 Revisited" gets this treatment particularly; the nagging riff giving it even more power.

R&B with the Solid Senders is far from redundant. It's an area of British rock that was only too briefly explored in the '60s because most bands, with the exception of the Stones, accidentally stumbled across a pop form that was more profitable (commercially at least) to exploit.

Earlier this decade the artistic lines were again gathered up by Dr Feelgood, and more recently Parker & The Rumour and The Pirates. As the former leader of the good Dr, it seems only fitting Wilko should continue his studies.

Like all those greasy Teds who three years ago were groping around in the back-catalogues and discovered rockabilly, Wilko's found something as worthwhile in his card-index: ideas for some '78 songs, not least of all "Dr Dupree" and "Walking On The Edge".

Juxtapose his pieces with the likes of "Boom Boom", "Hoochie Coochie" and "Slipping And Sliding", and you're listening to one of the finest club acts in Britain who leave scorch marks on the stage. But it all works from such a simple format of guitar, drums, bass and piano.

The talent, of course, is there: Steve Lewins' bass figures run up and down ladders, and drummer Alan Platt crashes into the back of Wilko's rhythms with the force of an engine shunting carriages. Even Southend pianist John Denton, replacing John Potter, instinctively picks up the songs, and it's only during "Paradise", an R&B pogo, that he looks particularly perplexed. But then who wouldn't?

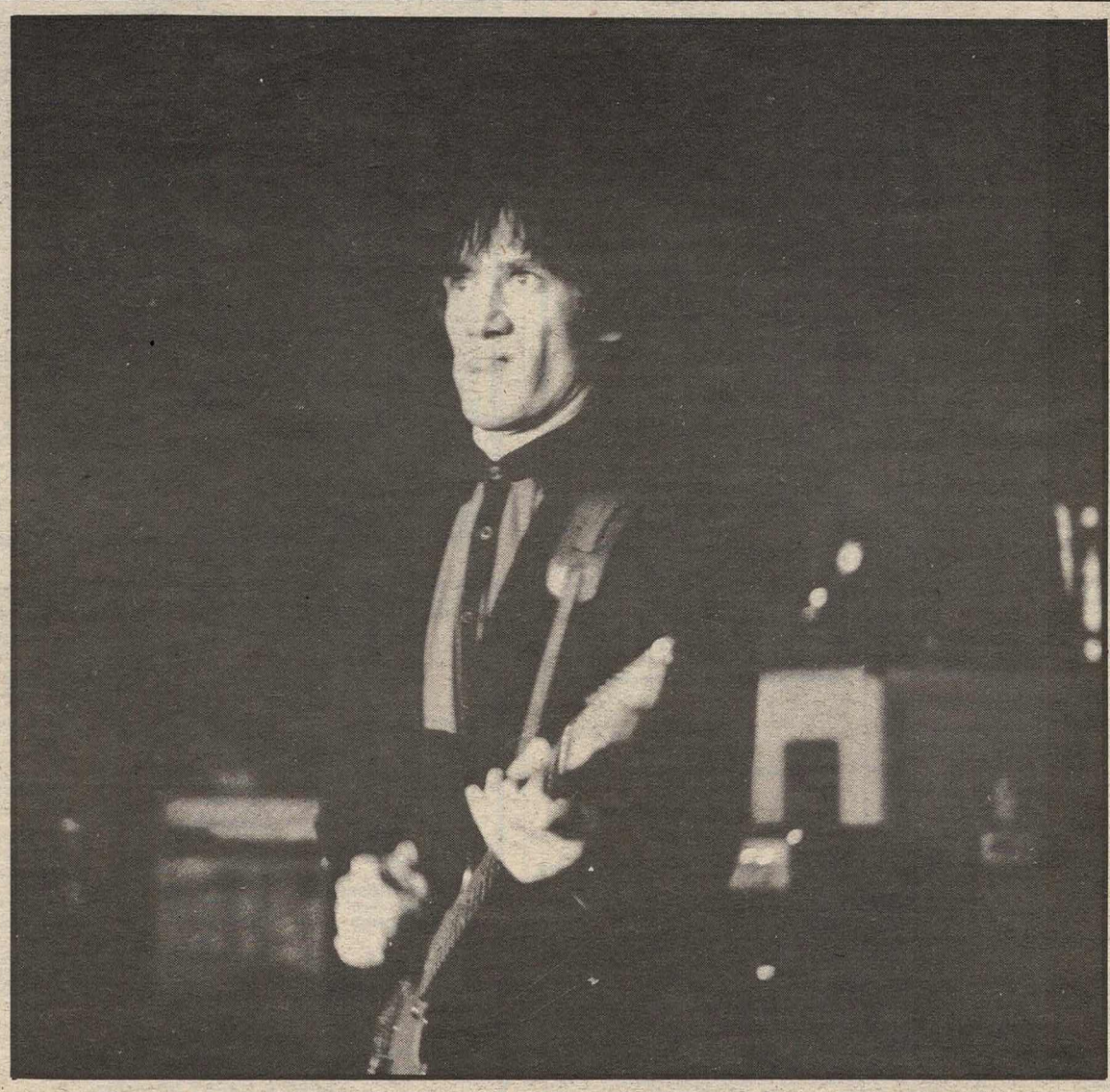
Occasionally, between the aggressive enthusiasm and musical accomplishment, there are some awkward open spaces. Lewins' vocal on "You're In My Way" is dull, and "Signboard" is an ordinary song. At times even Wilko's snarl is lost behind the band's instrumental ferocity.

But it doesn't stop them swinging into a tremendous climax, with "Blazing Fountains" — which owes a lot to Chuck's "Johnny B Goode" — and two encores.

And what with the heat in the audience and from the stage, with Wilko leaping through the air, his mouth agape and driving the riffs down hard, you're left drenched with sweat and excitement.

About then you evaporate.

Tony Stewart



WILKO: "Just take off its horns and wipe its ass . . ." Pic by DAVIES-FILIPIAK

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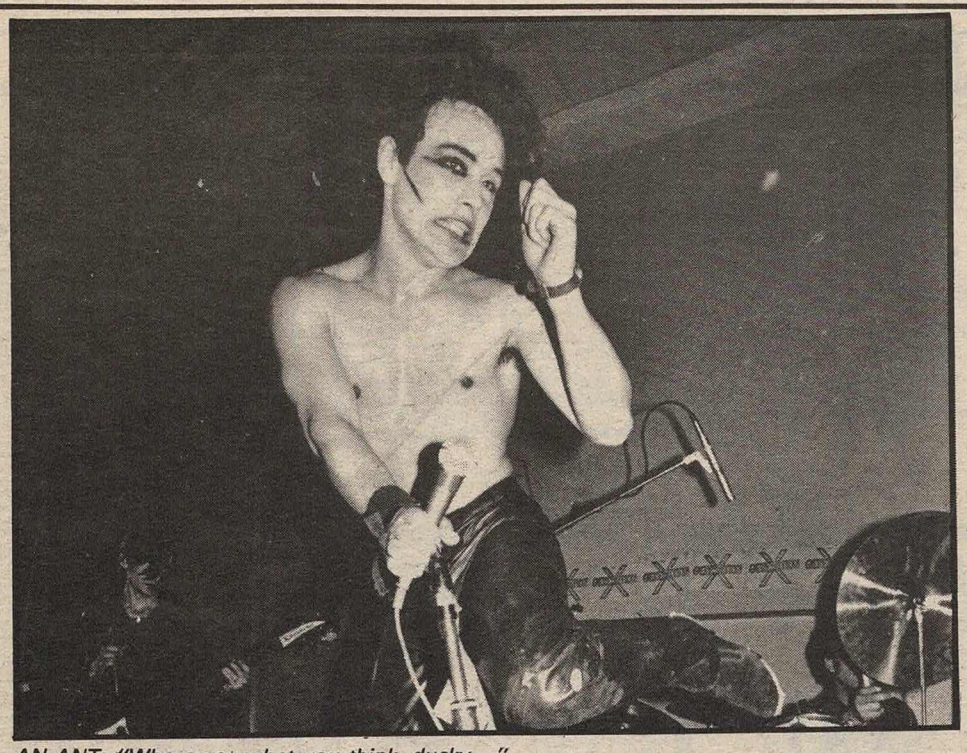

AN ANT: "Who cares what you think, ducky ..."

Adam And The Ants

RAILWAY HOTEL, LONDON

TIME HAS not been kind to Adam and his performing Ants. Only ever at best a fair to middling crash-bam-bang affair they're now a fully-fledged anachronism, parodies of a parody, a cliche too recent to acquire the charm that nostalgia lends.

Never the critics' darlings, the group are now in danger of losing the fashion-appeal that sustained them through '77. Sad to report, the months gone by have merely added sophistication to a model essentially unchanged and unimproved.

Things start poorly with a leering flunkey's pre-set patter: "Anyone got some fishnet stockings for Adam, then, eh?".

Leaden guitars resume the build-up until, at last, our Star has made his grand, lounge-lizard entrance. Immediately the tightly-packed, devoted onlookers appear to go collectively bonkers as if infected by the staginess of the spectacle before them. Cue enthusiasm! Cut spit, cue dementia. Old Adam is, as ever, heavily into leather, not to mention make-up, pain and -uh- decadence. Devoid of anything approaching personality, his act is a depressing mish-mash of Marlene Dietrich and Plastic Bertrand.

The music is bombastic, sheer decibels employed in place of genuine dynamics, and over-laden with theatrical doominess. Electricity comes cheaper than imagination.

OK, I'll play Bill Grundy, so shock me boys. *"I saw a lady and she was naked!"*. Outrageous. And is that *really* a song called "Bathroom Function"? Whatever next? "It Doesn't Matter". You're probably right.

Still, it's only rock'n'roll, however mediocre, and nothing to get too worried about. Sticks in the gullet, all the same, when vapidly conceited posturings are packaged as a worthwhile basis for an evening's entertainment. Incompetence I could forgive, were it not paraded as the best thing since sliced bread.

Adam And The Ants are not without admirers; there may lurk a charm to which I'm immune or oblivious. Meanwhile the audience is evidently set on pogoing to the end — frantic and oddly joyless.

Paul Du Noyer

Carnival Against The Nazis

EDINBURGH

A DAY of positives and negatives. A strange day.

One the one hand, there was the fairly impressive turnout (over 3,000) that should prevent the National Front from ever becoming a force in Edinburgh, and the brilliant performance of Aswad. On the other hand there was the non-appearance of The Clash — and there should never be any *violence at a gig like this.*

The Deleted opened proceedings proper with a brief and energetically aggressive set of self-penned 1977-styled punk. Next up were teenage four piece The Freeze, augmented for the day by a sax player, who were also granted twenty-five minutes to entertain the crowd in their own style. They were followed by The Scars, whose arrival on stage was greeted by a hail of cans — a sickening sight at any gig, but all the more so at a carnival celebrating unity.

By now it's after four o'clock and two bands are both trying to avoid going on next. So Aswad put The Valves and The Monos to shame by agreeing to go on — and by playing a simply brilliant set that was without any doubt the highlight of the day. Harder than ever, they delivered a truly inspired 40 minutes that had the whole crowd up and skanking, roaring their approval when the singers exhorted us to "Chant down the Nazi Party" during "I A Rebel Soul".

Dougie Thomson

Roy Brown

100 CLUB, LONDON

AT ABOUT 3 pm the Sunday before last, one American rhythm 'n' blues pioneer and six British beer 'n' peanut-circuit musicians got together for the first time. Less than seven hours later a well-nigh capacity crowd at London's 100 Club was jumping for joy that Good Rockin' Brown was back in town. And kept on jumping 'til we were all slung out at closing time.

That Roy Brown himself lived up to his reputation was no great surprise. Earlier this year, on his first appearance in London in over 30 years of recording, he had staged an impressive show despite the inadequate pick-up band and a poorly rehearsed repertoire of only six or seven songs. That this second appearance was such an improvement over the first was thanks to the superior talents of the re-vamped set of accompanists.

There were musical faults, naturally. And still some gaps in the repertoire that the audience would have liked to have heard filled. Nevertheless, considering the scant rehearsal time, Messrs Geraint Watkins (piano), Jimmy Roach (guitar), Joe Carey (also sax), Steve Gregory (tenor sax), Charlie Hart (bass) and Mark Hopkins (drums) did a grand job. Take a bow, fellas. With the extra punch of a baritone saxman and two or three months solid gigging you could develop into Britain's premier jump-blues band — if you cared to relinquish your other committments and give it a go.

Upfront, directing the band, milking the audience and singing his heart out when he wasn't coasting over the extended instrumental breaks, Mighty Man Brown proved that far less has changed on the musical front since he stomped all over the 1949-51 R&B charts than you'd imagine from superficial evidence. An exciting vocal gymnast with as big a personality as Brown can still raise a ruckus among the punters, even if he's now old enough to have sired most of them. (I mean, blimey, even I was still in short trousers when this man first hit the charts, and I'm nearly as old as Monty Smiff). *(At least four years older, if the truth be known. — Ed.)*

Acknowledging the loudest demands from the house he concentrated most of his energy into vigorous workouts of his famed uptempo toons; kicking for goal from the off with "Good Rockin' Tonight" and "Boogie At Midnight", chasing around some mid-field blues with "Miss Fanny Brown" and "Let The Four Winds Blow", and then running hard for home with a brace of boogies ("shuffle rhythm, same key, hit it"), largely comprised of one-liners from requested songs that he hadn't rehearsed.

Between the jumpin' and jivin', in the central part of the act he intermittently eased the pace enough to wail a tremendous version of "Hard Luck Blues", interject a little salacious light relief with his own adaption of an age-old theme, "The Clock", and perform two fine cuts from his brand new album "Cheapest Price In Town"; all of which were politely accepted by the impatient boppers and righteously cheered by those of us who enjoy a bit of impassioned pleading to spice the main course of rock 'n' roll.

And speaking of rock 'n' roll, within the audience were sizeable contingents from the New Wave Ted and Retrogreaser factions that are usually associated with rockabilly. Judging by the happy sounds of breaking glass (on table-tops, not heads) they seemed to be having a good time. Who knows, perhaps with some diligent action on the home-front and more visits to this country by Roy Brown and his like, Big Town R&B might turn out to be Next Year's Thing.

Cliff White

JAZZ DIARY

IN PLACE of bluesman Lousiana Red, Chicago guitarist Jimmy Rogers will be playing at the Band On The Wall, Manchester on August 24, and 100 Club, Oxford Street on August 27. Muddy Waters' lead guitarist from the late '40s to the late '50s, Rogers also has a large output of albums for Chess under his own name.

The Riverside Jazz Festival at Hammersmith's Riverside Studios has Turning Point and the Gary Boyle Band on August 17, John Surman and Mike Westbrook on August 18, Landscape and Fran Landesman August 19, and John Stevens' Away and Soft Head the 20th.

JCS presentations include Pacific Eardrum at the Half Moon, Putney on August 20, and the Eddie Thompson Trio with Colin Smith, plus the Neo-Classic Jazz Orchestra from the States at the 100 Club the 21st. The final concert in the "Jazz Now" series at the ICA is the Universal Music Group, comprising Trevor Watts, Keith Rowe, Howard Riley, Barry Guy, Harry Miller and Liam Genockey on September 3. More on the Don Cherry concert in September — it will include Colin Walcott and Brazilian percussionist Nana Vasconcelos, and sharing the bill will be the guitar duo of Ralph Towner and John Abercrombie.

In addition to the fine *Sven Klang's Combo,* **the Scala Cinema is also screening** *Mickey One,* **mainly memorable for the tenor of Stan Getz, who plays Warren Beatty's musical alter ego. Showing on August 18, 19 and 20.**

More new releases than you can shake a stick at this month. Joseph Jarman and Famoudou Don Moye present a double, "Egwu-Anwa", on India Navigation, obtainable through Collet's Record Shop, and it's a gasser. There's an excellent Don Pullen on Atlantic, "Montreux Concert", and a new Mingus, "Cumbria & Jazz Fusion".

Black Lion have released Art Tatum's "The V-Discs", Sammy Price's "Blues On My Mind", Teddy Wilson's "Cole Porter Classics", and Earl Hines' "One For My Baby". Pacific Eardrum have a new one out on Charisma, "Beyond Panic".

Brian Case

AN ANGLETRAX, Wendy Herman by name.

Angletrax

ROCK GARDEN, LONDON

ANGLETRAX ARE the most technically impressive young musos in London. Dan (15) is the juvenile stixman most likely to ... (bye Dee). The sound bounces, loops and folds back round Martin Heath's faultless fretless basslines.

Remo plays space sculpted Fender syncing perfectly with Doc Minge's crazed audio assaults on kamikeyboards. The whole meshes together in wild self parody: sprawling, soaring vocals zoom round loopy false stops, time sigs that switch hooks in mid counter rhythm, and a jazz / Beefheart confrontational approach to riff shifts that jerk illogical tempos with unpredictable predictability.

The whole is fronted by one Ms Wendy Herman. Besides her quirky walking-talking bendy doll t'ing, she has a colossal voice of immense range and dynamism.

So here are people on the periphery of the NY-Euro Artrock scene. Ultravox were checkin' em out. Crunchy questions: YES BUT IS IT ART? and NO, BUT WILL IT SELL?

Angletrax avoid coming on like aggresively tedious wimps and pompous prettyboys. So positively no problems. But if life were a bowl of solid gold cherries, I'd be reviewing the album already, cheri. Art Rock bands are supposed to make statements. If "Far Out / Right On / Peace and Love" ("So Laid Back") is biting sarcasm, then I'm Frank Zappa. Worser, the band have no clear visual i/d (a la Devo Booji Boy).

You can't dance to them without breaking a leg, but see them you must. If only to lift riffs. Angletrax's inventive energy lifted me. Track 'em.

Caris

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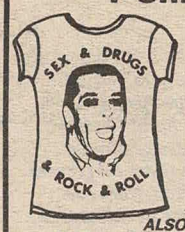

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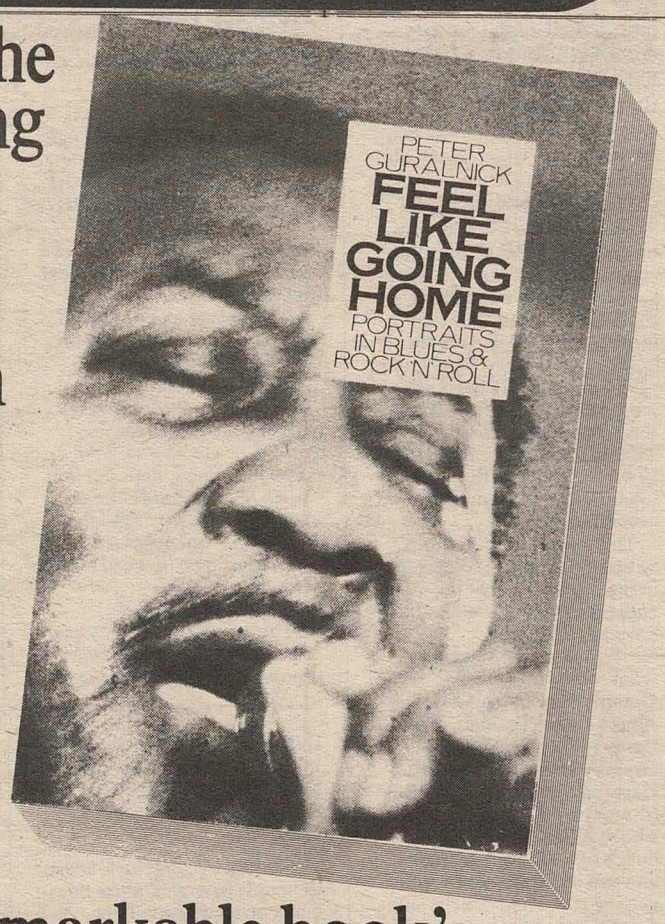

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324. YES (Glitter)

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351. NEW E.L.O.

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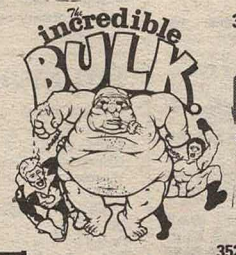


348. INCREDIBLE BULK

352. NEW KISS also available 345. BLUE OYSTER CULT

250 PUNK PANTHER

349. EAGLE (Glitter)

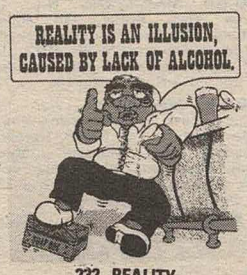
714 LORD OF RINGS

334. DEEP PURPLE (Glitter)

134. GENESIS

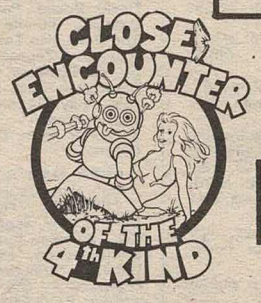
350. NEW RAINBOW (Glitter)

299. TUBES



232. REALITY

756. RAINBOW



303. CLOSE ENCOUNTER

186. STATUS QUO

309. SABBATH (Glitter)

311. A.C. D.C. (Glitter)

288. E.L.O.

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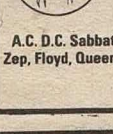

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CIRCUS MAGAZINE, No. 182, features Genesis, McCartney and Wings, Atlanta Rhythm, Van Halen, Horslips, Fotomaker, Maria Muldaur, Bootsy, Nugent, Wakeman, plus Peter Criss poster and colour pix and more — 95p inc p and p. — See Graffiti UK.

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ONLY ONES

■ *From page 30*

player to watch and enjoy. A surfeit of self-willed belief ticks during every second of the set. Fun, thrills and application.

Dedication to perfection leads them to audition engineers and producers for the second album. At present Mike Robinson, John Peel's house man, is favourite for the job as the band were delighted with their radio sound on the Peel show.

They are also considering releasing a live double of radio and television appearances: "A lot of those gigs, the Capitol Radio show and 'In Concert' were superior to the album versions."

Perrett would like to go into the studio and slam down the ten most up to date numbers to hand, while the rest want to consider songs they've tried live, like the exquisite "Flowers Die / After Winter", written when Perrett was eighteen. Perry and Kellie have also written together ("Tall Stories") and there's internal conflict as to where this material could be fitted into The Only Ones schedule. Perrett sees it as separate to the group, solo work — Perry would like to try it out as a B-side at least.

It is the earth rooted clarity of pulse bass player Alan Mair that adds a realistic note to their future: "I know that the next one has to be rougher, with more energy, the sound of the band now. The last album was good but it was a compilation of old songs — a backlog. It has to be fiercer to improve and we've got to find the songs which succeed in creating mood. What's old to Peter is new to the rest of us."

SO FAR The Only Ones have successfully resisted any attempts to turn them into The Next Big Thing. They know that talent will out. If you've avoided listening to or seeing them, rectify the error. The inner sensation that you're witnessing a band you've admired in obscurity reach the point where they can prove their lasting power and heavy class is a rare enough experience. The Only Ones make me feel like that. Anyone can check their validity. When the superlatives become redundant you'll know them as they are. A genuinely creative British band. Perhaps *the* British band — who can say.

Full house approaches for Peter Perrett and his poker playing pets.

JOE WALSH

■ *From page 22*

California" finally hit the stores just in the time for Christmas 1976, the most moving song on the album was a Walsh-Vitale composition "Pretty Maids All In A Row", Walsh's only vocal on the album.

Here The Eagles' slick professionalism gave way to a finely crafted melody that carried real emphasis. Walsh sounds vulnerable, something which is never true of Frey and Henley on the album, as he mourns the passing of time and the distance it puts between people you once knew and loved.

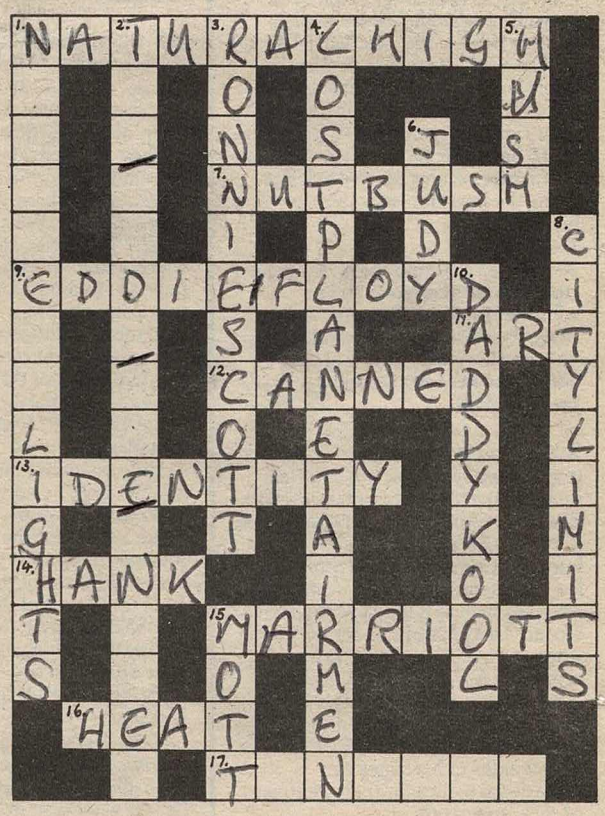
As his other credit also showed, the heavy metal shoot-out "Life In The Fast Lane" (and I don't think Joe had much say lyric-wise), Walsh had not allowed his identity to be submerged by the group identity.

In contrast to The Eagles' music — meticulously worked, too worked out — Walsh's music was spontaneous and heartfelt. These qualities were still in evidence when "But Seriously Folks. . ." brightened up the record shops earlier this year, Walsh's first solo record to contain new songs in four years.

On it he strayed further than ever from his hard rock roots, but the spirit that makes his records so enjoyable was still there, and though Walsh wasn't still pumping out wall-to-wall riffs, his music remained a long way from The Eagles'.

Trust a prankster like Walsh to come up with "Life's Been Good." Outside of Neil Young, I can't imagine any other West Coast rock star dreaming of writing a song like that.

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1 Nautical-sounding Motown funk combo eschew pharmaceuticals on popular long player! Reason it out. Rest of you pinheads can look up the charts pages . . . (7,4)
7 & 8 down. After "River Deep", Ike and Tina's second great single contribution to the rock archives (7,4,6)
9 David Bowie covered his "Knock On Wood", a soul hit from '67 (5,5)
11 For whose sake? Simon's, 10cc's, or God's?
12 & 16 White U.S. blues band led by Bob Hite — they had a hit with "On The Road Again"
13 Like in *"You are Poly Styrene, here's my copy of Bondage Gazette, and I claim my £5 reward"!*
14 E. Clapton succeeded to his title as U.K. guitar hero, E. Costello 'stole' his glasses!
15 Small clue for Small Face! *("Howzabout a small fee too?" — Ed.)*
16 See 12
17 They had a hit recently with "Drummer Man", a sort of palatable punk-come-powerpop thingy

DOWN

1 Renaissance 45 eulogising the Blackpool illuminations *("I think you've got that wrong" — Ed.)* (8,6)
2 It's a big "If", Jim lad, but we can't fault you for trying . . . (3,4,3,6)
3 Musician/guvnor of the capital's best-known jazz niterie (6,5)
4 Cody's cosmic country crew (4,6,6)
5 Written by Joe South, a hit for Billy Joe Royal and Deep Purple in their earliest incarnation
6 Ms Collins of the menthol vocals
8 See 7
10 A hit for Boney M — alternatively, London's hip reggae store (5,4)
15 All that was left after Hunter took the hoople away . . .

ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 "Black And White"; 7 "Shaved Fish"; 8 (Bill) Nelson; 9 "(Back In The) USSR"; 11 "He's So Fine"; 14 "Saturday (Night Fever)"; 15 (Bonnie) Raitt; 16 Wings; 18 "Sheet (music); 20 Uriah Heep; 21 Sid (Vicious); 22 and 23 Bianca Jagger. **DOWN:** 1 "But Seriously Folks"; 2 "All Around the World"; 3 Kate Bush; 4 "Desire"; 5 Trojan; 6 "These Foolish Things"; 10 (Otis) Redding; 12 (Leo) Sayer; 13 "(Saturday) Night Fever"; 17 (Jimmy) Savile; 19 "(Sheet) Music".

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Pic supplied by NO-NECK NEENAN

IT HAS COME to my notice that you have not featured one of the top groups of all time in your August journal for some months. The group, I hesitate to use the word "band", is, of course, Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich.

They were a breath of fresh air in the mid and late '60s. At the height of that ridiculous psychedelic summer of '67, they pierced the phoniness of hippydom with "OK" and "Zabadak". Who can forget the whimsical ditties of Howard Blaikley (who penned most of their hits), and how they utilised Russian balalaika type backing to enhance their splendid pop hits — and, of course, the way they dressed up in Cossack outfits and did silly dances! Their ruses when they played *Top Of The Pops* remain firmly entrenched in the mind — some of the outfits they appeared in would make even Bryan Ferry wince! Jackets seemingly manufactured from Persian carpets, shirts with gigantic spots, and other gems of sartorial elegance graced our TV screen. Perhaps their greatest coup was to appear on *TOTP* with Dave Dee wielding a huge leather whip as he sang the excellent "Legend Of Xanadu". If you are unable to publish a retrospective, at least give me a picture (preferably in one of their ridiculous outfits) — I know the *NME* has a soft spot for them because I remember seeing an *NME* writer doing the liner notes for their greatest hits album.

DON JUAN

As you can see from the pic on your right, the lads certainly had a wunnerful sense of humour. As for those liner notes, Phil McNeill is the only one here with a copy of that album and he won't let on who wrote them. — M.S.

WHY ON EARTH did Roy Carr find it so necessary to descend into such utter sycophancy in his interview with Keef et al (August 5th) and how come it's OK to be amusingly and intelligently critical of the Stones until it comes to meeting them — then all priciples such as honesty, integrity etc. are hastily swept under the carpet when the interviewer gets to hang around with THEM?

The result, not surprisingly, is 4½ pages of sheer constipation. It's particularly ironic when *NME* goes to such lengths to harangue the sensational dailies for their treatment of rock 'superstars'.

Carr's fawning non-presence amounts to nothing more than half a dozen whining pleas — well what about punk, chauvinism, dope etc.? His apparent awe of Keefie means he can't even hang a decent discussion or argument together never mind locate the contradictions in Mick & Keef's own mundane replies. The whole thing would have been better fitted onto the back of a bus ticket with R. Carr saying, "The new album's great, the Stones seem to have been rejuvenated", and Keef replying, "Yeh — I suppose you could say that."

Any verbal ability the Stones might have once possessed has also clearly been dissipated by old age. Not only does Keef admit he doesn't know what's happening in the music scene but in putting down punk'n' new wave 'cos it couldn't sustain itself or 'cos it couldn't be transferred into album format he forgets that the Stones have always been *the* band par excellence of live appearances and good singles. Stones LP's at their best have never been much more than a string of good 'singles' put together. What's more, Keef inadvertently recognises this when he talks about "Some Girls".

Carr's response to their continual put down of punk/new wave is both gutless and dishonest, 'specially when *NME* for the past two years has depended so much on the vitality and energy of punk, and most importantly on one of its prime characteristics — its built-in obsolescence. Punk is at least partly about debunking the whole myth about being a (an ageing) superstar carrying on like John Wayne for three generations. The break up of The Sex Pistols precisely illustrates this point — who wants to be a boring rock star having to defensively insist on the youthfulness of their 'new' audience. . .surprise, surprise.

Rejuvenated? — they express themselves in the language of Malcolm Muggeridge. ("I didn't acutally ban her. . .but there's much better music to listen to than that").

LONG LIVE IAN DURY

MS. ANGIE McROBBIE, Another boring old sociologist from the West Midlands.

SO "SOME GIRLS" has already become the 'best Stones album since "Exile" ', has it? Wow.

I have no doubt that it ranks with their '71 and '72 offerings at the top of all their triumphs, but has any such (or similar) opinion a gnat's chance of lasting in the chic-ridden and ever-changing collective mind of the *NME?* This, after all, is the paper which voted "It's Only Rock n' Roll" to be the 2nd-best album of 1974, yet now passes it off as just-another-duff-Stones-album. That must match your recent sudden condemnation of the Eagles' early work in being the most drastic critical about-face since Nick Kent's "Angie" episodes.

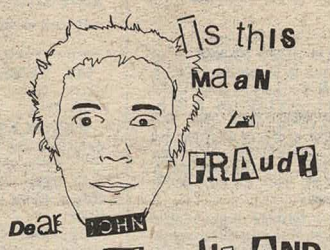
Unfortunately, only Kent was being honest. Both he and Roy Carr have, in the last few years, been forced to make a stand for the sort of journalistic honesty, integrity, and, above all, sense of proportion which went totally out of the window when the *NME* adopted the mindless Punk Perspective which distorted every view during '76 and '77, and which is today split all ends up and swiftly cracking.

Keith Richard's interview in your last issue showed him to be possibly even more incisive and articulate than he was with Kent in '74, and gave the lie as completely to Charlie Shaar's assertion that "what Mick Jagger or Keith Richard think just doesn't matter anymore" as "Some Girls" itself does to Tom Robinson's (sincere and much-echoed) opinion that the Stones shoud have packed up five years ago.

Richard showed himself to have his finger firmly on the pulse of the present in assessing the importance and affects of the New Wave attitude and the realities of the Stones' own situation; and in his professed respect for both Muddy Waters and John Lydon exhibits the sort of comprehension, of what truly constitutes the vital spirit of rock n'roll, which still eludes people like the irritating and imbecilic Tony Parsons, and perhaps always will. At the same time, nobody manages to embody that spirit as effortlessly and as totally as Richard himself does.

The Rolling Stones, more than The Who or Zeppelin or anybody else, have taken a great deal of criticism in your pages, much of it unwarranted and malicious, in your efforts to promote a garage-band coupe, and publicize the incoherent slogans ("No Elvis, Beatles", etc.) of the shabby hierarchy which you tried oh-so-hard to impose upon us.

KEVIN DAWSON, Dublin



THIS IS the fourth letter I have sent to *NME*. Of the previous three only one has been printed — the one I sent to the wrong address. Funny old world isn't it?

FRANCIS A, Stanley, County Durham.

Pic by DEZO HOFFMAN

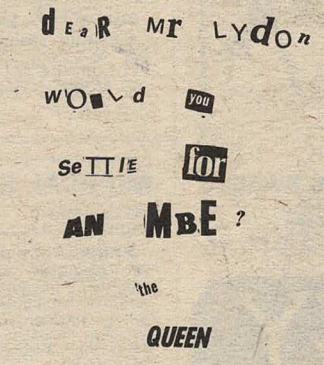
CRASH BAG

Caused by Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick, Tich and Monty at 5-7 Carnaby St., London W1.

SO, PETE Townshend's trouble is he thinks too much, is it? Well, aren't we lucky The Rolling Stones will never be bothered by that particular problem.

CLEOPATRA, Cranbrook, Kent.

Ouch. BOF's really put some girls' backs up, don't they? — M.S.



CORRECT ME if I'm wrong, but I think that the last Editor, namely Nick Logan was really good-looking. Maybe I am the first to say this?

FIONA, Bognor Regis, Sussex.

P.S. Please print a picture of Charles Shaar Murray so I can compare.

Stand or sit corrected. But there's a pic of CSM's famous Dave Dee impersonation somwhere on this page. — M.S.

IF THE Bee Gees don't like New York they should get a load of my old dear's custard — you could stand the dog up in it.

MILES, Geordieland.

That ruff, is it? — M.S.

OBVIOUSLY LAST year's ongoing Punk/Wave situation affected the Boring Old Farts. Already this year the 'Oo have produced some more great stuff and more to follow. The Snotes have recorded their best album for years (since "Exile"), and seem to be a real 'live' band again. And the master, Bob Dylan, has recorded his best album for years (since 'John Wesley Harding", with his best sound since "Blonde On Blonde"), and produced the goods in live concerts for the first time since 1966. And doubtless they'll be more before the year is out.

PETER BISHOP, Wakefield, West Yorkshire.

I AM REALLY sick about the way this would-be "punk" rock thing is ruining the record market for decent up-and-coming bands. So as a gesture of protest could you please print this poem I have composed, for the sake of rock music as I see it along with millions of others:

"Punk" rock to me is just a bore,
I am sure society just couldn't agree more.
This scene won't last,
Now mark my words,
You poor, disillusioned, "Punk" rock turds.

A SINCERE PERSON, Ayr Scotland.

Brilliant. — M.S.

HAVE YOU noticed there are fewer and fewer letter's in *Gasbag* which knock your reviewers and article writers? This either means *NME* is an excellent paper or Tony Parsons opens the *Gasbag* mail.

JIM BROOKS, Dagenham, Essex.

Nice try, but not true — M.S.

DEAR JACKIE, I was surprised and shocked to read Mrs. Parsons' review of the Steve Gibbon's Band album (5.8.78). Out of 47 lines she wasted 21 discussing the music, leaving only 26 to tell us about S.G.'s chest, hair and past guises.

If I had wanted to read a review of the album, rather than the sleeve, I would have bought the *NME.*

STEVEN OF WALES

HOW LONG will this ceaseless slaughter carry on? It states in the August issue of *Searchlight* (the anti-fascist mag) that the prison for political prisoners in Argentina is named after our very own — wait for it — yes — it is he — Howard De Ducko. The prison is called Villa Devoto. That'll teach him to go around singing songs like "24 Hours To Tulpa".

C. P. LEE, Manchester 20.

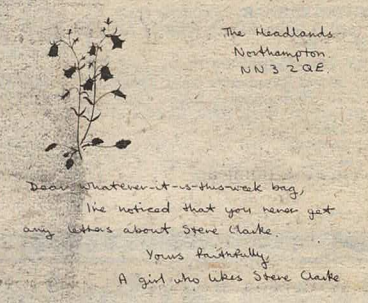
Wait till you hear his version of "I Left My Hat In Fat Sam's Disco." — M.S.

HAVING ADMIRED in past weeks your expose of police brutality and victimisation I feel I, too, must put my case under your impartial scrutiny.

There I was taking a ball of chalk down the Seven Sisters Road when, stone me!, if I don't see this barney going on outside this bank, like. Never one to miss my chance to serve society I bowls over so as to enquire what was the bovver when one of these hardened criminals, cleverly disguised as a securicor guard, starts knocking me about and thrusting bags of money into my hands. Next thing you know the rozzers turn up and ask me to help them with their enquiries, like. Course, they think I was involved, like, and not just trying to keep vandalism off the streets and make this fair city a safer place to live.

From then on it was just another fit-up job and, stone me!, if everyone don't think it was me what done it and not some real criminal. So I was wondering if it weren't too much trouble, like, to organise a few protest songs and concerts under the heading of "George Davis is innocent this time as well!" I am sure the millions of fellow sufferers will rally to my cause and rid this land of the blue menace.

Yours appealingly, GEORGE DAVIS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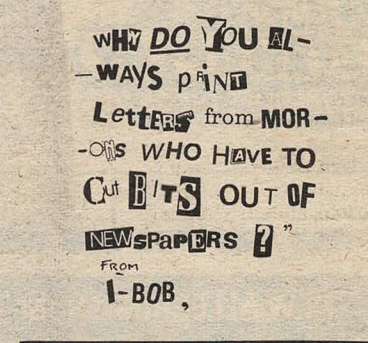
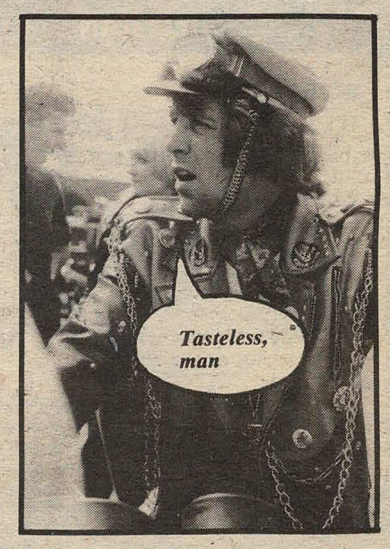
Dear whatever-it-is-this-week bag,
I've noticed that you never get any letters about Steve Clarke
Yours faithfully
A girl who likes Steve Clarke
Yeah, weird innit? By the way, did you know your handwriting is very similar to Steve's? — M.S.

I KNOW Paul Weller's address, phone number (I've never used it), Mum's name, Dad's name, sister's name, school attended AND hight/weight/hair/eyes. Does this make him a friend or an acquaintance?

CURIOUS FEMALE JAM PERSON, Caterham, Surrey.

An obsession, I should have thought. — M.S.





DAVID BOWIE is almost certain to terminate his long-standing relationship with RCA for a deal with WEA Records.

The not-so-thin white duke is leaving RCA because he wants to make more films. Warner Bros., thinks the man who was taught art by **Peter Frampton**'s dad, will give him the necessary opportunity to further his movie career. Bowie's live album "Stage", scheduled to fulfil contractual obligations, has been held up these past two months because of difficulties with the sleeve *(Who does he think he is? Neil Young? — Ed.)*. Bowiephiles might be excused for thinking that the cover art will be of unusual complexity — working cardboard cut-outs of David doing the lederhosen shuffle, perhaps? But no — the artwork is nowt but two straightforward shots of our David caught against his celebrated strip lighting *(What celebrated strip lighting? — Ed . . .)* . . .

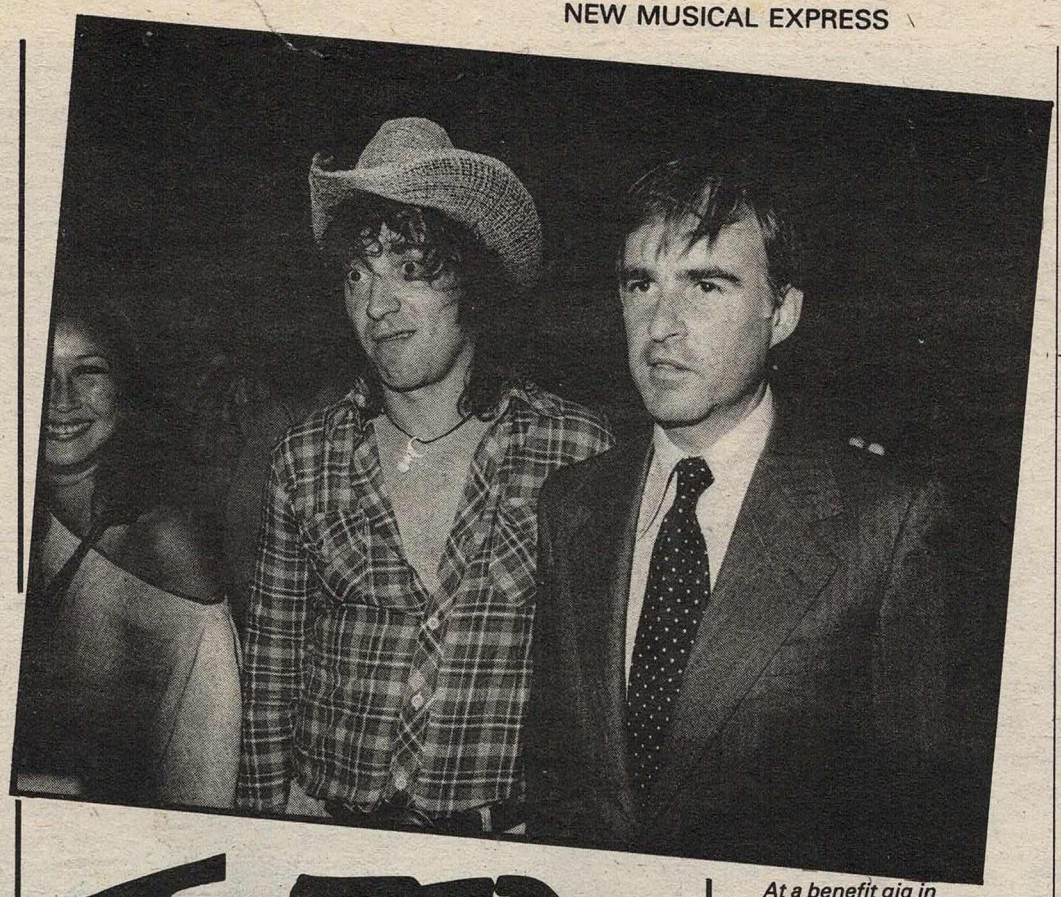
T-Zers realises that money's a gas, but isn't this a little too near the knuckle? — "No one even bothers to pretend these days that the pop industry is about anything more than the sound of money singing," said **Craig Raine** in perceptive review of *Revolver* in last Sunday's *Observer*. Unfortunately, too many people like to pretend otherwise, hey **Malcolm (McLaren)?** who, when relayed *NME*'s **Bob Edmands'** suggestion for next **Pistols'** single — **Norman Scott** doing a version of "How Much Is That Doggie In The Window?" — responded by saying: "I've thought of that already. But now I've come up with a much better idea!" *T-Zers* is lost for words . . .

Well known iconoclast **Mick Jagger** seen sporting **Pistols**-style T-shirt when the **Rolling Stones** played Buffalo during their recent US tour. Jagger made great play of the garment, emblazoned as it was with a swastika and the single word 'Destroy'. Wonder when they'll do an arrangement of "Anarchy In The UK? . . .

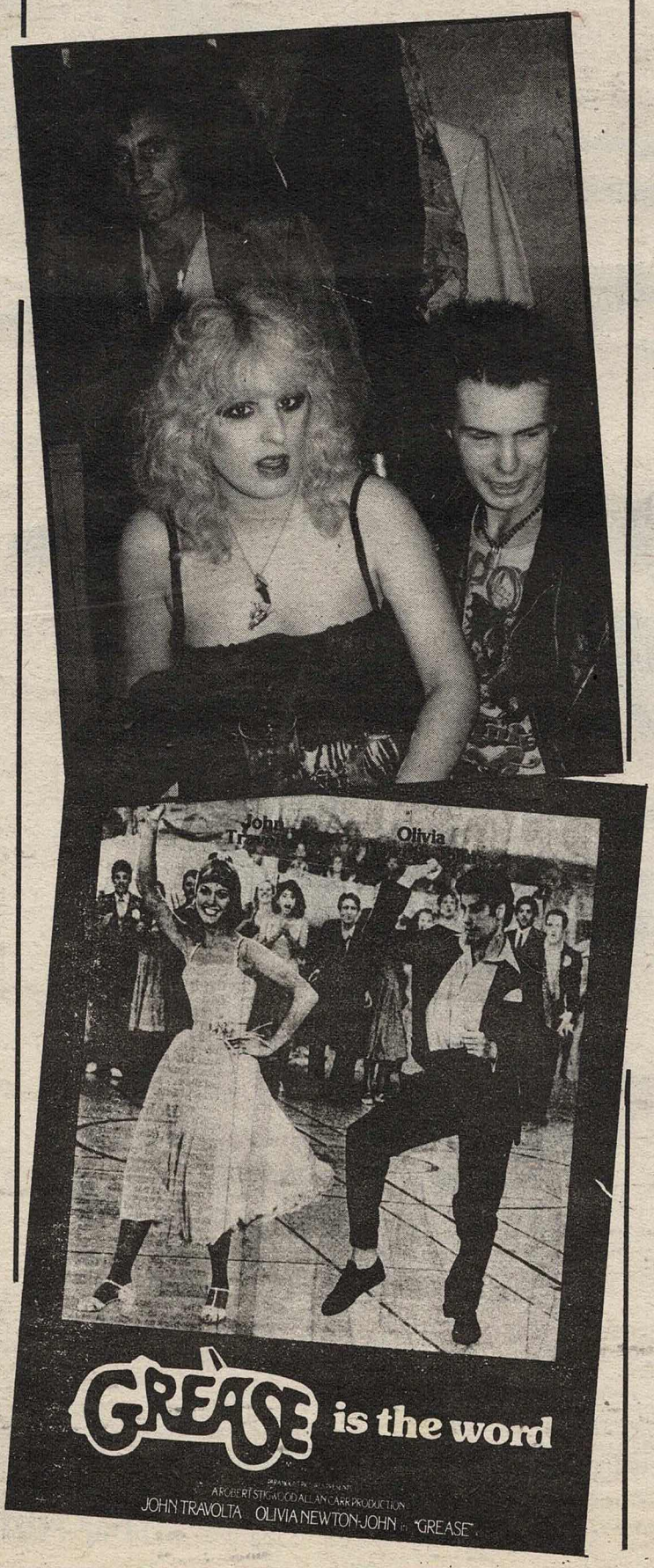
You needn't have bothered Mick, 'cos when **Dave Parsons** of **Sham '69** visited his barbers last week, he whipped out *NME*'s front cover shot of **Keith Richard** and said: "I want one just like that!? . . .

Currently holding auditions in deepest Hackney, **Darts** seem fairly unperturbed by the untimely departures of pianist **Hammy Howell** (going back to college) and bass singer 'Mad' **Den Hegarty.** Den's official statement claims he's quit to look after his parents (see *News Desk)* but apparently he wasn't entirely enamoured of either the Darts' debilitating tour schedules (Den's an epileptic) or the terms of their contract with Magnet. Ex-Tom Robinson Band keyboardist **Mark Ambler** is a possibility for Howell's shoes, but a replacement for Den is, predictably, proving more difficult. An urgent phone call from Sardinia reserved an audition for one of **The Black And White Minstrels.** "If he's any good," says bassist **Thump Thomson,** "we'll include 'Mammy' in the set from now on — providing he brings his own gloves . . ."

Old warrior **Pete Frame** has left Stiff to set up Colson-Frame PR with the ubiquitous **Glen Colson.** "I am now a fully-fledged independent parasite", says



T-ZERS GOES CROSS-EYED



*At a benefit gig in California last week, **Governor Jerry Brown** with **Elvin Bishop;** proceeds from the gig go towards Brown's 1980 presidential campaign. Meanwhile (centre) at the Music Machine in Camden Town, **Nancy** and **Sid Vicious** and the headlining **Steve Gibbons.** The advert (bottom) was taken from last week's press, and seems to suggest that the distributors of* Grease *are having difficulty telling **John Travolta** and **Olivia Newton John** apart.*

Frame, who owes the entire *NME* staff at least three pints of Rumbold's Old Undrinkable Ale . . .

Steve Nicol of the **Hot Rods** overheard lamenting the fate of his band at the Marquee recently. Seems that in his estimation if **Pete Townshend** doesn't agree to produce their next album, then the end is in sight. Apparently, Island Records share his pessimism, and even if the Rods survive, how much longer will **Ed Hollis** stay with the band? . . .

Hugh Cornwell stayed on in San Francisco after **Stranglers** tour to produce Tubes punk spin-offs **Leila and The Snakes.** Meanwhile, **Todd Rundgren** is set to produce **Tubes** next elpee, and **Roy Wood** could well do the same for **The Rezillos** . . .

Sid Vicious has been unanimously elected Honorary Vice-President of Glasgow University Dialectic Society, who await Sid's reply. Meanwhile Sid, *sans* eye-patch, was backstage at last week's **Steve Gibbons Band** Music Machine gig in aid of one-parent families. Also backstage was a ligging **Joan Jett** *(Is there any other kind? — Ed.)* and representatives of **The Slits,** one of whom is reported to have been punched by a bouncer. Whatever, £2,200 was raised for one-parent families. The action group would like to thank all those involved, but wonder what's happened to the money **999** promised them from a series of Nashville gigs . . .

The Police's drummer **Stewart Copeland** called *T-Zers* to inform us that he is not, repeat not, **Klark Kent,** as reported in last week's *Thrills.* Co-author of the piece **Roy Carr** is not impressed, though . . .

SEASONED LIGGERS will doubtless be aware of crazy apres-gig scenes, but we here at T-Zers are utterly dumbfounded by the events which took place backstage at the Marquee after **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders** gig Friday night. A drained Wilko was sitting relaxing after the show when a gent entered the dressing room and proceeded to give Wilko a penetrating and enthusiastic kiss. Gasping for a breather, the intruder then asked the stunned observers if they'd like to see the scabs on his legs; at which point the phantom snogger dropped his pants and showed everybody his scabs. Whereupon someone suggested that the scabs might benefit from being treated with Dettol. A bottle of same was then produced, the stranger drank half of it and refreshed vanished into the night. Beats groupies and dealers, wot? (There are those of us who maintain it didn't happen this way at all, but this version, even if a product of **Al Clark**'s fecund imagination, is undoubtedly funnier) . . .

Sion Eirian, crowned Bard at last week's Welsh National Eisteddfod, spends much of his time writing songs for punk rock band, **Filthy Dr Hywel . . .**

Congrats to **Anne Nightingale,** who married **Anthony Baker** in Brighton last Saturday . . .

Les McKeown, always the most obnoxious **Bay City Roller,** having been told by the rest of the boys to pack his bags, has returned to the U.K. from Hollywood. Apparently, the others blamed his increasing infatuation with **Britt Ekland** for dissipating his professional energies . . .

With the news that **Keith Moon** is also returning to Britain from the West Coast, this means that **The 'Oo** will once again all be resident in the U.K. . . .

Sadly, IPC's budget doesn't stretch to an *NME* Memphis correspondent. If it did, we'd be able to tell you all about the influx of 50,000 visitors — 400 of them from Britain — to commemorate the first anniversary of **Elvis**'s death, at a time when the local police are on strike, the National Guard has been called in and a curfew imposed. The situation is mildly chaotic. Last week, after **Thin Lizzy**'s cadillac was in collision, the driver of the other vehicle chased the band at gunpoint through the streets. Unsuccessfully, fortunately . . .

When they met recently in London, **Bob Dylan** handed **Robert Gordon** six new, unrecorded compositions for his consideration. Seems the Zim is still as prolific as ever . . .

Guess who called up **Steve Jones** last week? **Charlie Kray,** that's who; seems that when **Reggie** and **Ronnie** either take the midnight express, or get released, the **Brothers** would like to do a record with what remains of the **Sex Pistols . . .**

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25p Kaya, Joe Gibbs, Black Slate No. 2, Steel Pulse No. 2, Aswad, T.V.O.D., Cosh the Driver, No One is Innocent, Sid Vicious My Way.	5	[-]	999
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	7	(7)	SHAM 69
	8	(5)	SOUIXSIE UNDERGROUND
	9	[-]	MAGAZINE
30p Doll By Doll, Jackson Pollock, So Many Fools (Siouxsie), Here & Now.	10	[-]	MY WAY — SID VICIOUS

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3rd Floor, 5-7 Carnaby Street,
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Assistant Editor: Phil McNeill
News Editor: Derek Johnson
Production Editor: Jack Scott
Special Projects Editor: Roy Carr
Associate Editors:
Bob Woffinden, Charles Shaar Murray

Staff:
Tony Stewart
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Frank Lamb
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● *From the* Evening News, *August 1 1978. The **Orbison** concerts have been cancelled, fair enough — but are **John** and **Olivia** aware that **Eddie Kendricks** joined them in their chart-topping spree?*

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